CLARISSA.

OR, THE HISTORY OF A YOUNG LADY:

Comprehending

The moſt Important Concerns of private LIFE.

And particularly ſhewing,

The Diſtreſſes that may attend the MISCONDUCT Both of PARENTS and CHILDREN,

In Relation to MARRIAGE.

VOL. III.

The FIFTH EDITION.

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THE HISTORY OF CLARISSA HARLOWE.

VOL. III.

LETTER I.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Esq;*

St. Albans, Monday Night.

I Snatch a few moments while my Beloved is retired [as I hope, to reſt] to perform my promiſe. No purſuit—Nor have I apprehenſions of any; tho' I muſt make my charmer dread that there will be one.

And now, let me tell thee, that never was joy ſo complete as mine!—But let me enquire—Is not the angel flown away?

* * * * *

O no! She is in the next apartment!—Securely mine!—Mine for ever!

O exſtacy!—My heart will burſt my breaſt,
To leap into her boſom!—

I knew, that the whole ſtupid family were in a combination to do my buſineſs for me. I told thee

that they were all working for me, like ſo many underground moles; and ſtill more blind than the moles are ſaid to be, unknowing that they did ſo, I myſelf, the director of their principal motions; which falling in with the malice of their little hearts, they took to be all their own.

But did I ſay, my joy was perfect?—O no!—It receives ſome abatemement from my diſguſted Pride. For how can I endure to think, that I owe more to her relations perſecutions, than to her favour for me?—Or even, as far as I know, to her preference of me to another man?

But let me not indulge this thought. Were I to do ſo, it might coſt my charmer dear. Let me rejoice, that ſhe has paſſed the Rubicon: That ſhe cannot return: That, as I have ordered it, the flight will appear to the Implacables to be altogether with her own conſent: And that if I doubt her Love, I can put her to trials as mortifying to her Niceneſs, as glorious to my Pride.—For, let me tell thee, dearly as I love her, if I thought there was but the ſhadow of a doubt in her mind, whether ſhe preferred me to any man living, I would ſhew her no mercy.

Tueſday, Day-dawn.

BUT, on the wings of Love, I fly to my charmer, who perhaps by this time is riſing to encourage the tardy dawn. I have not ſlept a wink of the hour and half I lay down to invite ſleep. It ſeems to me, that I am not ſo much Body, as to require ſuch vulgar renovation.

But why, as in the chariot, as in the inn, at alighting, all heart-burſting grief, my deareſt creature? So perſecuted as thou wert perſecuted!—So much in danger of the moſt abhorred compulſion!—Yet grief ſo *unſuſpectably* ſincere for an eſcape ſo critical!—Take care—Take care, O beloved of my Soul! for jealous is the heart in which Love has erected a temple to thee.

Yet,

Yet, it muſt be allowed, that ſuch a ſudden tranſition muſt affect her; muſt ice her over. When a little more uſed to her new ſituation; when her hurries are at an end; when ſhe ſees how religiouſly I ſhall obſerve all her INJUNCTIONS; ſhe will undoubtedly have the gratitude to diſtinguiſh between the confinement ſhe has eſcaped from, and the liberty ſhe has reaſon to rejoice in.

She comes! She comes!—And the Sun is juſt riſing to attend her?—Adieu!—Be half as happy as I am (for all diffidences, like night-fogs before the Sun, diſperſe at her approach) and, next myſelf, thou wilt be the happieſt man in the world.

LETTER II.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Wedneſday, April 12.

I WILL purſue my melancholy Story.

Being thus hurried to the chariot, it would have been to no purpoſe to have refuſed entering into it, had he not in my fright lifted me in, as he did: And it inſtantly drove away a full gallop, and ſtopt not till it brought us to St. Albans; which was juſt as the day ſhut in.

I thought I ſhould have fainted ſeveral times by the way. With uplifted hands and eyes, God protect me! ſaid I often to myſelf—Can it be I, that am here!—My eyes running over, and my heart ready to burſt with ſighs as involuntary as my flight.

How different, how inexpreſſibly different, the gay wretch; viſibly triumphing (as I could not but conſtrue his almoſt rapturous joy) in the ſucceſs of his arts! But overflowing with complimental flouriſhes, yet reſpectfully diſtant his addreſs, all the way we *flew*; for that, rather than *galloping*, was the motion of the horſes; which took, as I believe, a round-about way, to prevent being traced.

I have reaſon to think, there were other horſemen at his devotion; three or four different perſons, above the rank of ſervants, galloping by us now-and-then on each ſide of the chariot: But he took no notice of them; and I had too much grief, mingled with indignation, notwithſtanding all his blandiſhments, to aſk any queſtions about them, or any-thing elſe.

Think, my dear, what were my thoughts on alighting from the chariot; having no attendant of my own Sex; no cloaths but what I had on, and thoſe little ſuited for ſuch a journey as I had *already* taken, and was *ſtill* to take: Neither hood nor hat, nor any thing but a handkerchief about my neck and ſhoulders: Fatigued to death: My mind ſtill more fatigued than my body: And in ſuch a foam the horſes, that every one in the Inn we put up at gueſſed [They could not do otherwiſe] that I was a young giddy creature, who had run away from her friends. This it was eaſy to ſee, by their whiſpering and gaping; more of the people of the houſe alſo coming in by turns, than were neceſſary for the attendance.

The miſtreſs of the houſe, whom he ſent in to me, ſhewed me another apartment; and, ſeeing me ready to faint, brought me hartſhorn and water; and then, upon my deſiring to be left alone for half an hour, retired: For I found my heart ready to burſt, on revolving every-thing in my thoughts: And the moment ſhe was gone, faſtening the door, I threw myſelf into an old great chair, and gave way to a violent flood of tears; which a little relieved me.

Mr. Lovelace, ſooner than I wiſhed, ſent up the gentlewoman, who preſſed me, in his name, to admit my Brother, or to come down to him: For he had told her, I was his Siſter; and that he had brought me, againſt my will, and without warning, from a friend's houſe, where I had been all the winter, in order to prevent my marrying againſt the conſent of my friends; to whom he was now conducting me; and that, having

having given me no time for a travelling-dreſs, I was greatly offended at him.

So, my dear, your frank, your open-hearted friend, was forced to countenance this tale; which indeed ſuited me the better, becauſe I was unable for ſome time to talk, ſpeak, or look up; and ſo my dejection, and grief, and ſilence, might very well paſs before the gentlewoman, and her neice who attended me, as a fit of ſullenneſs.

The room I was in being a bed-chamber, I choſe to go down, at his repeated meſſage, attended by the miſtreſs of the houſe, to that in which he was. He approached me with great reſpect, yet not exceeding a brotherly politeneſs, where a Brother *is* polite; and, calling me His deareſt Siſter, aſked after the ſtate of my mind; and hoped I would forgive him; for never Brother half ſo well loved a Siſter, as he me.

A wretch!—How naturally did he fall into the character, altho' I was ſo much out of mine!

Unthinking creatures have ſome comfort in the ſhortneſs of their views; in their unapprehenſiveneſs; and that they penetrate not beyond the preſent moment: In ſhort, that they *are* unthinking!—But, for a perſon of my thoughtful diſpoſition, who has been accuſtomed to look forward, as well to the *poſſible*, as to the *probable*, what comfort can I have in my reflections?

But let me give you the particulars of our converſation a little before and after our ſupper-time, joining both in one.

When we were alone, he beſought me (I cannot ſay but with all the tokens of a paſſionate and reſpectful tenderneſs) to be better reconciled to myſelf, and to him: He repeated all the vows of honour and inviolable affection that he ever made me: He promiſed to be wholly governed by me in every future ſtep: He aſked me to give him leave to propoſe, whether I choſe to ſet out next day to either of his Aunts?

I was ſilent. I knew not what to ſay, nor what to do.

Whether I choſe to have private lodgings procured

for me, in either of thoſe Ladies neighbourhood, as were once my thoughts?

I was ſtill ſilent.

Whether I choſe to go to either of Lord M.'s Seats; that of Berks, or that in the county we were in?

In lodgings, I ſaid, any-where, where he was not to be.

He had *promiſed This*, he owned; and he would religiouſly keep to his word, as ſoon as he found all danger of purſuit over; and that I was ſettled to my mind. But, if the place were indifferent to me, London was the ſafeſt, and the moſt private: And his relations ſhould all viſit me there, the moment I thought fit to admit them. His Couſin Charlotte, particularly, ſhould attend me, as my companion, if I would accept of her, as ſoon as ſhe was able to go abroad. Mean time, would I go to Lady Betty Lawrance's (Lady Sarah was a melancholy woman)? I ſhould be the moſt welcome gueſt ſhe ever received.

I told him, I wiſhed not to go (immediately, however, and in the frame I was in, and likely not to be out of) to any of his relations: That my reputation was concerned, to have *him* abſent from me:—That if I were in ſome private lodging (the meaner the leſs to be ſuſpected, as it would be known, that I went away by his means; and he would be ſuppoſed to have provided me handſome accommodations) it would be moſt ſuitable both to my mind and to my ſituation: That this might be beſt, I ſhould think, in the country for *me*; in town for *him*. And no matter how ſoon he was known to be there.

If he might deliver his opinion, he ſaid, it was, that ſince I declined going to any of his relations, London was the only place in the world to be private in. Every new-comer in a country-town or village excited a curioſity: A perſon of my figure [And many compliments he made me] would excite more. Even meſſages and letters, where none uſed to be brought, would occaſion

occaſion enquiry. He had not provided a lodging anywhere, ſuppoſing I would chuſe to go either to London, where accommodations of that ſort might be fixed upon in an hour's time, or to Lady Betty's; or to Lord M.'s Hertfordſhire Seat, where was the houſekeeper an excellent woman, Mrs. Greme, ſuch another as my Norton.

To be ſure, I ſaid, if I were purſued, it would be in their firſt paſſion; and ſome one of *his* relations houſes would be the place they would expect to find me at—I knew not what to do.

My pleaſure ſhould determine him, he ſaid, be it what it would. Only that I were ſafe, was all he was ſolicitous about. He had lodgings in town; but he did not offer to propoſe them. He knew, I would have more objection to go to them, than I could have to go to Lord M.'s, or to Lady Betty's.

No doubt of it, I replied, with ſuch an indignation in my manner, as made him run over with profeſſions, that he was far from propoſing them, or wiſhing for my acceptance of them. And again he repeated, That my Honour and Safety were all he was ſolicitous about; aſſuring me, that my will ſhould be a Law to him in every particular.

I was too peeviſh, and too much afflicted, and indeed too much incenſed againſt him, to take well anything he ſaid.

I thought myſelf, I ſaid, extremely unhappy. I knew not what to determine upon: My reputation now, no doubt, utterly ruined: Deſtitute of cloaths; unfit to be ſeen by any-body: My very indigence, as I might call it, proclaiming my folly to every one who ſaw me; who would ſuppoſe that I had been taken at advantage, or had given an undue one; and had no power over either my will or my actions: That I could not but think I had been dealt artfully with: —That he had ſeemed to have taken, what he might ſuppoſe, the juſt meaſure of my weakneſs, founded

on my Youth and Inexperience: That I could not forgive myſelf for meeting him: That my heart bled for the diſtreſſes of my Father and Mother, on this occaſion: That I would give the world and all my hopes in it, to have been ſtill in my Father's houſe, whatever had been my uſage: That let him proteſt and vow what he would, I ſaw ſomething low and ſelfiſh in his Love, that he could ſtudy to put a young creature upon making ſuch a ſacrifice of her duty and conſcience: When a perſon actuated by a generous Love, muſt ſeek to oblige the object of it, in every-thing eſſential to her honour, and to her peace of mind.

He was very attentive to all I ſaid; never offering to interrupt me once. His anſwer to every article, almoſt methodically, ſhewed his memory.

'What I had ſaid, he told me, had made him very 'grave; and he would anſwer accordingly.

'He was grieved at his heart to find that he had 'ſo little ſhare in my favour or confidence.

'As to my *Reputation* (he muſt be very ſincere with 'me); that could not ſuffer half ſo much by the ſtep 'I ſo greatly regretted to have taken, as by the con-'finement, and equally fooliſh and unjuſt treatment, 'I had met with from my relations: That every 'mouth was full of blame of them, of my Brother 'and Siſter particularly; and of wonder at my 'patience: That he muſt repeat what he had written 'to me he believed more than once, That my friends 'themſelves expected, that I ſhould take a proper 'opportunity to free myſelf from their perſecutions; 'why elſe did they confine me? That my exalted 'character, as he called it, would ſtill bear me out, 'with thoſe who knew *Me*; who knew my *Brother*'s 'and *Siſter*'s motives; and who knew the wretch they 'were for compelling me to have.

'With regard to *cloaths*; Who, as matters were 'circumſtanced, could expect that I ſhould be able 'to bring away any others than thoſe I had on at the 'time?

'time? For *preſent* uſe or wear, all the Ladies of 'his family would take a pride to ſupply me: For '*future*, the product of the beſt looms, not only 'in England, but throughout the world, were at my 'command.

'If I wanted *money*, as no doubt I muſt, he ſhould 'be proud to ſupply me: Would to heaven, he 'might preſume to hope, there were but one intereſt 'between us!'

And then he would fain have had me to accept of a Bank Note of an hundred Pounds; which, unawares to me, he put into my hand: But which, you may be ſure, I refuſed with warmth.

'He was inexpreſſibly grieved and ſurpriſed, he 'ſaid, to hear me ſay he had acted *artfully* by me. 'He came provided, according to my *confirmed* ap-'pointment' [*A wretch to upbraid me thus!*] 'to re-'deem me from my perſecutors; and little expected 'a change of ſentiment, and that he ſhould have ſo 'much difficulty to prevail upon me, as he had met 'with: That perhaps I might think his offer to go *into 'the garden with me*, and to face my aſſembled rela-'tions, was a piece of *Art* only: But that if I did, I 'wronged him: Since to this hour, ſeeing my ex-'ceſſive uneaſineſs, he wiſhed with all his ſoul he had 'been permitted to accompany me in. It was always 'his maxim to brave a threatened danger. Threaten-'ers, where they have an opportunity to put in force 'their threats, were ſeldom to be feared. But had he 'been aſſured of a private ſtab, or of as many death's 'wounds as there were perſons in my family (made 'deſperate as he ſhould have been by my return) he 'would have attended me into the houſe.'

So, my dear, what I have to do, is to hold myſelf inexcuſeable for meeting ſuch a determined and audacious ſpirit; that's all! I have hardly any queſtion now, but that he would have contrived ſome wicked ſtratagem or other to have got me away, had I met

him at a midnight hour, as once or twice I had thoughts to do; and that would have been more terrible ſtill.

He concluded this part of his talk, with ſaying, 'That 'he doubted not, but that had he attended me in, he 'ſhould have come off in every one's opinion ſo well, 'that he ſhould have had general leave to renew his 'viſits.'

He went on—'He muſt be ſo bold as to tell me, that 'he ſhould have paid a viſit of this kind (but indeed ac-'companied by ſeveral of his truſty friends) had I *not* 'met him; and that very afternoon too; for he could 'not tamely let the dreadful Wedneſday come, without 'making ſome effort to change their determinations.'

What, my dear, was to be done with ſuch a man!

'That therefore, for my ſake as well as for his 'own, he had reaſon to wiſh that a diſeaſe ſo deſperate 'had been attempted to be overcome by as deſperate 'a remedy. We all know, ſaid he, that great ends 'are ſometimes brought about by the very means by 'which they are endeavoured to be fruſtrated.'

My preſent ſituation, I am ſure, thought I, affords a ſad evidence of this truth!

I was ſilent all this time. My blame was indeed turned inward. Sometimes, too, I was half-frighted at his audaciouſneſs: At others, had the leſs inclination to interrupt him, being exceſſively fatigued, and my ſpirits ſunk to nothing, with the view even of the beſt proſpects with ſuch a man.

This gave him opportunity to proceed: And that he did; aſſuming a ſtill more ſerious air.

'As to what further remained for him to ſay, in 'anſwer to what I had ſaid, he hoped I would par-'don him; but upon his Soul, he was concerned, 'infinitely concerned, he repeated (his colour and 'his voice riſing) that it was *neceſſary* for him to ob-'ſerve how much I choſe rather to have run the 'riſque of being Solmes's Wife, than to have it in my 'power to reward a man, who, I muſt forgive him,

'had

'had been as much inſulted on *my* account, as *I* had 'been on *his*—who had watched my commands, and '(pardon me, Madam) every *changeable* motion of 'your pen, all hours, in all weathers, and with a 'chearfulneſs and ardor that nothing but the moſt 'faithful and obſequious paſſion could inſpire.'

I now, my dear began to revive into a little more warmth of attention.—

'And all, Madam, for what?'—How I ſtared! for he ſtopt then a moment or two—'*Only*, went he 'on, to prevail upon you to free yourſelf from unge-'nerous and baſe oppreſſion—

Sir, Sir! indignantly ſaid I—

'Hear me but out, deareſt Madam!—My heart is 'full—I *muſt* ſpeak what I have to ſay—To be told '(for your words are yet in my ears, and at my heart!) 'that you would give the world, *and all your hopes in* '*it*, to have been ſtill in your cruel and gloomy 'Father's houſe—

Not a word, Sir, againſt my Father!—I will not bear that—

'*Whatever had been your uſage:*—And you have a 'credulity, Madam, againſt all pobability, if you be-'lieve you ſhould have avoided being Solmes's Wife: 'That I have put you upon *ſacrificing your Duty and* '*Conſcience*—Yet, deareſt creature! ſee you not the 'contradiction that your warmth of temper has ſur-'priſed you into, when the reluctance you ſhewed to 'the laſt to leave your perſecutors, has cleared your 'Conſcience from the leaſt reproach of this ſort?'—

O Sir! Sir! are you ſo critical then? Are you ſo light in your anger, as to dwell upon words?—

Indeed, my dear, I have ſince thought, that his anger was not owing to that ſudden *impetus*, which cannot be eaſily bridled; but rather was a ſort of *manageable* anger, let looſe to intimidate me.

'Forgive me, Madam—I have juſt done—Have I 'not, in your own opinion, hazarded my life to re-

'deem

'deem you from oppreſſion?—Yet is not my reward,
'after all, precarious?—For, Madam, *have you not*
'*conditioned with me* (and, hard as the condition is,
'*moſt ſacredly will I obſerve it*) *that all my hope muſt*
'*be remote?* That you are determined to have it in
'your power *to favour or reject me totally*, as you
'pleaſe?'—

See, my dear! In every reſpect my condition changed for the worſe! Is it in *my power* to take your advice, if I ſhould think it ever ſo right to take it (*a*)?

'And have you not furthermore declared, pro-
'ceeded he, *that you will engage to renounce me for*
'*ever, if your friends inſiſt upon that cruel renuncia-*
'*tion, as the terms of being reconciled to you?*

'But nevertheleſs, Madam, all the merit of having
'ſaved you from an odious compulſion, ſhall be mine.
'I glory in it, though I were to loſe you for ever—*As I*
'*ſee I am but too likely to do*, from your preſent diſ-
'pleaſure; and eſpecially, *if your friends inſiſt upon*
'*the terms you are ready to comply with.*

'That you are *your own miſtreſs* thro' *my* means,
'is, I repeat my boaſt. *As ſuch*, I humbly implore
'your favour—And *that only upon the conditions I have*
'*yielded to hope for it.*—As I do now *thus humbly* [the
'proud wretch falling on one knee] your forgiveneſs,

(*a*) Clariſſa has been cenſured as behaving to Mr. Lovelace, in their firſt converſation at St. Albans, and afterwards, with too much reſerve, and even with haughtineſs. Surely thoſe who have thought her to blame on this account, have not paid a due attention to the Story. How early, as above, and in what immediately follows, does he remind her of the terms of diſtance which ſhe preſcribed to him, before ſhe was in his power, *in hopes to leave the door open for a Reconciliation with her friends*, which her heart was ſet upon? And how artfully does he (unrequired) promiſe to obſerve the conditions, which ſhe, in her preſent circumſtances and ſituation (in purſuance of Miſs Howe's advice) would gladly have diſpenſed with?—To ſay nothing of the reſentment which ſhe was under a *neceſſity* to ſhew at the manner of his getting her away, in order to juſtify to him *the ſincerity of her refuſal to go off with him.* See, in her ſubſequent Letter to Miſs Howe, N°. v. her own ſenſe upon this ſubject.

'for

'for ſo long detaining your ear, and for all the plain-'dealing that my undeſigning heart would not be de-'nied to utter by my lips.'

O Sir, pray riſe!—Let the obliged kneel, if one of us muſt kneel!—But nevertheleſs, proceed not in this ſtrain, I *beſeech* you. You have had a great *deal* of trouble about me: But had you let me know *in time*, that you expected to be rewarded for it at the price of my duty, I ſhould have ſpared you much of it.

Far be it from me, Sir, to depreciate merit ſo *extraordinary*. But let me ſay, that had it not been for the forbidden correſpondence I was teazed by you into; and which I had not continued (every Letter, for many Letters, intended to be the laſt) but becauſe I thought you a ſufferer from my friends; I had not been either confined or ill-treated: Nor would my Brother's low-meant violence have had a foundation to work upon.

I am far from thinking my caſe would have been ſo very deſperate as you imagine, had I ſtaid. My Father loved me in his heart: He would not ſee me before; and I wanted *only* to *ſee* him, and to be *heard*; and a *delay of his ſentence* was the leaſt thing I expected from the tryal I was to ſtand.

You are boaſting of your merits, Sir: Let merit, *be* your boaſt: nothing elſe can attract me. If *perſonal* conſiderations had principal weight with me, either in Solmes's diſfavour, or in your favour, I ſhould deſpiſe *myſelf*: If you value yourſelf upon them, in preference to the *perſon* of the poor Solmes, I ſhall deſpiſe *you!*

You may glory in your fanſied merits in getting me away: But the cauſe of *your* glory, I tell you plainly, is *my* ſhame.

Make to yourſelf a title to my regard, which I can better approve of; or elſe you will not have ſo much merit with *me* as you have with *yourſelf*.

But here, Sir, like the firſt pair (I, at leaſt driven out of my paradiſe) are we recriminating. No more

more ſhall you need to tell me of your *Sufferings*, and your *Merits!*—your *All hours*, and *All weathers!* For I will bear them in memory as long as I live; and if it be impoſſible for me to *reward* them, be ever ready to *own* the obligation. All that I deſire of you now, is, to leave it to myſelf to ſeek for ſome private abode: To take the chariot with you to London, or elſewhere: And, if I have any further occaſion for your aſſiſtance and protection, I will ſignify it to you, and be ſtill *further* obliged to you.

You are warm, my deareſt life!—But indeed there is no occaſion for it. Had I any views unworthy of my faithful Love for you, I ſhould not have been ſo honeſt in my declarations.

Then he began again to vow the ſincerity of his intentions.

But I took him up ſhort: I am willing to *believe* you, Sir. It would be inſupportable but to ſuppoſe there were a *neceſſity* for ſuch ſolemn declarations [At this he ſeemed to collect himſelf, as I may ſay, into a little more circumſpection]. If I thought there *were*, I would not ſit with you here, in a Public Inn, I aſſure you, altho' cheated hither, as far as I know, by methods (You muſt excuſe me, Sir) which but to *ſuſpect*, will hardly let me have patience either with you or with myſelf.—But no more of this, juſt now: Let me, I beſeech you, *good Sir*, bowing [I was very angry!] let me only know whether you intend to leave me; or whether I have only eſcaped from one confinement to another?

Cheated hither, as far as you know, Madam! Let you *know* (and with that air too, charming, though grievous to my heart!) *if you have only eſcaped from one confinement to another*—Amazing! perfectly amazeing! And can there be a neceſſity for me to anſwer this?—You are abſolutely your own miſtreſs.—It were very ſtrange, if you were not. *The moment you are in a place of ſafety*, I will leave you. To one

one condition only, give me leave to beg your conſent: It is this: That you will be pleaſed, now you are ſo entirely in your own power, to renew a promiſe *voluntarily* made before; *voluntarily*, or I would not *now* preſume to requeſt it; for altho' I would not be thought capable of growing upon conceſſion, yet I cannot bear to think of loſing the ground your goodneſs had given me room to hope I had gained; 'That, make up 'how you pleaſe with your relations, you will never 'marry any other man, while I am living and ſingle, 'unleſs I ſhould be ſo wicked as to give new cauſe 'for high diſpleaſure.'

I heſitate not to confirm this promiſe, Sir, upon your *own* condition. In what manner do you expect me to confirm it?

Only, Madam, by your word.

Then I never will.

He had the aſſurance *(I was now in his power)* to ſalute me as a ſealing of my promiſe, as he called it. His motion was ſo ſudden, that I was not aware of it. It would have looked *affected* to be very angry; yet I could not be pleaſed, conſidering this as a *leading freedom*, from a ſpirit ſo audacious and encroaching: And he might ſee, that I was not.

He paſſed all that by with an air peculiar to himſelf—Enough, enough, deareſt Madam! And now let me beg of you but to conquer this dreadful uneaſineſs, which gives me to apprehend too much for my jealous love to bear; and it ſhall be my whole endeavour to deſerve your favour, and to make you the happieſt woman in the world; as I ſhall be the happieſt of men.

I broke from him to write to you my preceding Letter; but refuſed to ſend it by his ſervant, as I told you. The miſtreſs of the houſe helped me to a meſſenger, who was to carry what you ſhould give him to Lord M.'s Seat in Hertfordſhire, directed for Mrs. Greme the houſekeeper there. And early in the morning,

morning, for fear of purſuit, we were to ſet out that way: And there he propoſed to exchange the chariot-and-ſix for a chaiſe-and-pair of his own, which he had at that Seat, as it would be a leſs-noticed conveyance.

I looked over my little ſtock of money; and found it to be no more than Seven guineas and ſome ſilver: The reſt of my ſtock was but Fifty guineas, and that five more than I thought it was, when my Siſter challenged me as to the ſum I had by me *(a)*: And thoſe I left in my eſcritoire, little intending to go away with him.

Indeed my caſe abounds with a ſhocking number of indelicate circumſtances. Among the reſt, I was forced to account to *him*, who knew I could have no cloaths but what I had on, how I came to have linen with you (for he could not but know I ſent for it); leſt he ſhould imagine I had an early deſign to go away with him, and made that a *part of the preparation*.

He moſt heartily wiſhed, he ſaid, for my mind's ſake, that your Mother would have afforded me her protection; and delivered himſelf upon this ſubject with equal *freedom* and concern.

There are, my dear Miſs Howe, a multitude of punctilios and decorums, which a young creature muſt diſpenſe with, who, in a ſituation like mine, makes a man the intimate attendant of her perſon. I could now, I think, give twenty reaſons ſtronger than any I have heretofore mentioned, why women of the *leaſt delicacy* ſhould never think of incurring the danger and diſgrace of taking the ſtep I have been drawn in to take, but with horror and averſion; and why they ſhould look upon the man who ſhall tempt them to it, as the vileſt and moſt ſelfiſh of ſeducers.

BEFORE five o'clock (Tueſday morning) the maid-ſervant came up to tell me my *Brother* was ready, and that breakfaſt alſo waited for me in the parlour. I

(*a*) See Vol. I. Letter xlii.

went

went down with a heart as heavy as my eyes, and received great acknowlegements and compliments from him on being ſo ſoon dreſſed, and ready (as he interpreted it) to continue our journey.

He had the thought which I had not (for what had I to do with thinking, who had it not when I ſtood moſt in need of it?) to purchaſe for me a velvet hood, and a ſhort cloak, trimmed with ſilver, without ſaying any-thing to me. He muſt reward himſelf, the artful encroacher ſaid, before the landlady and her maids and niece, for his forethought; and would ſalute his pretty ſullen Sifter!—He took his reward; and, as he ſaid, a tear with it. While he aſſured me, ſtill before them [a vile wretch!] that I had nothing to fear from meeting with Parents who ſo dearly loved me.—

How could I be complaiſant, my dear, to ſuch a man as this?

When we had got into the chariot, and it began to move, he aſked me, whether I had any objection to go to Lord M.'s Hertfordſhire Seat? His Lordſhip, he ſaid, was at his Berkſhire one.

I told him, I choſe not to go, *as yet*, to any of his relations; for that would indicate a plain defiance to my own. My choice was, to go to a private lodging, and for him to be at a diſtance from me: At leaſt, till I heard how things were taken by my friends—For that altho' I had but little hopes of a Reconciliation as it *was*; yet if they knew I was in his protection, or in that of any of his friends (which would be looked upon as the ſame thing) there would not be room for any hopes at all.

I ſhould govern him as I pleaſed, he ſolemnly aſſured me, in every-thing. But he ſtill thought *London* was the beſt place for me; and if I were once ſafe there, and in a lodging to my liking, he would go to M. Hall. But, as I approved not of London, he would urge it no further.

He

He propoſed, and I conſented, to put up at an Inn in the neighbourhood of *The Lawn* (as he called Lord M.'s Seat in this County) ſince I choſe not to go thither. And here I got two hours to myſelf; which I told him I ſhould paſs in writing another Letter to you (meaning my narrative, which, tho' greatly fatigued, I had begun at St. Albans) and in one to my Siſter, to appriſe the family (whether they were ſolicitous about it or not) that I was well; and to beg that my cloaths, ſome particular books, and the fifty guineas I had left in my eſcritoire, might be ſent me.

He aſked, If I had conſidered whither to have them directed?

Indeed not I, I told him: I was a ſtranger to—

So was he, he interrupted me; but it ſtruck him by chance—

Wicked ſtory-teller!

But, added he, I will tell you, Madam, how it ſhall be managed—If you don't chuſe to go to London, it is, nevertheleſs, beſt, that your relations ſhould *think* you there; for then they will abſolutely deſpair of finding you. If you write, be pleaſed to direct, To be left for you, at Mr. Oſgood's, near Soho-ſquare. Mr. Oſgood is a man of reputation: And this will effectually amuſe them.

Amuſe them, my dear!—Amuſe whom?—My Father!—my Uncles!—But it muſt be ſo!—*All his expedients ready, you ſee!*—

I had no objection to this: And I have written accordingly. But what anſwer I ſhall have, or whether any, that is what gives me no ſmall anxiety.

This, however, is one conſolation, that if I have an anſwer, and altho' my Brother ſhould be the writer, it cannot be more ſevere than the treatment I have of late received from him and my Siſter.

Mr. Lovelace ſtaid out about an hour and half; and then came in; impatiently ſending up to me no leſs than four times, to deſire admittance. But I ſent him word

word as often, that I was buſy; and at laſt, that I ſhould be ſo, till dinner were ready. He then haſtened that, as I heard him now-and-then, with a hearty curſe upon the cook and waiters.

This is another of his perfections. I ventured afterwards to check him for his free words, as we ſat at dinner.

Having heard him ſwear at his ſervant, when below, whom, nevertheleſs, he owns, to be a good one; It is a ſad life, ſaid I, theſe Innkeepers live, Mr. Lovelace.

No; pretty well, I believe—But why, Madam, think you, that fellows, who eat and drink at other mens coſt, or they are ſorry Innkeepers, ſhould be intitled to pity?

Becauſe of the ſoldiers they are obliged to quarter; who are generally, I believe, wretched profligates. Bleſs me! ſaid I, how I heard one of them ſwear and curſe, juſt now, at a modeſt meek man, as I judge by his low voice, and gentle anſwers!—Well do they make it a proverb—*Like a trooper!*

He bit his lip; aroſe; turned upon his heel; ſtept to the glaſs; and looking *confidently* abaſhed, if I may ſo ſay, Ay, Madam, ſaid he, theſe troopers are ſad ſwearing fellows. I think their officers ſhould chaſtiſe them for it.

I am ſure they deſerve chaſtiſement, replied I: For Swearing is a moſt *unmanly* vice, and Curſing as *poor* and *low* one; ſince they proclaim the profligate's want of power, and his wickedneſs at the ſame time; for, could ſuch a one *puniſh* as he *ſpeaks*, he would be a fiend!

Charmingly obſerved, by my Soul, Madam!—The next trooper I hear ſwear and curſe, I'll tell him what an *unmanly*, and what a *poor* wretch he is.

Mrs. Greme came to pay her *duty* to me, as Mr, Lovelace called it; and was very urgent with me to go to her Lord's houſe; letting me know what handſome things ſhe had heard her Lord, and his two Nieces,

Nieces, and all the family, ſay of me; and what wiſhes for ſeveral months paſt they had put up for the honour ſhe now hoped would ſoon be done them all.

This gave me ſome ſatisfaction, as it confirmed from the mouth of a very good ſort of woman all that Mr. Lovelace had told me.

Upon enquiry about a private lodging, ſhe recommended me to a Siſter-in-law of hers, eight miles from thence—Where I now am. And what pleaſed me the better, was, that Mr. Lovelace (of whom I could ſee ſhe was infinitely obſervant) obliged her, of his own motion, to accompany me in the chaiſe; himſelf riding on horſeback, with his two ſervants, and one of Lord M.'s. And here we arrived about Four o'clock.

But, as I told you in my former, the lodgings are inconvenient. Mr. Lovelace indeed found great fault with them: And told Mrs. Greme (who had ſaid, that they were not worthy of us) that they came not up even to her account of them. As the houſe was a mile from a town, it was not proper for him, he ſaid, to be ſo far diſtant from me, leſt any-thing ſhould happen: And yet the apartments were not ſeparate and diſtinct enough for me to like them, he was ſure.

This muſt be agreeable enough from him, you will believe.

Mrs. Greme and I had a good deal of talk in the chaiſe about him: She was very eaſy and free in her anſwers to all I aſked; and has, I find, a very ſerious turn.

I led her on to ſay to the following effect; ſome part of it not unlike what Lord M.'s diſmiſſed Bailiff had ſaid before; by which I find that all the ſervants have a like opinion of him.

'That Mr. Lovelace was a generous man: That it 'was hard to ſay, whether the ſervants of her Lord's 'family loved or feared him moſt: That her Lord had 'a very great affection for him. That his two noble 'Aunts

'Aunts were no leſs fond of him: That his Couſins 'Montague were as good-natured young Ladies *as* 'ever lived: That Lord M. and Lady Sarah and 'Lady Betty had propoſed ſeveral Ladies to him, be-'fore he made his addreſſes to me; and even ſince; 'deſpairing to move me and my friends in his favour '—But that he had no thoughts of marrying at all, ſhe 'had heard him ſay, if it were not to me: That as well 'her Lord as the two Ladies his Siſters were a good 'deal concerned at the ill-uſage he received from my 'family: But admired my character, and wiſhed to 'have him married to me (altho' I were not to have 'a ſhilling) in preference to any other perſon, from 'the opinion that they had of the influence I ſhould 'have over him. That, to be ſure, Mr. Lovelace 'was a wild gentleman: But wildneſs was a diſtem-'per which would cure itſelf. That her Lord de-'lighted in his company, whenever he could get it: 'But that they often fell out; and his Lordſhip was 'always forced to ſubmit—Indeed, was half-afraid 'of him, ſhe believed; for Mr. Lovelace would do 'as he pleaſed. She mingled a thouſand pities often, 'that he acted not up to the talents lent him—Yet 'would have it, that he had fine qualities to found a 'Reformation upon; and, when the happy day came, 'would make amends for all: And of this all his 'friends were ſo aſſured, that they wiſhed for nothing 'ſo earneſtly, as for his marriage.'

This, indifferent as it is, is better than my Brother ſays of him.

The people of the houſe here are very honeſt-looking induſtrious folks: Mrs. Sorlings is the gentle-woman's name. The farm ſeems well-ſtocked, and thriving. She is a widow; has two ſons, men grown, who vie with each other which ſhall take moſt pains in promoting the common good; and they are both of them, I already ſee, more reſpectful to two modeſt young women their Siſters, than my Brother was to his Siſter.

I believe

I believe I muſt ſtay here longer than at firſt I thought I ſhould.

I ought to have mentioned, that, before I ſet out for this place, I received your kind letter *(a)*. Everything is kind from ſo dear a friend.

I own, that after I had told you of my abſolute determination not to go away with him, you might well be ſurpriſed, at your firſt hearing that I was actually gone. The Lord bleſs me, my dear, I myſelf, at times, can hardly believe it is I, that have been led to take ſo ſtrange a ſtep.

I have not the better opinion of Mr. Lovelace for his extravagant volubility. He is too full of profeſſions. He ſays too many fine things *of* me, and *to* me. True reſpect, true value, I think, lies not in words: Words *cannot* expreſs it: The ſilent awe, the humble, the doubting eye, and even the heſitating voice, better ſhew it by much, than, as our beloved Shakeſpeare ſays,

——*The rattling tongue*
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence.

The man indeed at times is all upon the *ecſtatic*; one of his phraſes: But, to my ſhame and confuſion, I muſt ſay, that I know too well to what to attribute his tranſports. In one word, it is To his *triumph*, my dear. And, to impute it to *that* perhaps equally expoſes my vanity, and condemns my folly.

We have been alarmed with notions of a purſuit, founded upon a Letter from his intelligencer.

How do different circumſtances either ſanctify or condemn the ſame action!—What care ought we to take not to confound the diſtinctions of right and wrong, when *Self* comes into the queſtion!—I condemned in Mr. Lovelace the corrupting of a ſervant of my Father's; and now I am glad to give a kind of *indirect* approbation of that fault, by enquiring of him what he hears, by that or any other way, of the

(a) See Vol. II. Letter xlvi.

manner

manner in which my relations took my flight. A preconcerted, forward, and artful flight, it muſt undoubtedly appear to them. How grievous is that to think of! Yet *how*, as I *am ſituated*, can I put them right?

Moſt heavily, he ſays, they take it; but ſhew not ſo much grief as rage. And he can hardly have patience to hear of the virulence and menaces of my Brother againſt himſelf. Then a merit is made to me of his forbearance.

What a ſatisfaction am I robbed of, my deareſt friend, when I reflect upon my inconſiderateneſs! O that I had it ſtill in my power to ſay I *ſuffered* wrong, rather than *did* wrong! That others were more wanting in their kindneſs to me than I duty (where duty is owing) to them!

Fie upon me! for *meeting the Seducer!*—Let all end as happily as it now may, I have laid up for myſelf *remorſe for my whole life.*

What ſtill more concerns me is, that every time I ſee this man, I am ſtill at a greater loſs than before what to make of him. I watch every turn of his countenance: And I think I ſee very deep lines in it. He looks with more meaning, I verily think, than he uſed to look; yet not more ſerious; not leſs gay—I don't know how he looks—But with more confidence a great deal than formerly; and yet he never wanted that.

But here is the thing: I behold him with *fear* now, as conſcious of the power my indiſcretion has given him over me. And well may *he* look more elate, when he ſees me deprived of all the ſelf-ſuppoſed ſignificance, which adorns and exalts a perſon who has been accuſtomed to reſpect; and who now, by a *conſcious inferiority*, allows herſelf *to be overcome*, and in a ſtate of *obligation*, as I may ſay, to a man who from an humble ſuitor to her for her favour, aſſumes the conſequence and airs of a protector.

I ſhall ſend this, as my former, by a poor man, who travels every day with pedlary matters. He will leave it at Mrs. Knollys's, as you direct.

If you hear any-thing of my Father and Mother, and of their health, and how my friends were affected by my unhappy ſtep, pray be ſo good as to write me a few lines by the meſſenger, if his waiting for them can be known to you.

I am afraid to aſk you, Whether, upon reading that part of my narrative already in your hands, you think any ſort of extenuation lies for

Your unhappy

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER III.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Tueſday, Wedn. Apr. 11. 12.

YOU claim my promiſe, that I will be as particular as poſſible, in all that paſſes between me and my goddeſs. Indeed, I never had a more illuſtrious ſubject to excerciſe my pen upon. And, moreover, I have leiſure; for, by her good will, my acceſs would be as difficult to her, as that of the humbleſt ſlave to an Eaſtern Monarch. Nothing, then, but inclination to write can be wanting: And ſince our friendſhip, and your obliging attendance upon me at the White Hart will not excuſe That, I will endeavour to keep my word.

I parted with thee and thy brethren, with a full reſolution, thou knoweſt, to rejoin ye, if ſhe once again diſappointed me, in order to go together (attended by our ſervants, for ſhew-ſake) to the gloomy Father; and demand audience of the tyrant upon the freedoms taken with my character. In ſhort, to have tried by fair means, if fair would do, to make him change his reſolutions; and treat his charming *Daughter* with leſs inhumanity, and *me* with more civility.

I

I told thee my reaſons for not going in ſearch of a Letter of countermand. I was right; for if I had, I ſhould have found ſuch a one; and had I received it, ſhe would not have met me. Did ſhe think, that after I had been more than once diſappointed, I would not keep her to her promiſe; that I would not hold her to it, when I had got her in ſo deeply?

The moment I heard the door unbolt, I was ſure of her. That motion made my heart bound to my throat. But when that was followed with the preſence of my Charmer, flaſhing upon me all at once in a flood of brightneſs, ſweetly dreſſed, tho' all unprepared for a journey, I trod air, and hardly thought myſelf a mortal.

Thou ſhalt judge of her dreſs, as, at the moment I firſt beheld her, ſhe appeared to me, and as, upon a nearer obſervation, ſhe really was. I am a Critic, thou knoweſt, in womens dreſſes. Many a one have I taught to dreſs, and helped to undreſs. But there is ſuch a native elegance in this Lady, that ſhe ſurpaſſes all that I could imagine ſurpaſſing. But then her perſon adorns what ſhe wears, more than dreſs can adorn her; and that's her excellence.

Expect therefore a faint ſketch of her admirable perſon with her dreſs.

Her wax-like fleſh (for, after all, fleſh and blood I think ſhe is) by its delicacy and firmneſs, anſwers for the ſoundneſs of her health. Thou haſt often heard me launch out in praiſe of her complexion. I never in my life beheld a ſkin ſo *illuſtriouſly* fair. The Lily and the driven Snow it is nonſenſe to talk of: Her Lawn and her Laces one might indeed compare to thoſe: But what a whited wall would a woman appear to be, who had a complexion which would juſtify ſuch unnatural compariſons? But this Lady is all glowing, all charming fleſh and blood; yet ſo clear, that every meandring vein is to be ſeen in all the lovely parts of her which cuſtom permits to be viſible.

Thou haſt heard me alſo deſcribe the wavy Ringlets of her ſhining hair, needing neither art nor powder; of itſelf an ornament, defying all other ornaments; wantoning in and about a neck that is beautiful beyond deſcription.

Her head-dreſs was a Bruſſels-lace mob, peculiarly adapted to the charming air and turn of her features. A ſky-blue ribband illuſtrated that. But altho' the weather was ſomewhat ſharp, ſhe had not on either hat or hood; for, beſides that ſhe loves to uſe herſelf hardily (by which means, and by a temperance truly exemplary, ſhe is allowed to have given high health and vigour to an originally tender conſtitution) ſhe ſeems to have intended to ſhew me, that ſhe was determined not to ſtand to her appointment. O Jack! that ſuch a ſweet girl ſhould be a rogue!

Her morning-gown was a pale primroſe-coloured paduaſoy: The cuffs and robings curiouſly embroidered by the fingers of this ever-charming Arachne, in a running pattern of voilets and their leaves; the light in the flowers ſilver; gold in the leaves. A pair of diamond ſnaps in her ears. A white handkerchief wrought by the ſame inimitable fingers, concealed—O Belford! what ſtill more inimitable beauties did it not conceal!—And I ſaw, all the way we rode, the bounding heart (by its throbbing motions I ſaw it!) dancing beneath the charming umbrage.

Her ruffles were the ſame as her mob. Her apron a flowered lawn. Her coat white ſatten, quilted: Blue ſatten her ſhoes, braided with the ſame colour, without lace; for what need has the prettieſt foot in the world of ornament? Neat buckles in them: And on her charming arms a pair of black velvet glove-like muffs, of her own invention; for ſhe makes and gives faſhions as ſhe pleaſes—Her hands velvet of themſelves, thus uncovered the freer to be graſped by thoſe of her adorer.

I have told thee what were *my* tranſports, when the

the undrawn bolt preſented to me my long-expected goddeſs.—*Her* emotions were more ſweetly feminine, after the firſt moments; for then the fire of her ſtarry eyes began to ſink into a leſs dazling languor. She trembled: Nor knew ſhe how to ſupport the agitations of a heart ſhe had never found ſo ungovernable. She was even fainting, when I claſped her in my ſupporting arms. What a precious moment That! How near, how ſweetly near, the throbbing partners!

By her dreſs, I ſaw, as I obſerved before, how unprepared ſhe was for a journey; and not doubting her intention once more to diſappoint me, I would have drawn her after me.. Then began a contention the moſt vehement that ever I had with woman. It would pain thy friendly heart to be told the infinite trouble I had with her. I begged, I prayed; on my knees, yet in vain, I begged and prayed her to anſwer her own appointment: And had I not happily provided for ſuch a ſtruggle, knowing whom I had to deal with, I had certainly failed in my deſign; and as certainly would have accompanied her in, without thee and thy Brethren: And who knows what might have been the conſequence?

But my honeſt agent anſwering my ſignal, *tho' not quite ſo ſoon as I expected*, in the manner thou knoweſt I had preſcribed, They are coming! They are coming! —Fly, fly, my beloved creature, cried I, drawing my ſword with a flouriſh, as if I would have ſlain half an hundred of the ſuppoſed intruders; and, ſeizing her trembling hands, I drew her after me ſo ſwiftly, that *my* feet, winged by Love, could hardly keep pace with *her* feet, agitated by fear.—And ſo I became her Emperor.

I'll tell thee all, when I ſee thee: And thou ſhalt then judge of *my* difficulties, and of *her* perverſeneſs. And thou wilt rejoice with me at my conqueſt over ſuch a watchful and open-eyed Charmer.

But ſeeſt thou not now (as I think I do) the wind

outſtripping Fair-one flying *from* her Love *to* her Love? —Is there not ſuch a game?—Nay, flying from friends ſhe was reſolved not to abandon, to the man ſhe was determined not to go off with?—*The Sex! the Sex, all over!*—Charming contradiction!—Hah, hah, hah, hah!—I muſt here—I muſt here, lay down my pen, to hold my ſides; for I muſt have my laugh out now the fit is upon me.

* * * *

I BELIEVE—I believe—Hah, hah, hah!—I believe, Jack, my dogs conclude me mad: For here has one of them popt in, as if to ſee what ailed me; or whom I had with me. The whorſon caught the laugh, as he went out.--Hah, hah, hah!--An *im-pudent* dog!—O Jack, kneweſt thou my conceit, and were but thy laugh joined to mine, I believe it would hold me for an hour longer.

But, O my beſt-beloved Fair-one, repine not thou at the Arts by which thou ſuſpecteſt thy fruitleſs vigilance has been over-watched.—Take care, that thou provokeſt not new ones, that may be ſtill more worthy of thee. If once thy Emperor decrees thy fall, thou ſhalt greatly fall. Thou ſhalt have cauſe, if that come to paſs, which *may* come to paſs (for why wouldeſt thou put off Marriage to ſo long a day, as till thou hadſt reaſon to be convinced of my Reformation, deareſt?) thou ſhalt have cauſe, never fear, to ſit down more diſſatisfied with thy Stars, than with thyſelf. And come the worſt to the worſt, glorious terms will I give thee. Thy garriſon, with general *Prudence* at the head, and governor *Watchfulneſs* bringing up the rear, ſhall be allowed to march out with all the honours due to ſo brave a reſiſtance. And all thy Sex, and all mine, that hear of my ſtratagems, and of thy conduct, ſhall acknowlege the fortreſs as nobly won, as defended.

'Thou wilt not dare, methinks I hear thee ſay, to 'attempt to reduce ſuch a goddeſs This, to a ſtandard 'unworthy of her excellencies. It is impoſſible, Love-

'lace,

'lace, that thou ſhouldſt intend to break thro' oaths 'and proteſtations ſo ſolemn.'

That I did *not* intend it, is certain. That I *do* intend it, I cannot (my heart, my reverence for her, will not let me) ſay. But knoweſt thou not my averſion to the State of Shackles?—And is ſhe not IN MY POWER?

'And wilt thou, Lovelace, abuſe that power, which'--

Which what, Belford?—Which I obtained not by her own conſent, but *againſt* it.

'But which thou never hadſt obtained, had ſhe not 'eſteemed thee above all men.'

And which I had never taken ſo much pains to obtain, had I not loved her above all women. So far upon a par, Jack! And, if thou pleadeſt Honour, ought not Honour to be mutual? If mutual, does it not imply mutual truſt, mutual confidence? And what have I had of *that* from her to boaſt of?—Thou knoweſt the whole progreſs of our warfare: For a warfare it has truly been; and far, very far, from an amorous warfare too. Doubts, miſtruſts, upbraidings, on her part: Humiliations the moſt abject, on mine. Obliged to aſſume ſuch airs of Reformation, that every varlet of ye has been afraid I ſhould reclaim in good earneſt. And haſt thou not thyſelf frequently obſerved to me, how aukwardly I returned to my uſual gaiety, after I had been within a mile of her Father's garden-wall, altho' I had not ſeen her?

Does ſhe not deſerve to pay for all this?—To make an honeſt fellow look like an hypocrite; what a vile thing is that!

Then thou knoweſt what a *falſe* little rogue ſhe has been. How little conſcience ſhe has made of diſappointing me. Haſt thou not been a witneſs of my ravenings, on this ſcore?--Have I not, in the height of them, vowed Revenge upon the faithleſs Charmer?—And, if I *muſt* be forſworn, whether I anſwer her expectations, or follow my own inclinations; and if the option be

in my own power; can I heſitate a moment which to chuſe?

Then, I fanſy, by her circumſpection, and her continual grief, that ſhe *expects* ſome miſchief from me. I don't care to diſappoint any-body I have a value for.

But O the noble, the exalted creature! Who can avoid heſitating when he thinks of an offence againſt her? Who can but pity—

Yet, on the other hand, ſo loth at laſt to venture, tho' threatened to be forced into the nuptial fetters with a man, whom to look upon as a rival, is to diſgrace myſelf!—So fullen, now ſhe has ventured!—What title has ſhe to pity; and to a pity which her pride would make her diſclaim?

But I reſolve not *any way*. I will ſee how *her* will works; and how *my* will leads me on. I will give the combatants fair play. And yet, every time I attend her, I find that ſhe is leſs in *my* power; I more in *hers*.

Yet, a fooliſh little rogue! to forbid me to think of marriage till I am a reformed man! Till the Implacables of her family change their natures, and become placable!

It is true, when ſhe was for making thoſe conditions, ſhe did not think, that, without *any*, ſhe ſhould *be cheated out of herſelf*; for ſo the dear ſoul, as I may tell thee in its place, phraſes it.

How it ſwells my pride, to have been able to outwit ſuch a vigilant Charmer! I am taller by half a yard in my imagination than I was. I look *down* upon every-body now. Laſt night I was ſtill more extravagant. I took off my hat, as I walked, to ſee if the Lace were not ſcorched, ſuppoſing it had bruſhed down a ſtar; and, before I put it on again, in mere wantonneſs, and heart's-eaſe, I was for buffeting the moon.

In ſhort, my whole ſoul is joy. When I go to bed, I laugh myſelf aſleep: And I awake either laughing or ſinging—Yet nothing *nearly* in view, neither—For why;—*I am not yet reformed enough!*

I told thee at the time, if thou remembereſt, how capable this reſtriction was of being turned upon the over-ſcrupulous dear creature, could I once get her out of her Father's houſe; and were I diſpoſed to puniſh her for her family's faults, and for the infinite trouble ſhe herſelf had given me. Little thinks ſhe, *that I have kept an account of both:* And that, when my heart is ſoft, and all her own, I can but turn to my *memoranda*, and harden myſelf at once.

O my Charmer, look to it! Abate of thy haughty airs! Value not thyſelf upon thy Sincerity, if thou *art* indifferent to me! I will not bear it *Now*. *Art thou not in my* POWER?—Nor, if thou loveſt me, think, that the female affectation of denying thy Love, will avail thee *Now*, with a heart ſo proud and ſo jealous as mine?—Remember, moreover, that all thy family-ſins are upon thy head!—

But, ah! Jack, when I ſee my Angel, when I am admitted to the preſence of this radiant Beauty, what will become of all this vapouring?

But, be my end what it may, I am obliged, by thy penetration, Fair-one, to proceed by the Sap. *Fair and ſoftly. A Wife at any time!* Marriage will be always in my power.

When put to the Univerſity, the ſame courſe of *initial Studies* will qualify the Yonker for the one Line or for the other. The *genius* ought to point out the future Lawyer, Divine, or Phyſician!—So the ſame cautious conduct, with ſuch a vigilance, will do either for the *Wife*, or for the *No*-wife. When I reform, I'll marry. 'Tis time enough for the *one*, the *Lady* muſt ſay—For the *other*, ſay *I!*

But how I ramble!—This it is to be in ſuch a ſituation, that I know not what to reſolve upon.

I'll tell thee my *inclinings*, as I proceed. The *pro's* and the *con's* I'll tell thee: But being got too far from the track I ſet out in, I will cloſe here. I may however write every day ſomething, and ſend it as opportunity offers.

Regardleſs, nevertheleſs, I ſhall be in all I write, of connexion, accuracy, or of any-thing but of my own imperial will and pleaſure.

LETTER IV.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Wedneſday Night, April 12.

I Have your narrative, my dear. You are the ſame noble creature you ever were. Above diſguiſe, above art, above attempting to extenuate a failing.

The only family in the world, yours, ſurely, that could have driven ſuch a Daughter upon ſuch extremities.

But you muſt not be ſo very much too good for *them*, and for the *caſe*.

You lay the blame ſo properly and ſo unſparingly *upon your meeting him*, that nothing can be added to that ſubject by your worſt enemies, were they to ſee what you have written.

I am not ſurpriſed, now I have read your narrative, that ſo bold, and ſo contriving a man—I am forced to break off—

⁂ ⁂

You ſtood it out much better and longer—Here again comes my buſtling, jealous Mother!

⁂ ⁂

DON'T be ſo angry at yourſelf. Did you not do for the beſt at the time? As to your firſt fault, *the anſwering his Letters*; it was always incumbent upon you to aſſume the guardianſhip of ſuch a family, when the Bravo of it had run riot, as he did, and brought himſelf into danger.

Except your Mother, who has no will of her own, have any of them common ſenſe?—

Forgive me, my dear—Here is that ſtupid Uncle Antony of yours. A pragmatical, conceited, poſi-

tive

tive—He came yeſterday, in a fearful pucker, and puffed, and blowed, and ſtumped about our hall and parlour, while his meſſage was carried up.

My Mother was dreſſing. Theſe widows are as ſtarched as the old bachelors. She would not ſee him in a diſhabille for the world—*What can ſhe mean by it?*

His errand was to ſet her againſt you, and to ſhew their determined rage on your going away. The iſſue proved too evidently that this was the principal end of his viſit.

The odd creature deſired to ſpeak with her alone. I am not uſed to ſuch exceptions whenever any viſits are made to my Mother.

When ſhe was *primmed out*, down ſhe came to him. They locked themſelves in. The two poſitive heads were put together—Cloſe together I ſuppoſe; for I liſtened, but could hear nothing diſtinctly, tho' they both ſeemed full of their ſubject.

I had a good mind, once or twice, to have made them open the door. Could I have been ſure of keeping but tolerably my temper, I would have *demanded* admittance. But I was afraid, if I had obtained it, that I ſhould have forgot it was my Mother's houſe, and been for turning him out of it. To come to rave againſt and abuſe my deareſt, deareſt, faultleſs friend! and the ravings to be encouraged, and perhaps joined in, in order to juſtify themſelves; the one for contributing to drive that dear friend out of her Father's houſe; the other for refuſing her a temporary aſylum, till the Reconciliation could have been effected, which her dutiful heart was ſet upon; and which it would have become the love which my Mother had ever pretended for you, to have mediated for—Could I have had patience!

The *iſſue*, as I ſaid, ſhewed what the errand was—Its firſt appearance, after the old fuſty fellow was marched off [*You muſt excuſe me, my dear*] was in a kind of gloomy, Harlowe-like reſervedneſs in my Mo-

ther; which, upon a few reſenting flirts of mine, was followed by a rigorous prohibition of correſpondence.

This put us, you may ſuppoſe, upon terms not the moſt agreeable. I deſired to know, if I were prohibited *dreaming* of you?—For, my dear, you have all my ſleeping, as well as waking hours.

I can eaſily allow for your correſpondence with your wretch at firſt (and yet your motions were excellent) by the effect this prohibition has upon me; ſince, if poſſible, it has made me love you better than before; and I am more deſirous than ever of correſponding with you.

But I have nevertheleſs a much more laudable motive—I ſhould think myſelf the unworthieſt of creatures, could I be brought to ſlight a dear friend, and ſuch a meritorious one, in her diſtreſs.—I would die firſt—And ſo I told my Mother. And I have deſired her not to watch me in my retired hours; nor to inſiſt upon my lying with her conſtantly, which ſhe now does more earneſtly than ever. 'Twere better, I told her, that the Harlowe-Betty were borrowed to be ſet over me.

Mr. Hickman, who greatly honours you, has, unknown to me, interpoſed ſo warmly in your favour with my Mother, that it makes for him no ſmall merit with me.

I cannot, at preſent, write to every particular, unleſs I would be in *ſet* defiance.—Teaze, teaze, teaze, for ever! The ſame thing, tho' anſwered fifty times over, in every hour to be repeated—Lord bleſs me! what a life muſt my poor Father—But let me remember to whom I am writing.

If this ever-active, ever-miſchievous monkey of a man, this Lovelace, contrived, as you ſuſpect—But here comes my Mother again—Ay, ſtay a little longer, my Mamma, if you pleaſe—I can but be ſuſpected! I can but be chidden for making you wait; and chidden I am ſure to be, whether I do or not, in the way you, my good Mamma, are *Antony'd* into.

Bleſs me!—how impatient ſhe is!—How ſhe thunders at the door!—This moment, Madam!—How came I to double-lock myſelf in!—What have I done with the key!—Duce take the key!—Dear Madam! You flutter one ſo!

❧ ❧

You may believe, my dear, that I took care of my Papers before I opened the door. We have had a charming dialogue—She flung from me in a paſſion—

So—What's now to be done?—Sent for down in a very peremptory manner, I aſſure you. What an incoherent Letter will you have, when I can get it to you! But now I know where to ſend it, Mr. Hickman ſhall find me a meſſenger. Yet, if he be detected, poor ſoul, he will be *Harlowed-off*, as well as his *meek miſtreſs*.

Thurſday, April 13.

I Have this moment your Continuation-letter. And am favoured, at preſent, with the abſence of my Argus-ey'd Mother.—

Dear creature!—I can account for all your difficulties. A young Lady of your delicacy!—And with ſuch a man!—I muſt be brief——

The man's a fool, my dear, with all his pride, and with all his complaiſance, *and affected regards to your injunctions*. Yet his ready inventions—

Sometimes I think you ſhould go to Lady Betty's.—I know not what to adviſe you to do.—I *ſhould*, if you were not ſo intent upon reconciling yourſelf to your relations. Yet they are implacable. You can have no hopes of them. Your Uncle's errand to my Mother may convince you of that; and if you have an Anſwer to your Letter to your Siſter, that will confirm you, I dare ſay.

You need not to have been afraid of aſking me, Whether, upon reading your narrative, I thought any extenuation could lie for what you have done. I have, as above, before I had your queſtion, told you my mind

mind as to that—And I repeat, that I think, your *provocations* and *inducements* conſidered, you are free from blame: At leaſt, the freeſt, that ever young creature was who took ſuch a ſtep.

But *you took it not*—You were *driven on one ſide*, and, poſſibly, *tricked on the other*.—If any woman on earth ſhall be circumſtanced as you were, and ſhall hold out ſo long as you did, againſt her perſecutors on one hand, and her ſeducer on the other, I will forgive her all the reſt of her conduct, be it what it will.

All your acquaintance, you may ſuppoſe, talk of nobody but you. Some indeed bring your admirable character for a plea againſt you: But nobody does, or *can*, acquit your Father or Uncles.

Every-body ſeems appriſed of your Brother's and Siſter's motives. Your flight is, no doubt, the very thing they aimed to drive you to, by the various attacks they made upon you; unhoping (as they muſt do all the time) the ſucceſs of their ſchemes in Solmes's behalf. They knew, that if once you were reſtored to favour, the ſuſpended Love of your Father and Uncles, like a river breaking down a temporary obſtruction, would return with double force; and that then you would expoſe, and triumph over all their arts.—And now, I hear, they *enjoy* their ſucceſsful malice.

Your Father is all rage and violence. He ought, I am ſure, to turn his rage inward. All your family accuſe you of acting with *deep Art*; and are put upon ſuppoſing that you are actually *every hour exulting over them*, with your man, in the ſucceſs of it.

They all pretend now, that your trial of Wedneſday was to be the laſt.

Advantage would indeed, my Mother owns, have been taken of your yielding, if you had yielded. But had you not been to be prevailed upon, they would have given up their ſcheme, and taken your promiſe for renouncing Lovelace—Believe them who will!

They own, however, that a Miniſter was to be preſent

ſent—Mr. Solmes was to be at hand—And your Father was previouſly to try his authority over you, in order to make you ſign the Settlements—All of it a romantic contrivance of your wild-headed fooliſh Brother, I make no doubt. Is it likely, that he and Bell would have given way to your Reſtoration to favour, ſuppoſing it in their power to hinder it, on any other terms than thoſe their hearts had been ſo long ſet upon?

How they took your flight, when they found it out, may be better ſuppoſed than deſcribed.

Your Aunt Hervey it ſeems was the firſt that went down to the Ivy Summer-houſe, in order to acquaint you that their ſearch was over. Betty followed her; and they not finding you there, went on towards the Caſcade, according to a hint of yours.

Returning by the garden-door, they met a ſervant [*They don't ſay, it was that Joſeph Leman; but it is very likely that it was he*] running, as he ſaid, from purſuing Mr. Lovelace (a great hedge-ſtake in his hand, and out of breath) to alarm the family.

If it were this fellow, and if he were employed in the double agency of cheating them, and cheating you, what ſhall we think of the wretch you are with?—Run away from him, my dear, if ſo—No matter to whom—or marry him, if you cannot.

Your Aunt and all your family were accordingly alarmed by this fellow—*evidently when too late for purſuit.* They got together, and, when a *poſſe*, ran to the place of interview; and ſome of them as far as to the tracks of the chariot-wheels, without ſtopping. And having heard the man's tale upon the ſpot, a general lamentation, a mutual upbraiding, and rage, and grief, were echoed from the different perſons, according to their different tempers and conceptions. And they returned like fools as they went.

Your Brother, at firſt, ordered horſes and armed men to be got ready for a purſuit. Solmes and your Uncle *Tony* were to be of the party. But your Mother and your

your Aunt Hervey diſſuaded them from it, for fear of adding evil to evil; not doubting but Lovelace had taken meaſures to ſupport himſelf in what he had done; and eſpecially when the ſervant declared, that he ſaw you run with him as faſt as you could ſet foot to ground; and that there were ſeveral armed men on horſeback at a ſmall diſtance off.

❧ ❧

My Mother's abſence was owing to her ſuſpicion, that the Knollys's were to aſſiſt in our correſpondence. She made them a viſit upon it. *She does every-thing at once.* And they have promiſed, that no more Letters ſhall be left there, without her knowlege.

But Mr. Hickman has engaged one Filmer, a huſbandman in the lane we call Finch-lane, near us, to receive them. Thither you will be pleaſed to direct yours, under cover, to Mr. John Soberton; and Mr. Hickman himſelf will call for them there; and there ſhall leave mine. It goes againſt me too, to make him ſo uſeful to me.—He looks already ſo proud upon it!—I ſhall have him [Who knows?] give himſelf airs.—He had beſt conſider, that the favour he has been long aiming at, may put him into a very dangerous, a very tickliſh ſituation. He that can oblige, may diſoblige—Happy for ſome people not to have it in their power to offend!

I will have patience, if I can, for a while, to ſee if theſe buſtlings in my Mother will ſubſide—But upon my word, I will not long bear this uſage.

Sometimes I am ready to think, that my Mother carries it thus on purpoſe to tire me out, and to make me the ſooner marry. If I find it to be ſo, and that Hickman, in order to make a merit with me, is in the low plot, I will never bear him in my ſight.

Plotting wretch, as I doubt your man is, I wiſh to heaven, that you were married, that you might brave them all, and not be forced to hide yourſelf, and be hurried from one inconvenient place to another. I charge

charge you, omit not to lay hold on any handſome opportunity that may offer for that purpoſe.

Here again comes my Mother——

❧ ❧

We look mighty glum upon each other, I can tell you. She had not beſt *Harlowe* me at this rate—I won't bear it.

I have a vaſt deal to write. I know not what to write firſt. Yet my mind is full, and ready to run over.

I am got into a private corner of the garden, to be out of her way.—Lord help theſe Mothers!—Do they think they can prevent a Daughter's writing, or doing any-thing ſhe has a mind to do, by ſuſpicion, watchfulneſs, and ſcolding?—They had better place a confidence in one by half—A generous mind ſcorns to abuſe a generous confidence.

You have a nice, a very nice part to act with this wretch—Who yet has, I think, but one plain path before him. I pity you—But you muſt make the beſt of the lot you have been forced to draw. Yet I ſee your difficulties.—But if he do not offer to abuſe your confidence, I would have you *ſeem* at leaſt to place ſome in him.

If you think not of marrying ſoon, I approve of your reſolution to fix ſomewhere out of his reach: And if he know not where to find you, ſo much the better. Yet I verily believe, they would force you back, could they but come at you, if they were not afraid of *him*.

I think, by all means, you ſhould demand of both your Truſtees to be put in poſſeſſion of your own Eſtate. Mean time I have ſixty guineas at your ſervice. I beg you will command them. Before they are gone, I'll take care you ſhall be further ſupplied. I don't think you'll have a ſhilling or a ſhilling's worth of your own from your relations, unleſs you extort it from them.

As they believe you went away by your own conſent,

ſent, they are, it ſeems, equally ſurpriſed and glad that you have left your jewels and money behind you, and have contrived for cloaths ſo ill. Very little likelihood this ſhews of their anſwering your requeſts.

Indeed every one who knows not what I *now* know, muſt be at a loſs to account for your *flight*, as they will call it. And how, my dear, can one report it with any tolerable advantage to you?--To ſay, you *did not intend it* when you met him, who will believe it? —To ſay, that a perſon of your known ſteadineſs and punctilio was *over-perſuaded* when you gave him the meeting, how will that ſound?—To ſay you were *tricked out of yourſelf*, and people were to give credit to it, how diſreputable!—And while *unmarried*, and *yet with him*, the man a man of ſuch a character, what would it not lead a cenſuring world to think?

I want to ſee how you put it in your Letter for your cloaths.

As you may depend upon all the little ſpiteful things they can offer, inſtead of ſending what you write for, pray accept the ſum I tender. What will Seven guineas do?—And I will find a way to ſend you alſo any of my cloaths and linen for preſent ſupply. I beg, my deareſt Clariſſa, that you will not put your Anna Howe upon a foot with Lovelace, in refuſing to accept of my offer. If you do not oblige me, I ſhall be apt to think that you rather incline to be obliged to *him*, than to favour *me*. And if I find this, I ſhall not know how to reconcile it with your delicacy in other reſpects.

Pray inform me of every thing that paſſes between you and him. My cares for you (however needleſs, from your own prudence) make me wiſh you to continue to be very minute. If any-thing occur that you would tell me of if I were preſent, fail not to put it down in writing, altho', from your natural diffidence, it ſhould not appear to you altogether ſo worthy of your pen, or of my knowing. A ſtander-by may ſee

more

more of the game than one that plays. Great conſequences, like great folks, generally owe their greatneſs to ſmall cauſes and little incidents.

Upon the whole, I do not now think it is in your power to diſmiſs him when you pleaſe. I appriſed you beforehand, that it would not. I repeat therefore, that were I you, I would at leaſt *ſeem* to place ſome confidence in him. So long as he is decent, you may. Very viſibly obſervable, to ſuch delicacy as yours, muſt be that behaviour in him, which will make him unworthy of *ſome* confidence.

Your Relations, according to what old Antony ſays to *my Mother*, and *ſhe* to *me* (by way of threatning, that you will not gain your ſuppoſed ends upon them by your flight) ſeem to expect that you will throw yourſelf into Lady Betty's protection; and that ſhe will offer to mediate for you: And they vow, that they will never hearken to any terms of accommodation that ſhall come from that quarter They might ſpeak out, and ſay, from *any* quarter; for I dare aver, that your Brother and Siſter will not let them cool—At leaſt, till their Uncles have made ſuch diſpoſitions, and perhaps your Father too, as they would have them make.

As this Letter will appriſe you of an alteration in the place to which you muſt direct your next, I ſend it by a friend of Mr. Hickman, who may be depended upon. He has buſineſs in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Sorlings; and he knows her. He will return to Mr. Hickman this night; and bring back any Letter you ſhall have ready to ſend, or can get ready It is moon-light. He'll not mind waiting for you. I chuſe not to ſend by any of Mr. Hickman's ſervants—at preſent, however. Every hour is now, or may be, important; and may make an alteration in your reſolutions neceſſary.

I hear at this inſtant, my Mother calling about her, and putting every-body into motion. She will ſoon, I

ſuppoſe,

ſuppoſe, make *me* and *my* employment the ſubjects of her enquiry.

Adieu, my dear. May heaven preſerve you, and reſtore you with honour as unſullied as your mind, to

Your ever-affectionate

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER V.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Thurſday Afternoon, April 13.

I Am infinitely concerned, my ever-dear and ever-kind friend, that I am the ſad occaſion of the diſpleaſure between your Mother and you.—How many perſons have I made unhappy!

Had I not to conſole myſelf, that my error is not owing to wicked precipitation, I ſhould be the moſt miſerabe of all creatures. As it is, I am enough puniſhed in the *loſs of my character*, more valuable to me than my life; and in the *cruel doubts and perplexities* which, conflicting with my hopes, and each getting the victory by turns, harrow up my ſoul between them.

I think, however, that you ſhould obey your Mother, and decline a correſpondence with me; at leaſt for the preſent. Take care how you fall into my error; for That *began with carrying on a prohibited correſpondence*; a correſpondence which I thought it in my power to diſcontinue at pleaſure. My talent is ſcribbling; and I the readier fell into this freedom, as I found delight in writing; having motives too, which I thought laudable; and, at one time, the permiſſion of all my friends, to write to him *(a)*.

Yet as to this correſpondence, what hurt could ariſe from it, if your Mother could be prevailed upon to permit it to be continued?--So much prudence and diſcretion as you have; and you, in writing to me, lying under no temptation of following ſo bad an example,

(a) See Vol. I. p. 16, 17.

as

as I have ſet—My Letters too occaſionally filled with ſelf-accuſation.

I thank you, my dear, moſt cordially I thank you, for your kind offers. You may be aſſured, that I will ſooner be beholden to you, than to any-body living. To Mr. Lovelace the laſt. Do not therefore think, that by declining your favours I have an intention to lay myſelf under obligation to him.

I am willing to hope (notwithſtanding what you write) that my friends will ſend me my little money, together with my cloaths. They are too conſiderate, ſome of them, at leaſt, to permit that I ſhould be put to ſuch *low* difficulties. Perhaps they will not be in haſte to oblige me. But if not, I cannot yet want. I believe you think, I muſt not diſpute with Mr. Lovelace the expences of the road and lodgings, till I can get to a fixed abode. But I hope ſoon to put an end even to thoſe ſort of obligations.

Small hopes indeed of a Reconciliation from your account of my Uncle's viſit to your Mother, in order to ſet her againſt an almoſt-friendleſs creature whom once he loved! *But is it not my duty to try for it?* Ought I to widen my error by obſtinacy and reſentment, becauſe of *their* reſentment; which muſt appear reaſonable to them, as they ſuppoſe my flight premeditated; and as they are made to believe, that I am capable of triumphing *in it*, and *over them*, with the *man they hate?* When I have done all in my power to reſtore myſelf to their favour, I ſhall have the leſs to reproach myſelf with.

Theſe conſiderations make me waver about following your advice, in relation to Marriage; and the rather, as he is ſo full of complaiſance with regard to my former conditions, which he calls my *Injunctions*. Nor can I now, that my friends, as you inform me, have ſo ſtrenuouſly declared *againſt accepting of the mediation of the Ladies of Mr. Lovelace's family*, put myſelf into their protection, unleſs I am reſolved to give up all hopes of a Reconciliation with my own.

Yet if any happy introduction *could* be thought of to effect this deſirable purpoſe, how ſhall terms be propoſed to my Father, while this man is with me, or near me? On the other hand, ſhould they in his abſence get me back by force (and this, you are of opinion, they would attempt to do, but in fear of him) how will their ſevereſt acts of compulſion be juſtified by my flight from them!—Mean while, to what cenſures, as you remind me, do I expoſe myſelf, while he and I are together, and unmarried!—Yet [Can I with patience aſk the queſtion?] *is it in my power?* —O my dear Miſs Howe! And am I ſo reduced, as that, to ſave the poor remains of my reputation in the world's eye, I muſt *watch the gracious motion* from this man's lips?

Were my Couſin Morden in England, all might ſtill perhaps be determined happily.

If no other mediation than his can be procured to ſet on foot the wiſhed-for Reconciliation, and if my ſituation with Mr. Lovlace alter not in the interim, I muſt endeavour to keep myſelf in a ſtate of independence till he arrive, that I may be at liberty to govern myſelf by his advice and direction.

I will acquaint you, as you deſire, with all that paſſes between Mr. Lovelace and me. Hitherto I have not diſcovered any-thing in his behaviour that is *very* exceptionable. Yet I cannot ſay, that I think the reſpect he ſhews me, an eaſy, unreſtrained, and natural reſpect, altho' I can hardly tell where the fault is.

But he has doubtleſs an arrogant and encroaching ſpirit. Nor is he ſo polite as his Education, and other advantages, might have made one expect him to be. He ſeems, in ſhort, to be one, who has always had too much of his own will to ſtudy to accommodate himſelf to that of others.

As to the placing of ſome confidence in him, I ſhall be as ready to take your advice in this particular, as in all others, and as he will be to deſerve it. But *tricked away*

away as I was by him, not only *againſt my judgment, but my inclination*, can *he*, or *any-body*, expect, that I ſhould immediately treat him with complaiſance, as if I acknowlege obligation to him for carrying me away? —If I did, muſt he not either think me a vile diſſembler *before* he gained that point, or *afterwards?*

Indeed, indeed, my dear, I could tear my hair, on reconſidering what you write (as to the probability that the dreaded Wedneſday was more dreaded than it needed to be) to think, that I ſhould be thus tricked by this man; and that, in all likelihood, thro' his vile agent Joſeph Leman. So premeditated and elaborate a wickedneſs as it muſt be!—Muſt I not, *with ſuch a Man*, be wanting *to myſelf*, if I were *not* jealous and vigilant?—Yet what a life to live for a ſpirit *ſo open*, and naturally *ſo unſuſpicious*, as mine?

I am obliged to Mr. Hickman for the aſſiſtance he is ſo kindly ready to give to our correſpondence. He is ſo *little likely* to make to himſelf an additional merit with the *Daughter* upon it, that I ſhall be very ſorry, if he riſk any-thing with the *Mother* by it.

I am now in a ſtate of obligation: So muſt reſt ſatisfied with whatever I cannot help. Whom have I the power, once ſo precious to me, of obliging?—What I mean, my dear, is, that I ought perhaps to expect, that my influences over you are weakened by my indiſcretion. Nevertheleſs I will not, if I can help it, *deſert myſelf*, nor give up the privilege you uſed to allow me, of telling you what I think of ſuch parts of your conduct as I may not approve.

You muſt permit me therefore, ſevere as your Mother is againſt an undeſigning offender, to ſay, that I think your livelineſs to her inexcuſable—To paſs over, for this time, what nevertheleſs concerns me not a little, the free treatment you almoſt *indiſcriminately* give to my relations.

If you will not, for your *duty's ſake*, forbear your tauntings and impatience, let me beſeech you, that you

you will for *mine*:—Since otherwiſe, your Mother may apprehend, that my example, like a leaven, is working itſelf into the mind of her beloved Daughter. And may not ſuch an apprehenſion give her an irreconcileable diſpleaſure againſt me?

I incloſe the copy of my Letter to my Siſter, which you are deſirous to ſee. You will obſerve, that altho' I have not demanded my eſtate in form, and of my Truſtees, yet that I have hinted at leave to retire to it. How joyfully would I keep my word, if they would accept of the offer I renew?—It was not proper, I believe you will think, on many accounts, to own that I was carried off againſt my inclination. I am, my deareſt friend,

Your ever-obliged and affectionate,

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER VI.

To Miſs ARABELLA HARLOWE.

[*Incloſed to Miſs* HOWE *in the preceding.*]

My dear Siſter, *St. Albans, Ap.* 11.

I HAVE, I confeſs, been guilty of an action which carries with it a raſh and undutiful appearance. And I ſhould have thought it an inexcuſable one, had I been uſed with leſs ſeverity than I have been of late; and had I not had too great reaſon to apprehend, that I was to be made a ſacrifice to a man I could not bear to think of. But what is done, is done—Perhaps I could wiſh it had not; and that I had truſted to the relenting of my dear and honoured parents.--Yet this from no other motives, but thoſe of duty to them.—To whom I am ready to return (if I may not be permitted to retire to *The Grove*) on conditions which I before offered to comply with.

Nor ſhall I be in any ſort of dependence upon the perſon by whoſe means I have taken this *truly reluctant ſtep*, inconſiſtent with any reaſonable engagement I ſhall

ſhall enter into, if I am not farther precipitated. Let me not have it to ſay, Now at this important criſis! that I have a Siſter, but not a Friend in that Siſter. My Reputation dearer to me than life (whatever you may imagine from the ſtep I have taken) is ſuffering. A little lenity will, even yet, in a great meaſure, reſtore it, and make that paſs for a temporary miſunderſtanding only, which otherwiſe will be a ſtain as durable as life, upon a creature who has already been treated with great *unkindneſs*, to uſe no harſher a word.

For your own ſake therefore, for my Brother's ſake, by whom (I muſt ſay) I have been thus precipitated, and for all the family's ſake, aggravate not my fault, if, on recollecting every-thing, you think it one; nor by widening the unhappy difference expoſe a Siſter for ever—Prays

Your affectionate

CL. HARLOWE.

I ſhall take it for a very great favour, to have my cloaths directly ſent me, together with Fifty guineas, which you will find in my Eſcritoire (of which I incloſe the key); as alſo the Divinity and Miſcellany claſſes of my little Library; and, if it be thought fit, my Jewels—Directed for *me*, To be left, till called for, at Mr. Oſgood's, near Soho-Square.

LETTER VII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

MR. Lovelace, in continuation of his laſt Letter (No. iii.) *gives an account to his Friend (pretty much to the ſame effect with the Lady's) of all that paſſed between them at the Inns, in the journey, and till their fixing at Mrs. Sorlings's. To avoid repetition, thoſe paſſages in his Narrative are only extracted, which will ſerve to embelliſh hers; to*

open his views; or to diſplay the humorous talent he was noted for.

At their alighting at the Inn at St. Albans on Monday night, thus he writes:

The people who came about us, as we alighted, ſeemed, by their jaw-fallen faces, and goggling eyes, to wonder at beholding a charming young Lady, majeſty in her air and aſpect, ſo compoſedly dreſſed, yet with features ſo diſcompoſed, come off a journey which had made the cattle ſmoke, and the ſervants ſweat. I read their curioſity in their faces, and my beloved's uneaſineſs in hers. She caſt a conſcious glance, as ſhe alighted, upon her habit, which was *no habit*; and repulſively, as I may ſay, quitting my aſſiſting hand, hurried into the houſe. * * *

Ovid was not a greater maſter of metamorphoſes than thy friend. To the miſtreſs of the houſe I inſtantly changed her into a Siſter, brought off by ſurprize from a near Relation's (where ſhe had wintered) to prevent her marrying a confounded Rake [I love always to go as near the truth as I can] whom her Father and Mother, her elder Siſter, and all her loving Uncles, Aunts, and Couſins, abhorred. This accounted for my Charmer's expected ſullens; for her diſpleaſure when ſhe was to join me again, were it to hold; for her unſuitable dreſs upon the road; and, at the ſame time, gave her a proper and ſeaſonable aſſurance of my honourable views.

Upon the debate between the Lady and him, and particularly upon that part where ſhe upbraids him with putting a young creature upon making a ſacrifice of her Duty and Conſcience, he writes—

All theſe, and ſtill more mortifying things, ſhe ſaid. I heard her in ſilence. But when it came to my turn, I pleaded, I argued, I anſwered her, as well as I could.—And when humility would not do, I raiſed my

my voice, and ſuffered my eye to ſparkle with anger; hoping to take advantage of that ſweet cowardice which is ſo amiable in the Sex, and to which my victory over this proud Beauty is principally owing.

She was not intimidated, however; and was going to riſe upon me in her temper; and would have broken in upon my defence. But when a man talks to a woman upon ſuch ſubjects, let her be ever ſo much in *Alt*, 'tis ſtrange if he cannot throw out a Tub to the Whale;—that is to ſay, if he cannot divert her from reſenting one bold thing, by uttering two or three full as bold; but for which more favourable interpretations will lie.

To that part, where ſhe tells him of the difficulty ſhe made to correſpond with him at firſt, thus he writes:

Very true, my precious!—And innumerable have been the difficulties thou haſt made me ſtruggle with. But one day thou mayeſt wiſh, that thou hadſt ſpared this boaſt; as well as thoſe other pretty haughtineſſes, 'That thou dideſt not reject Solmes for *my* ſake: That '*my* glory, if I valued myſelf upon carrying thee off, 'was *thy* ſhame: That I have more merit with *myſelf*, 'than with thee, or any-body elſe: [*What a coxcomb 'ſhe makes me, Jack!*] That thou wiſheſt thyſelf in 'thy Father's houſe again, *whatever were to be the conſe-'quence.*'—If I forgive thee, Charmer, for theſe hints, for theſe reflections, for theſe wiſhes, for theſe contempts, I am not the Lovelace I have been reputed to be; and that thy treatment of me ſhews that thou thinkeſt I am.

In ſhort, her whole air throughout this debate, expreſſed a majeſtic kind of indignation, which implied a believed ſuperiority of talents over the perſon to whom ſhe ſpoke.

Thou haſt heard me often expatiate upon the pitiful figure a man muſt make, whoſe wife *has*, or *believes* ſhe has, more ſenſe than himſelf. A thouſand reaſons could I give why I ought not to think of marrying Miſs

Clariſſa Harlowe: At leaſt till I can be ſure, that ſhe loves me with the preference I muſt expect from a wife.

I begin to ſtagger in my reſolutions. Ever averſe as I was to the Hymeneal ſhackles, how eaſily will old prejudices recur! Heaven give me the heart to be honeſt to my Clariſſa!—There's a prayer, Jack! If I ſhould not be heard, what a ſad thing would that be, for the moſt admirable of women!—Yet, as I do not often trouble heaven with my prayers, who knows but this may be granted?

But there lie before me ſuch charming difficulties, ſuch ſcenery for intrigue, for ſtratagem, for enterprize--What a horrible thing, that my talents point all that way!—When I know what is honourable and juſt; and would almoſt wiſh to be honeſt?—*Almoſt* I ſay; for ſuch a varlet am I, that I cannot altogether wiſh it, for the ſoul of me!—Such a triumph over the whole Sex, if I can ſubdue this Lady!—My maiden vow, as I may call it!—For did not the Sex begin with me?—And does this Lady ſpare me?—Thinkeſt thou, Jack, that I ſhould have ſpared my Roſebud, had I been ſet at defiance thus?—Her Grandmother beſought me, at firſt, *to ſpare her Roſebud*; and when a girl is put, or puts herſelf, into a man's power, what can he wiſh for *further?* while I always conſidered oppoſition and reſiſtance as a challenge to do my worſt *(a)*.—

Why, why, will the dear creature take ſuch pains to appear all ice to me?—Why will ſhe, by *her* pride, awaken *mine?*—Haſt thou not ſeen, in the above, how contemptibly ſhe treats me?—What have I not ſuffered *for* her, and even *from* her?—Ought I to bear being told, that ſhe will deſpiſe me, if I value myſelf above that odious Solmes?

Then ſhe cuts me ſhort in all my ardors. To *vow fidelity*, is by a curſed turn upon me, to ſhew, that there is reaſon, in my own opinion, for doubt of it.—

(a) See Vol. I. p. 231.

The

The very ſame reflection upon me once before (*a*). In my power, or out of my power, all one to this Lady.—So, Belford, my poor vows are crammed down my throat, before they can well riſe to my lips. And what can a Lover ſay to his Miſtreſs, if ſhe will neither let him lye nor ſwear?

One little piece of artifice I had recourſe to: When ſhe puſhed ſo hard for me to leave her, I made a requeſt to her, upon a condition ſhe could not refuſe; and pretended as much gratitude upon her granting it, as if it were a favour of the laſt conſequence.

And what was This? but to promiſe what ſhe had before promiſed, 'Never to marry any other man, while 'I am living, and ſingle, unleſs I ſhould give her cauſe 'for high diſguſt againſt me.' This, you know, was promiſing nothing, becauſe ſhe could be offended at any *time*; and was to be the ſole judge of the offence. But it ſhewed her, how reaſonable and juſt my expectations were; and that I was no Encroacher.

She conſented; and aſked, What ſecurity I expected? Her word only.

She gave me her word: But I beſought her excuſe for ſealing it: And in the ſame moment (ſince to have waited for conſent would have been aſking for a denial) ſaluted her. And, believe me, or not, but, as I hope to live, it was the firſt time I had the courage to touch her charming lips with mine. And This I tell thee, Belford, that That ſingle preſſure (as modeſtly put too, as if I were as much a virgin as herſelf, that ſhe might not be afraid of me another time) delighted me more than ever I was delighted by the *Ultimatum* with any other woman. So precious do awe, reverence, and apprehended prohibition, make a favour!

And now, Belford, I am only afraid, that I ſhall be *too* cunning; for ſhe does not at preſent talk enough for me. I hardly know what to make of the dear creature yet.

(*a*) See Vol. II. p. 70.

I topt the Brother's part on Monday night before the Landlady at St. Alban's; aſking my Siſter's pardon for carrying her off ſo unprepared for a journey; prated of the joy my Father and Mother, and all our friends, would have on receiving her; and this with ſo many circumſtances, that I perceived, by a look ſhe gave me, that went thro' my very reins, that I had gone too far. I apologized for it indeed when alone; but I could not penetrate for the ſoul of me, whether I made the matter better or worſe by it.

But I am of too frank a nature: My ſucceſs, and the joy I have becauſe of the jewel I am half in poſſeſſion of, has not only unlocked my boſom, but left the door quite open.

This is a confounded ſly Sex. Would ſhe but ſpeak out, as I do—But I muſt learn reſerves of her.

She muſt needs be unprovided of money: But has too much pride to accept of any from me. I would have had her to go to town [*To town, if poſſible, muſt I get her conſent to go*] in order to provide herſelf with the richeſt of Silks which That can afford. But neither is this to be aſſented to. And yet, as my intelligencer acquaints me, her implacable Relations are reſolved to diſtreſs her all they can.

Theſe wretches have been moſt glorioufly raving, ever ſince her flight; and ſtill, thank Heaven, continue to rave; and will, I hope, for a twelvemonth to come. Now, at laſt, it is my Day!

Bitterly do they regret, that they permitted her poultry-viſits, and garden-walks, which gave her the opportunity to effect an eſcape which they ſuppoſe preconcerted. For, as to her dining in the Ivy-bower, they had a cunning deſign to anſwer upon her in that permiſſion, as Betty told Joſeph her Lover *(a)*.

They loſt, they ſay, an excellent pretence for confining her *more* cloſely on my threatening to reſcue her, if they offered to carry her againſt her will to old

(a) Vol. II. Letter xlvi. Paragr. 37, 38.

Antony's

Antony's moated houſe (*a*). For this, as I told thee at the Hart, and as I once hinted to the dear creature herſelf (*b*), they had it in deliberation to do; apprehending, that I might attempt to carry her off, either with or without her conſent, on ſome one of thoſe connived-at excurſions.

But here my honeſt Joſeph, who gave me the information, was of admirable ſervice to me. I had taught him to make the Harlowes believe, that I was as communicative to *my* ſervants, as their ſtupid James was to Joſeph (*c*): Joſeph, as they ſuppoſed, by tampering with Will. (*d*), got all my ſecrets, and was acquainted with all my motions: And having alſo undertaken to watch all thoſe of his young Lady (*e*), the wiſe family were ſecure; and ſo was my Beloved; and ſo was I.

I once had it in my head (and I hinted it to thee (*f*) in a former) in caſe ſuch a ſtep ſhould be neceſſary, to attempt to carry her off by ſurprize from the Wood-houſe; as it is remote from the dwelling-houſe. This, had I attempted, I ſhould certainly have effected, by the help of the Confraternity: And it would have been an action worthy of us All.—But Joſeph's Conſcience, as he called it, ſtood in my way; for he thought, it muſt have been known to be done by his connivance. I could, I dare ſay, have overcome this ſcruple, *as eaſily as I did many of his others*, had I not depended, at one time upon her meeting me at a midnight or late hour [And, if ſhe had, ſhe never would have gone back]; at other times, upon the cunning family's doing my work for me, equally againſt their knowlege or their wills.

For well I knew, that James and Arabella were

(*a*) See Vol. II. Let. xxxv. and Let. xxxviii. Par. 1.
(*b*) Ibid. Letter xxxv. Par. 4. See alſo Let. xlv. Par. 3.
(*c*) Ibid. Let. xlvi. Par. 6. and 39.
(*d*) This will be farther explained in Letter xvii. of this Vol.
(*e*) See Vol. I. p. 200. 235.
(*f*) Ibid. p. 237.

determined never to leave off their fooliſh trials and provocations, till, by tiring her out, they had either made her Solmes's Wife, or guilty of ſome ſuch raſhneſs as ſhould throw her for ever out of the favour of both her Uncles; though they had too much malice in their heads to intend ſervice to me by their perſecutions of her.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

In Continuation.

I Obliged the dear creature highly, I could perceive, by bringing Mrs. Greme to attend her, and to ſuffer that good woman's recommendation of lodgings to take place, on her refuſal to go to *The Lawn*.

She muſt believe all my views to be honourable, when I had provided for her no particular lodgings, leaving it to her choice, whether ſhe would go to M. Hall, to the Lawn, to London, or to either of the Dowagers of my family.

She was viſibly pleaſed with my motion of putting Mrs. Greme into the chaiſe with her, and riding on horſeback myſelf.

Some people would have been apprehenſive of what might paſs between her and Mrs. Greme. But as all my relations either know or believe the juſtice of my intentions by her, I was in no pain on that account; and the leſs, as I have been always above hypocriſy, or wiſhing to be thought better than I am. And indeed, what occaſion has a man to be an Hypocrite, who has hitherto found his views upon the Sex better anſwered, for his being known to be a Rake?—Why, even my Beloved here denied not to correſpond with me, tho' her friends had taught her to think me a Libertine—Who then would be trying a *new* and *worſe* character?

And then Mrs. Greme is a pious matron, and would

would not have been biaſſed againſt the truth on any conſideration. She uſed formerly, while there were any hopes of my Reformation, to pray for me. She hardly continues the good cuſtom, I doubt; for her worthy Lord makes no ſcruple, occaſionally, to rave againſt me to man, woman, and child, as they come in his way. He is very undutiful, as thou knoweſt. Surely, I may ſay ſo; ſince all duties are reciprocal. But for Mrs. Greme, *poor woman!* when my Lord has the gout, and is at The Lawn, and the Chaplain not to be found, ſhe prays by him, or reads a chapter to him in the Bible, or ſome other good book.

Was it not therefore right, to introduce ſuch a good ſort of woman to the dear creature; and to leave them, without reſerve, to their own talk?—And very buſy in talk I ſaw they were, as they rode; and *felt* it too; for moſt charmingly glowed my cheeks.

I hope I ſhall be honeſt, I once more ſay: But as we frail mortals are not our own maſters at all times, I muſt endeavour to keep the dear creature unapprehenſive, until I can get her to *our acquaintance's in London*, or to ſome *other ſafe place there*. Should I, in the interim, give her the leaſt room for ſuſpicion; or offer to reſtrain her; ſhe can make her appeals to ſtrangers, and call the country in upon me; and, perhaps, throw herſelf upon her Relations on their own terms. And were I now to loſe her, how unworthy ſhould I be to be the Prince and Leader of ſuch a Confraternity as ours!—How unable to look up among men! or to ſhew my face among women!

As things at preſent ſtand, ſhe dare not own, that ſhe went off againſt her own conſent; and I have taken care to make all the *Implacables* believe, that ſhe eſcaped *with* it.

She has received an Anſwer from Miſs Howe, to the Letter written to her from St. Albans *(a)*.

(a) Vol. II. Letter xlvii.

Whatever are the contents, I know not; but ſhe was drowned in tears on the peruſal of it. And I am the ſufferer.

Miſs Howe is a charming creature too; but confoundedly ſmart and ſpiritful. I am a good deal afraid of her. Her Mother can hardly keep her in. I muſt continue to play off *old Antony*, by my *honeſt Joſeph*, upon That Mother, in order to manage That Daughter, and oblige my Beloved to an abſolute dependence upon myſelf (*a*).

Mrs. Howe is impatient of contradiction. So is Miſs. A young Lady who is ſenſible that ſhe has all the maternal requiſites herſelf, to be under maternal controul;—fine ground for a man of intrigue to build upon!—A Mother over-notable; a Daughter over-ſenſible; and their Hickman, who is—over-neither; but merely a paſſive—

Only that I have an object ſtill more deſirable!—

Yet how unhappy, that theſe two young Ladies lived ſo near each other, and are ſo well acquainted! Elſe how charmingly might I have managed them both!

But *one* man cannot have every woman worth having—Pity tho'—when the man is ſuch a VERY clever fellow!

LETTER IX.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

In Continuation.

NEVER was there ſuch a pair of ſcribbling Lovers as we;—yet perhaps whom it ſo much concerns to keep from each other what each writes. She *won't* have any-thing elſe to do. I *would*, if ſhe'd let me. I am not reformed enough for a Huſband.—*Patience is a virtue*, Lord M. ſays. *Slow and ſure*, is another of his ſentences. If I had not a great deal of that

(*a*) See Vol. I. p. 200.

virtue,

Virtue, I ſhould not have waited the Harlowes own time of ripening into execution my plots upon Themſelves, and upon their Goddeſs-Daughter.

My Beloved has been writing to her ſaucy friend, I believe, all that has befallen her, and what has paſſed between us hitherto. She will poſſibly have fine ſubjects for her pen, if ſhe be as minute as I am.

I would not be ſo barbarous as to permit old Antony to ſet Mrs. Howe againſt her, did I not dread the conſequences of the correſpondence between the two young Ladies. So lively the one, ſo vigilant, ſo prudent both, who would not wiſh to outwit ſuch girls, and to be able to twirl them round his finger?

My Charmer has written to her Siſter for her Cloaths, for ſome Gold, and for ſome of her Books. What Books can tell her more than ſhe knows? But *I* can. So ſhe had better ſtudy *me*.

She *may* write. She muſt be obliged to me at laſt, with all her pride. Miſs Howe indeed will be ready enough to ſupply her; but I queſtion, whether ſhe can do it without her Mother, who is as covetous as the grave. And my agent's agent, old Antony, has already given the Mother a hint which will make her jealous of *pecuniaries*.

Beſides, if Miſs Howe has money by her, I can put her Mother upon borrowing it of her: Nor blame me, Jack, for contrivances that have their foundation in generoſity. Thou knoweſt my ſpirit; and that I ſhould be proud to lay an obligation upon my Charmer to the amount of half, nay, to the whole of my Eſtate. Lord M. has more for me than I can ever wiſh for. My predominant paſſion is *Girl*, not *Gold*; nor value I *This*, but as it helps me to *That*, and gives me independence?

I was forced to put it into the ſweet novice's head, as well for *my* ſake as for *hers* (leſt we ſhould be traceable by *her* direction) whither to direct the ſending of her cloaths, if they incline to do her that ſmall piece of juſtice.

If they do, I ſhall begin to dread a Reconciliation; and muſt be forced to muſe for a contrivance or two, to prevent it; and *to avoid miſchief*. For that (as I have told honeſt Joſeph Leman) is a great point with me.

Thou wilt think me a ſad fellow, I doubt. But are not all Rakes ſad fellows?—And art not thou, to thy little power, as bad as any? If thou doſt all that's in thy head and in thy heart to do, thou art worſe than I; for I do not, I aſſure thee.

I propoſed, and ſhe conſented, that her cloaths, or whatever elſe her relations ſhould think fit to ſend her, ſhould be directed to thy Couſin Oſgood's. Let a ſpecial meſſenger, at my charge, bring me any Letter, or portable parcel, that ſhall come. If not portable, give me notice of it. But thou'lt have no trouble of this ſort from her relations, I dare be ſworn. And, in this aſſurance, I will leave them, I think, to act upon their own heads. A man would have no more to anſwer for than needs muſt.

But one thing, while I think of it; *which is of great importance to be attended to*—You muſt hereafter write to me in character, as I ſhall do to you. It would be a confounded thing to be blown up by a train of my own laying. And who knows what opportunities a man in love may give againſt himſelf? In changing a coat or a waiſtcoat, ſomething might be forgotten. I once ſuffered that way. Then for the Sex's curioſity, it is but remembring, in order to guard againſt it, that the name of their common Mother was Eve.

Another thing remember; I have changed my name: Changed it without an act of Parliament. 'Robert Huntingford' it is now. Continue *Eſquire*. It is a reſpectable addition, altho' every ſorry fellow aſſumes it, almoſt to the baniſhment of the uſual travelling one of *Captain*. 'To be left, till called for, 'at the poſthouſe at Hertford.'

Upon naming thee, ſhe aſked thy character. I gave thee

thee a better than thou deſerveſt, in order to do credit to *Myſelf*. Yet I told her, that thou wert an aukward fellow; and this to do credit to *Thee*, that ſhe may not, if ever ſhe be to ſee thee, expect a cleverer man than ſhe'll find. Yet thy *apparent* aukwardneſs befriends thee not a little: For wert thou a ſightly mortal, people would diſcover nothing extraordinary in thee, when they converſed with thee: Whereas ſeeing a Bear, they are ſurpriſed to find in thee any-thing that is like a Man. Felicitate thyſelf then upon thy defects; which are evidently thy principal perfections; and which occaſion thee a diſtinction which otherwiſe thou wouldſt never have.

The lodgings we are in at preſent are not convenient. I was ſo delicate as to find fault with them, as communicating with each other, becauſe I knew *ſhe* would; and told her, That were I ſure ſhe was ſafe from purſuit, I would leave her in them (ſince ſuch was her earneſt deſire and expectation) and go to London.

She muſt be an Infidel againſt all reaſon and appearances, if I do not baniſh even the *ſhadow* of miſtruſt from her heart.

Here are two young likely Girls, Daughters of the Widow Sorlings; that's the name of our landlady.

I have only, at preſent, admired them in their dairy-works. How greedily do the Sex ſwallow praiſe!—Did I not once, in the ſtreets of London, ſee a well-dreſſed handſome girl, laugh, bridle, and viſibly enjoy the praiſes of a ſooty dog, a chimney-ſweeper; who, with his empty ſack croſs his ſhoulder, after giving her the way, ſtopt, and held up his bruſh and ſhovel in admiration of her?—Egad, girl, thought I, I deſpiſe thee as Lovelace: But were I the chimney-ſweeper, and could only contrive to get into thy preſence, my life to thy virtue, I would have thee.

So pleaſed was I with the younger Sorlings, for the elegance of her works, that I kiſſed her, and ſhe made

me

me a courteſy for my condeſcenſion; and bluſhed, and ſeemed *ſenſible all over*: Encouraging, yet innocently, ſhe adjuſted her handkerchief, and looked towards the door, as much as to ſay, ſhe would not tell, were I to kiſs her again.

Her elder Siſter popt upon her. The conſcious girl bluſhed again, and looked ſo confounded, that I made an excuſe for her, which gratified both. Mrs. Betty, ſaid I, I have been ſo much pleaſed with the neatneſs of your dairy-works, that I could not help ſaluting your ſiſter: You have *your* ſhare of merit in them, I am ſure—Give me leave——

Good ſouls!—I like them both—She courteſied too! —How I love a grateful temper! O that my Clariſſa were but half ſo acknowleging!

I think I muſt get one of them to attend my Charmer when ſhe removes.—The Mother ſeems to be a notable woman. She had not beſt, however, be *too* notable: Since, were ſhe by ſuſpicion to give a face of difficulty to the matter, it would prepare me for a trial with one or both the Daughters.

Allow me a little rhodomantade, Jack—But really and truly my heart is fixed. I can think of no creature breathing of the Sex, but my Gloriana.

LETTER X.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

In Continuation.

THIS is Wedneſday; the day that I was to have loſt my Charmer for ever to the hideous Solmes! With what high ſatisfaction and heart's-eaſe can I now ſit down, and triumph over my Men in Straw at Harlowe-Place! Yet 'tis perhaps beſt for them, that ſhe got off as ſhe did. Who knows what conſequences might have followed upon my attending her in; or (if ſhe had not met me) upon my projected viſit, followed by my Myrmidons?

But

But had I even gone in with her un-accompanied, I think I had but little reaſon for apprehenſion: For well thou knoweſt, that *the tame Spirits* which value themſelves upon Reputation, and are held within the ſkirts of the Law by political conſiderations only, may be compared to an infectious Spider; which will run into his hole the moment one of his threads is touched by a finger that can cruſh him, leaving all his toils defenceleſs, and to be bruſhed down at the will of the potent invader. While a ſilly Fly, that has neither courage nor ſtrength to reſiſt, no ſooner gives notice, by its buz and its ſtruggles, of its being intangled, but out ſteps the ſelf-circumſcribed tyrant, winds round and round the poor inſect, till he covers it with his bowel-ſpun toils; and when ſo fully ſecured, that it can neither move leg nor wing, ſuſpends it, as if for a ſpectacle to be exulted over: Then ſtalking to the door of his cell, turns about, glotes over it at a diſtance; and, ſometimes advancing, ſometimes retiring, preys at leiſure upon its vitals.

But now I think of it, will not this compariſon do as well for the *entangled girls*, as for the *tame ſpirits?*—Better o' my conſcience!—'Tis but comparing the Spider to us brave fellows; and it *quadrates*

Whatever our hearts are in, our heads will follow. Begin with *Spiders*, with *Flies*, with what we will, Girl is the centre of gravity, and we all naturally tend to it.

Nevertheleſs, to recur; I cannot but obſerve, that theſe *tame ſpirits* ſtand a poor chance in a fairly offenſive war with ſuch of us mad fellows as are above all Law, and ſcorn to ſculk behind the hypocritical ſcreen of Reputation.

Thou knoweſt, that I never ſcrupled to throw myſelf amongſt numbers of adverſaries; the more the ſafer: One or two, no fear, will take the part of a ſingle adventurer, if not *intentionally*, in fact; holding him in, while others hold in the principal antagoniſt, to the augmenta-

augmentation of their mutual proweſs, till both are prevailed upon to compromiſe, or one to abſent. So that upon the whole, the Law-breakers have the advantage of the Law-keepers, all the world over; at leaſt for a time, and till they have run to the end of their race. Add to this, in the queſtion between me and the Harlowes, that the whole family of them muſt know that they have injured me—muſt therefore be afraid of me.—Did they not, at their own Church, cluſter together like bees, when they ſaw me enter it? Nor knew they which ſhould venture out firſt, when the Service was over.

James, indeed, was not there. If he had, he would perhaps have endeavoured to *look* valiant. But there is a ſort of valour in the *face*, which ſhews fear in the *heart*: Juſt ſuch a face would James Harlowe's have been, had I made them a viſit.

When I have had ſuch a face and ſuch a heart as I have deſcribed to deal with, I have been all calm and ſerene, and left it to the friends of the bluſterer (as I have done to the Harlowes) to do my work for me.

I am about muſtering up in my memory, all that I have ever done, that has been thought praiſe-worthy, or but barely tolerable. I am afraid thou canſt not help me to many remembrances of this ſort; becauſe I never was ſo bad as ſince I have known thee.

Have I not had it in my heart to do *ſome* good that thou canſt remind me of? Study for me, Jack. I have recollected ſome inſtances, which I think will *tell in*—But ſee if thou canſt not help me to ſome which I may have forgot.

This I may venture to ſay, That the principal blot in my eſcutcheon is owing to theſe Girls, theſe confounded Girls. But for *Them*, I could go to church with a good conſcience: But when I do, There they are. Every-where does Satan ſpread his Snares for me!

But, now I think of it, what if our governors ſhould appoint Churches for the *Women* only, and others for the *Men*?

Men?—Full as proper, I think, for the promoting of *true piety* in both [Much better than the Synagogue-lattices] as ſeparate Boarding-ſchools for their *education*.

There are already male and female Dedications of Churches.

St. Swithin's, St. Stephen's, St. Thomas's, St. George's, and ſo forth, might be appropriated to the men; and the Santa Katherina's, Santa Anna's, Santa Maria's, Santa Margaretta's, for the women.

Yet, were it ſo, and life to be the forfeiture of being found at the female Churches, I believe that I, like a ſecond Clodius, ſhould change my dreſs, to com a my Portia or Pompeia, tho' one the daugher of a Cato, the other the wife of a Cæſar.

But how I *excurſe*—Yet thou uſedſt to ſay, thou likedſt my excurſions. If thou doſt, thou'lt have enow of them: For I never had a ſubject I ſo much adored; and with which I ſhall probably be compelled to have ſo much patience, before I ſtrike the blow; if the blow I do ſtrike.

But let me call myſelf back to my *recordation*-ſubject—Thou needeſt not remind me of my *Roſebud*. I have her in my head; and moreover have contrived to give my Fair-one an hint of that affair, by the agency of honeſt Joſeph Leman *(a)*; altho' I have not reaped the hoped-for credit of her acknowlegement.

That's the devil; and it was always my hard fate—Every-thing I do that is good, is but as I *ought!*—Every-thing of a contrary nature is brought into the moſt glaring light againſt me—Is this fair? Ought not a balance to be ſtruck? and the Credit carried to my account?—Yet I muſt own too, that I half-grudge Johnny this blooming maiden; for, in truth, I think a fine woman too rich a jewel to hang about a poor man's neck.

Surely, Jack, if I am guilty of a fault in my univerſal adorations of the Sex, the *women* in general ought to love me the better for it.

(a) See Vol. II. p. 121. 157.

And ſo they do, I thank them heartily; except here and there a covetous little rogue comes croſs me, who under the pretence of loving virtue for its own ſake, wants to have me all to herſelf.

I have rambled enough.

Adieu, for the preſent.

LETTER XI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Thurſday Night, April 13.

I Always loved writing, and my unhappy ſituation gives me now enough of it; and you I fear, too much. I have had another very warm debate with Mr. Lovelace. It brought on the ſubject which you adviſed me not to decline, when it handſomely offered. And I want to have either your acquittal or blame for having ſuffered it to go off without effect.

The impatient wretch ſent up to me ſeveral times, while I was writing my laſt to you, to deſire my company: Yet his buſineſs nothing particular; only to hear *him* talk. The man ſeems pleaſed with his own volubility; and, whenever he has collected together abundance of ſmooth things, he wants me to find an ear for them! Yet he need not; for I don't often gratify him either with giving him the praiſe for his verboſeneſs, or ſhewing the pleaſure in it, that he would be fond of.

When I had finiſhed the Letter, and given it to Mr. Hickman's friend, I was going up again, and had got up half a dozen ſtairs; when he beſought me to ſtop, and hear what he had to ſay.

Nothing, as I ſaid, to any new purpoſe had he to offer; but complainings; and thoſe in a manner, and with an air, as I thought, that bordered upon inſolence. He could not live, he told me, unleſs he had more of my company, and of my *indulgence* too, than I had yet given him.

Here-

Hereupon I ſtept down, and into the parlour, not a little out of humour with him; and the more, as he has very *quietly taken up his quarters here*, without talking of removing, as he had promiſed.

We began inſtantly our angry conference. He provoked me; and I repeated ſeveral of the plaineſt things I had ſaid in our former converſations; and particularly told him, that I was every hour more and more diſſatisfied with myſelf, and with him: That he was not a man, who, in my opinion, improved upon acquaintance: And that I ſhould not be eaſy *till he had left me to myſelf*.

He might be ſurpriſed at my warmth, perhaps; but really the man looked ſo like a ſimpleton, heſitating, and having nothing to ſay for himſelf, or that ſhould excuſe the peremptorineſs of his demand upon me (when he knew I had been writing a Letter which a gentleman waited for) that I flung from him, declaring, that I would be miſtreſs of my own time, and of my own actions, and not be called to account for either.

He was very uneaſy till he could again be admitted into my company, and when I was obliged to ſee him, which was ſooner than I liked, never did man put on a more humble and reſpectful demeanour.

He told me, That he had, upon this occaſion, been entering into himſelf, and had found a great deal of reaſon to blame himſelf for an impatiency and inconſideration, which, altho' he meant nothing by it, muſt be very diſagreeable to one of my delicacy. That having always aimed at a *manly ſincerity* and *openneſs of heart*, he had not till now diſcovered, that both were very conſiſtent with that *true* politeneſs, which he feared he had too much diſregarded, while he ſought to avoid the contrary extreme; knowing, that in me he had to deal with a Lady, who deſpiſed an hypocrite, and who was above all flattery. But from this time forth, I ſhould find ſuch an alteration in his whole behaviour

behaviour, as might be expected from a man who knew himſelf to be honoured with the preſence and converſation of a perſon, *who had the moſt delicate mind in the world*—that was his flouriſh.

I ſaid, That he might perhaps expect congratulation upon the diſcovery he had juſt now made, to wit, That *true politeneſs* and *ſincerity* were reconcileable: But that I, who had, by a perverſe fate, been thrown into his company, had abundant reaſon to regret that he had not ſooner found this out:—Since, I believed, very few men of *Birth* and *Education* were ſtrangers to it.

He knew not, *neither*, he ſaid, that he had ſo badly behaved himſelf, as to deſerve ſo very ſevere a rebuke.

Perhaps not, I replied: But he might, if ſo, make another diſcovery from what I had ſaid; which might be to *my own* diſadvantage: Since, if he had ſo much reaſon to be ſatisfied with *himſelf*, he would ſee what an ungenerous perſon he ſpoke to, who, when he ſeemed to give himſelf airs of humility, which, perhaps, he thought beneath him to aſſume, had not the civility to make him a compliment upon them; but was ready to take him at his word.

He had long, with infinite pleaſure, the pretended *flattery hater* ſaid, admired my *ſuperior* talents, and a wiſdom in ſo young a Lady, perfectly ſurpriſing.

Let me, Madam, ſaid he, ſtand ever ſo low in your opinion, I ſhall believe all you ſay to be juſt; and that I have nothing to do, but to govern myſelf for the future by your example, and by the ſtandard you ſhall be pleaſed to give me.

I know better, Sir, replied I, than to value myſelf upon your volubility of ſpeech. As you pretend to pay ſo preferable a regard to Sincerity, you ſhould confine yourſelf to the ſtrict rules of truth, when you ſpeak of me, to myſelf: And then, altho' you ſhall be ſo kind as to imagine you have *reaſon* to make me a compliment, you will have much more to pride your-

ſelf

ſelf in thoſe arts which have made ſo *extraordinary* a young creature ſo great a fool.

Really, my dear, the man deſerves not politer treatment.—And then has he not made a fool, an egregious fool, of me?—I am afraid he himſelf thinks he has.

I am ſurprized! I am amazed, Madam, returned he, at ſo ſtrange a turn upon me!—I am very unhappy, that nothing I can do or ſay will give you a good opinion of me!— Would to heaven that I knew what I *can* do to obtain the honour of your confidence!

I told him, *that I deſired his abſence*, of all things: I ſaw not, I ſaid, that my friends thought it worth their while to give me diſturbance: Therefore, if he would ſet out for London, or Berkſhire, or whither he pleaſed, it would be moſt agreeable to me, and moſt reputable too.

He would do ſo, he ſaid, he *intended to do ſo*, the moment I was in a place to my liking—in a place convenient for me.

This, Sir, will be ſo, ſaid I, when you are not here to break in upon me, and make the apartments inconvenient.

He did not think this place ſafe, he replied; and as I intended not to ſtay here, he had not been ſo ſolicitous, as otherwiſe he ſhould have been, to enjoin privacy to his ſervants, nor to Mrs. Greme at her leaving me; that there were two or three gentlemen in the neighbourhood, he ſaid, with whoſe ſervants his goſſiping fellows had ſcraped acquaintance: So that he could not think of leaving me here unguarded and unattended.—But fix upon any place in England where I could be out of danger, and he would go to the furthermoſt part of the King's dominions, if by doing ſo he could make me eaſy.

I told him plainly that I ſhould never be in humour with myſelf for *meeting him*; nor with him, for *ſeducing me away*: That my regrets encreaſed, inſtead of diminiſhed:

niſhed: That my reputation was wounded: That nothing I could do would now retrieve it: And that he muſt not wonder, if I every hour grew more and more uneaſy both with myſelf and him: That upon the whole, I was willing to take care of myſelf; and when *he* had left me, I ſhould beſt know what to reſolve upon, and whither to go.

He wiſhed, he ſaid, he were at liberty, without giving me offence, or being thought to intend to *infringe the articles I had ſtipulated and inſiſted upon*, to make one humble propoſal to me.—But the *ſacred regard* he was determined *to pay to all my injunctions* (reluctantly as I had on Monday laſt put it into his power to ſerve me) would not permit him to make it, unleſs I would promiſe to excuſe him, if I did not approve of it.

I aſked, in ſome confuſion, what he would ſay?

He prefaced and paraded on; and then out came, with great diffidence, and many apologies, and a baſhfulneſs which ſat very aukwardly upon him, a propoſal of ſpeedy Solemnization: Which, he ſaid, would put all right; and make my firſt three or four months (which otherwiſe muſt be paſſed in obſcurity and apprehenſion) a round of viſits and viſitings to and from all his relations; To Miſs Howe; To whom I pleaſed: And would pave the way to the Reconciliation I had ſo much at heart.

Your advice had great weight with me juſt then, as well as *his reaſons*, and the conſideration of my *unhappy ſituation:* But what could I ſay? I wanted ſomebody to ſpeak for me.

The man ſaw I was not angry at his motion. I only bluſhed; and that I am ſure I did up to the ears; and looked ſilly, and like a fool.

He wants not courage. Would he have had me catch at his firſt, at his *very* firſt word?—I was *ſilent* too—And do not the bold Sex take ſilence for a mark of a favour?—Then, *ſo lately* in my Father's Houſe! Having alſo declared to him in my Letters, before I had your advice, that

that I would not think of marriage till he had paſſed thro' a ſtate of Probation, as I may call it—How was it poſſible I could encourage, with *very* ready ſigns of approbation, ſuch an early propoſal; eſpecially ſo ſoon after the free treatment he had provoked from me. If I were to die, I could not.

He looked at me with great confidence; as if (notwithſtanding his contradictory baſhfulneſs) he would look me thro'; while my eye but now-and-then could glance at him.—He begged my pardon with great humility: He was *afraid* I would think he deſerved no other anſwer, but that of a *contemptuous ſilence*. True Love was fearful of offending [Take care, Mr. Lovelace, thought I, how yours is tried by that rule]. Indeed ſo *ſacred a regard* [fooliſh man!] would he have *to all declarations made before I honoured him*—

I would hear him no further; but withdrew in a confuſion *too viſible*, and left him to make his nonſenſical flouriſhes to himſelf.

I will only add, that, if he really wiſhes for a ſpeedy Solemnization, he never could have had a luckier time to preſs for my conſent to it. But he let it go off; and indignation has taken place of it: And now it ſhall be a point with me, to get him at a diſtance from me.

I am, my deareſt friend,

Your ever faithful and obliged,

CL. H.

LETTER XII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Tueſday, Apr. 13.

WHY, Jack, thou needeſt not make ſuch a *wonderment*, as the girls ſay, if I ſhould have taken large ſtrides already towards reformation: For doſt thou not ſee, that while I have been ſo aſſiduouſly, night and day, purſuing this ſinge Charmer, I have infinitely leſs to anſwer for, than otherwiſe I ſhould have

have had? Let me ſee, how many days and nights? —Forty, I believe, after open trenches, ſpent in the ſap only, and never a mine ſprung yet!

By a moderate computation, a dozen kites might have fallen, while I have been only trying to enſnare this ſingle lark. Nor yet do I ſee when I ſhall be able to bring her to my lure: More innocent days yet, therefore!—But reformation for my ſtalking horſe, I hope, will be a ſure, tho' a ſlow method to effect all my purpoſes.

Then, Jack, *thou* wilt have a merit too in engaging my pen, ſince thy time would be otherwiſe worſe employed: And, after all, who knows but by creating new habits, at the expence of the old, a real reformation may be brought about? I have promiſed it; and I believe there is a pleaſure to be found in being good, reverſing that of Nat. Lee's madmen,

—*Which none but* good *men know.*

By all this, ſeeſt thou not, how greatly preferable it is, on twenty accounts, to purſue a difficult, rather than an eaſy chace? I have a deſire to inculcate this pleaſure upon thee, and to teach thee to fly at nobler game than daws, crows and widgeons: I have a mind to ſhew thee from time to time, in the courſe of the correſpondence thou haſt ſo earneſtly wiſhed me to begin on this illuſtrious occaſion, that theſe exalted Ladies may be abaſed, and to obviate one of the objections that thou madeſt to me, when we were laſt together, that the pleaſure which attends theſe nobler aims, remunerates not the pains they bring with them; ſince, like a paltry fellow as thou wert, thou aſſertedſt that all women are alike.

Thou knoweſt nothing, Jack, of the delicacies of intrigue: Nothing of the glory of outwitting the Witty and Watchful: Of the joys that fill the mind of the inventive or contriving genius, ruminating which to uſe of the different webs that offer to him

him for the entanglement of a haughty charmer, who in her day has given him unnumbered torments—Thou, Jack, who, like a dog at his eaſe, contenteſt thyſelf to growl over a bone thrown out to thee, doſt not know the joys of the chace, and in purſuing a winding game: Theſe I will endeavour to rouſe thee to, and then thou wilt have reaſon doubly and trebly to thank me, as well becauſe of thy preſent delight, as with regard to thy proſpects beyond the moon.

To this place I had written, purely to amuſe myſelf, before I was admitted to my Charmer. But now I have to tell thee, that I was quite right in my conjecture, that ſhe would ſet up for herſelf, and diſmiſs me: For ſhe has declared in ſo many words, that ſuch was her reſolution: And why? Becauſe, to be plain with me, the more ſhe ſaw of *me*, and of *my ways*, the leſs ſhe liked of either.

This cut me to the heart!—I did not cry indeed!—Had I been a *woman*, I ſhould tho'; and that moſt plentifully: But I pulled out a white cambrick handkerchief: *That* I could command, but not my *tears*.

She finds fault with my proteſtations; with my profeſſions; with my vows: I cannot curſe a ſervant, the only privilege a maſter is known by, but I am ſuppoſed to be a trooper *(a)*—I muſt not ſay, By my ſoul; nor, As I hope to be ſaved. Why Jack, how particular this is! Would ſhe not have me think, I have a precious ſoul, as well as ſhe?—If ſhe thinks my ſalvation hopeleſs, what a *devil* [Another exceptionable word!] does ſhe propoſe to reform me for?—So I have not an ardent expreſſion left me.

* * * * *

What can be done with a woman who is above flattery, and deſpiſes all praiſe but that which flows from the approbation of her own heart?

Well, Jack, thou ſeeſt it is high time to change my

(a) See p. 21.

meaſures. I muſt run into the *Pious* a little faſter than I had deſigned.

What a ſad thing would it be, were I, after all, to loſe her perſon, as well as her opinion! The only time that further acquaintance, and no blow ſtruck, nor ſuſpicion given, ever leſſened me in a Lady's favour!—A curſed mortification!—'Tis certain I can have no pretence for holding her, if ſhe will go.—No ſuch thing as force to be uſed, or ſo much as hinted at: Lord ſend us ſafe at London!—That's all I have for it now: And yet it muſt be the leaſt part of my ſpeech.

But why will this admirable creature urge her deſtiny? Why will ſhe defy the power ſhe is abſolutely dependent upon? Why will ſhe ſtill wiſh to my face, that ſhe had never left her father's houſe? Why will ſhe deny me her company, till ſhe makes me loſe my patience, and lay myſelf open to her reſentment? And why, when ſhe is offended, does ſhe carry her indignation to the utmoſt length that a ſcornful Beauty, in the *very height* of her *power* and *pride*, can go?

Is it prudent, thinkeſt thou, in *her* circumſtances, to tell me, *repeatedly* to tell me, 'That ſhe is every 'hour more and more diſſatisfied with herſelf and 'me? That I am not one, who improve upon her 'in my converſation and addreſs?' [Couldſt *thou*, Jack, bear this from a captive!] 'That ſhe ſhall not 'be eaſy while ſhe is with me? That ſhe was thrown 'upon me by a perverſe fate? That ſhe knows better 'than to value herſelf upon my volubility? That if 'I think ſhe deſerves the compliments I make her, 'I may pride myſelf in thoſe Arts, by which I have 'made a fool of ſo extraordinary a perſon? That 'ſhe ſhall never forgive herſelf for *meeting me*, nor 'me for *ſeducing* her away? [*Her very words*] That 'her regrets increaſe inſtead of diminiſh? That ſhe 'will take care of herſelf; and ſince her friends think 'it not worth while to purſue her, ſhe will be left to

'her

'her own care? That I ſhall make Mrs. Sorlings's 'houſe more agreeable by my abſence?—And go to 'Berks, to town, or where-ever I will' [to the devil, I ſuppoſe] 'with all her heart?'

The impolitic Charmer!—To a temper ſo vindictive as ſhe thinks mine! To a Free-liver, as ſhe believes me to be, who has her in his power! I was *before*, as thou knoweſt, balancing; now this ſcale, now that, the heavieſt. I only waited to ſee how *her* will would work, how *mine* would lead me on. Thou ſeeſt what bias hers takes—And wilt thou doubt that mine will be determined by it? Were not her faults before this, numerous enough? Why will ſhe put me upon looking back?

I will ſit down to argue with myſelf by-and-by, and thou ſhalt be acquainted with the reſult.

If thou didſt but know, if thou hadſt but beheld, what an abject ſlave ſhe made me look like!—I had given myſelf high airs, as *ſhe* called them: But they were airs that ſhewed my Love for her: That ſhewed I could not live out of her company. But ſhe took me down with a vengeance! She made me look about me. So much advantage had ſhe over me; ſuch ſevere turns upon me; by my Soul, Jack, I had hardly a word to ſay for myſelf. I am aſhamed to tell thee, what a poor creature ſhe made me look like! But I could have told her ſomething that would have humbled her pretty pride at the inſtant, had ſhe been in a *proper* place, and *proper* company about her.

To ſuch a place then—and where ſhe cannot fly me—And *then* to ſee how my will works, and what can be done by the *amorous See-ſaw*; now humble; now proud; now expecting, or demanding; now ſubmitting, or acquieſcing—till I have tired reſiſtance.

But theſe hints are at preſent enough. I may further explain myſelf as I go along; and as I confirm or recede in my future motions. If ſhe *will* revive

paſt diſobligations! If ſhe *will*—But no more, no more, as I ſaid, *at preſent*, of threatenings.

LETTER XIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*; *In Continuation.*

AND do I not ſee that I ſhall need nothing but patience, in order to have all power with me? For what ſhall we ſay, if all theſe complaints of a character wounded; theſe declarations of encreaſing regrets for meeting me; of reſentments never to be got over for my *ſeducing* her away; theſe angry commands to leave her:—What ſhall we ſay, If all were to mean nothing but MATRIMONY! And what if my forbearing to enter upon that ſubject come out to be the true cauſe of her petulance and uneaſineſs?

I had once before played about the ſkirts of the irrevocable obligation; but thought myſelf obliged to ſpeak in clouds, and to run away from the ſubject, as ſoon as ſhe took my meaning, leſt ſhe ſhould imagine it to be *ungenerouſly urged*, now ſhe was in ſome ſort in my power, as ſhe had forbid me, beforehand, to touch upon it, till I were in a ſtate of viſible Reformation, and till a Reconciliation with her friends were probable. But now, out-argued, out-talented, and puſhed ſo vehemently *to leave* one whom I had no good pretence to *hold*, if ſhe *would* go; and who could ſo eaſily, if I had given her cauſe to doubt, have thrown herſelf into other protection, or have returned to Harlowe-Place and Solmes; I ſpoke out upon the ſubject, and offered reaſons, altho' with infinite doubt and heſitation [*leſt ſhe ſhould be offended at me*, Belford!] why ſhe ſhould aſſent to the legal tie, and make me the happieſt of men. And O how the mantled cheek, the downcaſt eye, the ſilent, yet trembling lip, and the heaving boſom, a ſweet collection of heightened beauties, gave evidence, that the tender was not mortally offenſive! Charm-

Charming creature! thought I [*But I charge thee, that thou let not any of thy Sex know my exultation (a)*] Is it ſo *ſoon* come to this?—Am I *already* Lord of the deſtiny of a Clariſſa Harlowe?—Am I *already* the reformed man thou reſolvedſt I *ſhould* be, before I had the *leaſt* encouragement given me? Is it thus, that *the more thou knoweſt me, the leſs thou ſeeſt reaſon to approve of me?*—And can Art and Deſign enter into a breaſt ſo celeſtial? To baniſh me from thee, to inſiſt ſo rigorouſly upon my abſence, in order to bring me cloſer to thee, and make the bleſſing dear?—Well do *thy* Arts juſtify *mine*; and encourage me to let looſe my plotting genius upon thee.

But let me tell thee, charming maid, if thy wiſhes are at all to be anſwered, that thou haſt yet to account to me for thy reluctance to go off with me, at a criſis when thy going off was neceſſary to avoid being forced into the nuptial fetters with a wretch, that were he not thy averſion, thou wert no more honeſt to thy own merit, than to me.

I am *accuſtomed* to be preferred, let me tell thee, by thy equals in rank too, tho' thy inferiors in merit; but who is not ſo? And ſhall I marry a woman, who has given me reaſon to doubt the preference ſhe has for me?

No, my deareſt Love, I have too ſacred a regard for thy *Injunctions*, to let them be broken thro', even by thyſelf. Nor will I take in thy full meaning by bluſhing ſilence only. Nor ſhalt thou give me room to doubt, whether it be Neceſſity or Love, that inſpires this condeſcending impulſe.

Upon theſe principles, what had I to do, but to conſtrue her ſilence into contemptuous diſpleaſure?

(a) Mr. Lovelace might have ſpared this caution on this occaſion, ſince many of the Sex [We mention it with regret] who on the firſt publication had read thus far, and even to the Lady's firſt eſcape, have been readier to cenſure her for over-niceneſs, as we have obſerved in a former Note, p. 14. than him for artifices and exultations not leſs cruel and ungrateful, than ungenerous and unmanly.

And I begged her pardon for making a motion, which I had ſo much *reaſon* to fear would offend her: For the future *I would pay a ſacred* regard to her *previous Injunctions*, and prove to her by all my conduct the truth of that obſervation, That True Love is always fearful of offending.

And what could the Lady ſay to this? methinks thou aſkeſt.

Say!--Why ſhe looked vexed, diſconcerted, teazed; was at a loſs, as I thought, whether to be more angry with herſelf, or with me. She turned about, however, as if to hide a ſtarting tear; and drew a ſigh into two or three but juſt audible quavers, trying to ſuppreſs it; and withdrew—leaving me maſter of the field.

Tell me not of Politeneſs: Tell me not of Generoſity: Tell me not of Compaſſion—Is ſhe not a Match for me? *More* than a Match? Does ſhe not out-do me at every fair weapon? Has ſhe not made me doubt her Love? Has ſhe not taken officious pains to declare, that ſhe was not averſe to Solmes for any reſpect ſhe had to me? and her ſorrow for putting herſelf out of *his* reach; that is to ſay, for meeting me?

Then what a triumph would it be to the *Harlowe pride*, were I now to marry this Lady? A family beneath my own! No one in it worthy of an alliance with, but her! My own Eſtate not contemptible! Living within the bounds of it, to avoid dependence upon *their* betters, and obliged to no man living. My expectations ſtill ſo much *more* conſiderable! My perſon, my talents—not to be deſpiſed, ſurely—Yet rejected by them with ſcorn. Obliged to carry on an underhand addreſs to their Daughter, when two of the moſt conſiderable families in the kingdom have made overtures, which I have declined, partly for her ſake, and partly becauſe I never will marry, if *ſhe* be not the perſon. To be forced to *ſteal* her away; not only from *them*, but from *herſelf!* And muſt I be brought to implore forgiveneſs and reconciliation from the

the Harlowes?—Beg to be acknowleged as the *Son* of a gloomy tyrant; whoſe only boaſt is his riches? As a *Brother* to a wretch, who has conceived immortal hatred to me; and to a Siſter who was beneath my attempts, or I would have had her *in my own way* (and that with a tenth part of the trouble and pains that her Siſter has coſt me?) And, finally, as a *Nephew* to Uncles, who value themſelves upon their *acquired* fortunes, would inſult me, as creeping to them on that account?—Forbid it the blood of the Lovelaces, that your *laſt*, and, let me ſay, not the *meaneſt* of your ſtock, ſhould thus creep, thus fawn, thus lick the duſt, for a WIFE!—

Proceed anon.

LETTER XIV.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*; *In Continuation.*

BUT is it not the divine CLARISSA [*Harlowe* let me not ſay; my ſoul ſpurns them all but her] who I am thus by implication threatening?—If Virtue be the True Nobility, how is ſhe ennobled, and how would an alliance with her ennoble, were not contempt due to the family from which ſhe ſprung, and prefers to me!

But again, let me ſtop.—Is there not ſomething wrong, *has* there not been ſomething wrong, in this divine creature? And will not the reflections upon that wrong (what tho' it may be conſtrued in *my favour?*) (*a*) make me unhappy, when *Novelty* has loſt its charms, and when, mind and perſon, ſhe is all my own? Libertines are nicer, if *at all* nice, than other men. They ſeldom meet with the Stand of Virtue in

(*a*) The particular attention of ſuch of the Fair Sex as are more apt to read for the ſake of amuſement, than inſtruction, is requeſted to this Letter of Mr. Lovelace.

the women whom they attempt. And by the frailty of thoſe they have triumphed over, they judge of all the reſt. 'Importunity and *Opportunity* no woman is 'proof againſt, eſpecially from a perſevering Lover, 'who knows how to ſuit Temptations to Inclina-'tions:' This, thou knoweſt, is a prime article of the Rakes Creed.

And what! (methinks thou aſkeſt with ſurprize) Doſt thou queſtion this moſt admirable of women?—The Virtue of a CLARISSA doſt thou queſtion?

I do not, I dare not queſtion it. My reverence for her will not let me *directly* queſtion it. But let me, in my turn, aſk thee—Is not, may not her Virtue be founded rather in *Pride* than in *Principle?* Whoſe Daughter is ſhe?—And is ſhe not a *Daughter?* If impeccable, how came ſhe by her impeccability? The pride of ſetting an Example to her Sex has run away with her hitherto, and may have made her till *now* invincible. But is not that pride abated? What may not both *men* and *women* be brought to do, in a *mortified ſtate?* What mind is ſuperior to calamity? Pride is perhaps the principal bulwark of female virtue. Humble a woman, and may ſhe not be *effectually* humbled?

Then who ſays, Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe is the Paragon of Virtue?—Is Virtue itſelf?

All who know her, and have heard of her, it will be anſwered.

Common Bruit!—Is Virtue to be eſtabliſhed by common Bruit only?—Has her Virtue ever been *proved?*—Who has dared to try her Virtue?

I told thee, I would ſit down to argue with myſelf; and I have drawn myſelf into argumentation before I was aware.

Let me enter into a ſtrict diſcuſſion of this ſubject.

I know how ungenerous an appearance what I *have* ſaid, and what I have *farther* to ſay, on this topic, will have from *me:* But am I not bringing Virtue to the

the touchſtone, with a view to exalt it, if it come out to be proof?—'Avaunt then, for one moment, all 'conſideration that may ariſe from a weakneſs which 'ſome would miſcall *gratitude*; and is oftentimes the 'corrupter of a heart not ignoble?'

To the Teſt then—And I will bring this charming creature to the *ſtricteſt* Teſt, 'that all the Sex, who 'may be ſhewn any paſſages in my Letters' [And I know thou cheareſt the hearts of all thy acquaintance with ſuch detached parts of mine, as tend not to diſhonour characters, or reveal names: And this gives me an appetite to oblige thee by *interlardment*] *that all the Sex*, 'I ſay, may ſee what they *ought to be*; what 'is *expected* from them; and if they have to deal with 'a perſon of reflection and punctilio [of *Pride*, if thou 'wilt] how careful they ought to be, by a regular 'and uniform conduct, not to give him cauſe to think 'lightly of them for favours granted, which may be 'interpreted into *natural weakneſs*. For is not a 'Wife the keeper of a man's honour? And do not 'her faults bring more diſgrace upon a Huſband, than 'even upon herſelf?'

It is not for nothing, Jack, that I have diſliked the Life of Shackles.

To the Teſt then, as I ſaid, ſince now I have the queſtion brought home to me, Whether I am to have a Wife? And whether ſhe be to be a Wife at the *firſt*, or at the *ſecond* hand?

I will proceed fairly. I will do the dear creature not only ſtrict, but generous juſtice; for I will try her by her own judgment, as well as by our principles.

She blames herſelf for having correſponded with me, a man of free character; and one indeed whoſe *firſt* view it was, to draw her into this correſpondence; and who ſucceeded in it, by means unknown to herſelf.

'Now, what were her inducements to this corre-'ſpondence?' If not what her niceneſs makes her *think* blame-worthy, why does ſhe blame herſelf?

Has ſhe been *capable* of error? Of perſiſting in that error?

Whoever was the *tempter*, that is not the thing; nor what the *temptation*. The *fact*, the *error*, is now before us.

Did ſhe perſiſt in it againſt parental prohibition?

She owns ſhe did.

Was a Daughter ever known who had higher notions of the filial duty, of the parental authority?

Never.

'What muſt be thoſe inducements, how ſtrong, 'that were *too ſtrong* for Duty, in a Daughter ſo *duti-* 'ful?—What muſt *my* thoughts have been of theſe 'inducements, what *my* hopes built upon them, *at* 'the time, taken in this light?'

Well, but it will be ſaid, That her principal view was, to prevent miſchief between her Brother and her other friends, and the man vilely inſulted by them all.

But why ſhould *ſhe* be more concerned for the ſafety of others, than they were for their own? And had not the *Rencounter* then happened? 'Was a perſon of 'Virtue to be prevailed upon to break through her 'apparent, her *acknowleged* duty, upon *any* conſidera- 'tion?' And if not, was ſhe to be ſo prevailed upon to prevent an *apprehended* evil only?

Thou, Lovelace, the Tempter (thou will again break out and ſay) to be the Accuſer!

But I am *not* the Accuſer. I am an Arguer only, and, in my heart, all the time acquit and worſhip the divine creature. 'But let me, nevertheleſs, examine, 'whether the acquittal be owing to her *merit*, or to 'my *weakneſs*—Weakneſs the true name for Love!'

But ſhall we ſuppoſe another motive?—And that is LOVE; a motive which all the world will excuſe her for. 'But let me tell all the world that do, *not* becauſe 'they *ought*, but becauſe all the world is apt to be 'miſled by it.'

Let LOVE then be the motive:—Love of *whom*?

A *Lovelace*, is the anſwer.

'Is there but *one* Lovelace in the world? May not 'more Lovelaces be attracted by ſo fine a figure? By 'ſuch exalted qualities? It was her Character that 'drew me to her: And it was her Beauty and good 'Senſe, that rivetted my chains: And now all together 'make me think her a ſubject worthy of my attempts; 'worthy of my ambition.'

But has ſhe had the candour, the openneſs, to *acknowlege* that Love?

She has not.

'Well then, if Love it be at bottom, is there not 'another fault lurking beneath the ſhadow of that 'Love?—Has ſhe not *Affectation?*—Or is it *Pride of* 'heart?'

And what reſults?—'Is then the divine Clariſſa 'capable of *loving* a man whom ſhe ought *not* to love? 'And is ſhe capable of *Affectation?* And is her virtue 'founded in *Pride?*--And, if the anſwer to theſe que-'ſtions be affirmative, muſt ſhe not then be a *woman?*'

And can ſhe keep this Lover at bay? Can ſhe make *him*, who has been accuſtomed to triumph over other women, tremble? Can ſhe ſo conduct herſelf, as to make him, at times, queſtion whether ſhe loves *him* or *any* man; 'yet not have the requiſite command over 'the paſſion itſelf in ſteps of the higheſt conſequence 'to her honour, as *ſhe* thinks' [*I am trying her, Jack, by her own thoughts*] 'but ſuffer herſelf to be provoked 'to promiſe to abandon her Father's houſe, and go off 'with him, knowing his character; and even condi-'tioning not to marry till improbable and remote con-'tingencies were to come to paſs? What tho' the 'provocations were ſuch as would juſtify any other 'woman; yet was a CLARISSA to be ſuſceptible to 'provocations which ſhe thinks *herſelf* highly cenſure-'able for being ſo much moved by?'

But let us ſee the dear creature reſolved to revoke her promiſe; yet *meeting* her Lover; a bold and in-

trepid man, who was more than once before diſappointed by her; and who comes, as ſhe knows, prepared to expect the fruits of her appointment, and reſolved to carry her off. And let us ſee him actually carrying her off; and having her at his mercy—'May 'there not be, I repeat, *other* Lovelaces; other *like* 'intrepid perſevering enterprizers; altho' they may 'not go to work in the ſame way?

'And has then a CLARISSA (herſelf her judge) 'failed?—In ſuch *great* points failed?—And may ſhe 'not *further* fail?--Fail in the *greateſt* point, to which 'all the other points in which ſhe *has* failed, have but 'a natural tendency?'

Nor ſay thou, that Virtue, in the Eye of Heaven, is as much a *manly* as a *womanly* grace. By Virtue in this place I mean Chaſtity, and to be ſuperior to temptation; my Clariſſa out of the queſtion. Nor aſk thou, Shall the man be guilty, yet expect the woman to be guiltleſs, and even unſuſpectable? Urge thou not theſe arguments, I ſay, ſince the Wife, by a failure, may do much more injury to the Huſband, than the Huſband can do to the Wife, and not only to her Huſband, but to all his family, by obtruding another man's children into his poſſeſſions, perhaps to the excluſion of (at leaſt to a participation with) his own; he believing them all the time to be his. In the Eye of Heaven, therefore, the ſin *cannot* be equal. Beſides I have read in ſome places, *that the woman was made for the man*, not *the man for the woman.* Virtue then is leſs to be diſpenſed with in the woman than in the man.

Thou, Lovelace (methinks ſome better man than thyſelf will ſay) to expect ſuch perfection in a woman!—

Yes, I, may I anſwer. Was not the great Cæſar a great Rake as to women? Was he not called, by his very ſoldiers, on one of his triumphant Entries into Rome, *The bald-pated lecher?* and warning given of him to the *Wives*, as well as to the Daughters, of his fellow-

fellow-citizens?—Yet did not Cæſar repudiate his Wife for being only in company with Clodius, or rather becauſe Clodius, tho' by ſurpriſe upon her, was found in hers? And what was the reaſon he gave for it?—It was this (tho' a Rake himſelf, as I have ſaid) and only this—*The Wife of Cæſar muſt not be ſuſpected!*—

Cæſar was not a prouder man than Lovelace.

Go to then, Jack; nor ſay, nor let any-body ſay, in thy hearing, that Lovelace, a man valuing himſelf upon his Anceſtry, is ſingular in his expectations of a Wife's purity, though not pure himſelf.

As to my CLARISSA, I own, that I hardly think there ever was ſuch an angel of a woman. But has ſhe not, as above, already taken ſteps, which ſhe herſelf condemns? Steps, which the world and her own family did not think her *capable* of taking? And for which her own family will not forgive her?

Nor think it ſtrange, that I refuſe to hear any-thing pleaded in behalf of a ſtandard Virtue, from high *provocations*. 'Are not provocations and temptations the 'Teſts of Virtue? A ſtandard Virtue muſt not be al-'lowed to be *provoked* to deſtroy or annihilate itſelf.

'May not then the Succeſs of him, who could 'carry her *thus far*, be allowed to be an encourage-'ment for him to try to carry her *farther?*' 'Tis but to try. Who will be afraid of a trial for this divine creature? 'Thou knoweſt, that I have more than once, 'twice, or thrice, put to the fiery Trial young women 'of Name and Character; and never yet met with 'one who held out a month; nor indeed ſo long as 'could puzzle my invention. I have concluded againſt 'the whole Sex upon it.' And now, if I have not found a Virtue that cannot be corrupted, I will ſwear that there is not one ſuch in the whole Sex. Is not then the whole Sex concerned that this trial ſhould be made? And who is it that knows this Lady, that would not ſtake upon her head the honour of the whole?—Let her who would refuſe it, come forth, and deſire to ſtand in her place. I muſt

I muſt aſſure thee, that I have a prodigious high opinion of Virtue; as I have of all thoſe graces and excellencies, which I have not been able to attain myſelf. Every free-liver would not *ſay* this, nor *think* thus—Every argument he uſes, condemnatory of his own actions, as ſome would think. But ingenuouſneſs was ever a ſignal part of my character.

Satan, whom thou mayeſt, if thou wilt, in this caſe, call my inſtigator, put the good man of old upon the ſevereſt trials. 'To his behaviour under theſe trials, 'that good man owed his honour and his future re-'wards.' An innocent perſon, if doubted, muſt wiſh to be brought to a fair and candid trial.

Rinaldo indeed in Arioſto put the Mantuan Knight's Cup of trial from him, which was to be the proof of his Wife's chaſtity *(a)*—This was his argument for forbearing the Experiment: 'Why ſhould I ſeek a 'thing I ſhould be loth to find? My Wife is a Wo-'man. The Sex is frail. I cannot believe better of her 'than I do. It will be to my own loſs, if I find rea-'ſon to think worſe.' But Rinaldo would not have refuſed the trial of the Lady, before ſhe *became* his Wife, and when he might have found his account in detecting her.

For my part, I would not have put the Cup from me, tho' married, had it been but in hope of finding reaſon to confirm my *good* opinion of my Wife's honour; and that I might know whether I had a Snake or a Dove in my boſom.

To my point—'What muſt that Virtue be, which 'will not ſtand a trial?—What that Woman, who 'would wiſh to ſhun it?'

Well then, a trial ſeems neceſſary for the *further* eſtabliſhment of the Honour of ſo excellent a creature.

(a) The ſtory tells us, That whoever drank of this cup, if his wife were chaſte, could drink without ſpilling: If otherwiſe, the contrary.

And

And who ſhall put her to this trial? —Who, but the man, who has, as ſhe thinks, already induced her in *leſſer* points, to ſwerve?—And this for her *own ſake* in a double ſenſe—Not only, as he has been able to make *ſome* impreſſion, but as ſhe regrets the impreſſion made; and ſo may be preſumed to be guarded againſt his further attempts.

The Situation ſhe is at preſent in, it muſt be confeſſed, is a diſadvantageous one to her: But if ſhe overcome, that will redound to her honour.

Shun not, therefore, my dear ſoul, further trials, nor hate me for making them.—'For what woman 'can be ſaid to be virtuous till ſhe has been tried?

'Nor is *one* effort, *one* trial, to be ſufficient. Why? 'Becauſe a woman's heart may be at one time *ada-* '*mant*, at another *wax*'—As I have often experienced. And ſo, no doubt, haſt thou.

A fine time of it, methinks, thou ſayeſt, would the women have, if they were all to be tried!—

But, Jack, I am not for that neither. Tho' I am a Rake, I am not a Rake's friend, except thine and company's.

And be this one of the morals of my tedious diſcuſſion—'Let the little rogues who would not be *put* '*to the queſtion*, as I may call it, chuſe accordingly. 'Let them prefer to their favour good honeſt ſober 'fellows, who have not been uſed to play dogs tricks: 'Who will be willing to take them as they *offer*; 'and who being tolerable themſelves, are not ſuſpi- 'cious of others.'

But what, methinks thou aſkeſt, is to become of the Lady, if ſhe fail?

What?—Why will ſhe not, '*if once ſubdued*, be '*always ſubdued?*' Another of our Libertine maxims. And what an immenſe pleaſure to a Marriage-hater, what rapture to thought, to be able to prevail upon ſuch a woman as Miſs Chariſſa Harlowe to live with him, without *real* change of name!

But

But if ſhe reſiſt—If nobly ſhe ſtand her trial?—

Why then I will marry her; and bleſs my ſtars for ſuch an angel of a Wife.

But will ſhe not hate thee?—Will ſhe not refuſe—

No, no, Jack!—Circumſtanced and ſituated as we are, I am not afraid of that. And hate me! Why ſhould ſhe hate the man who loves her upon proof?

And then for a little hint at *repriſal*—Am I not juſtified in my reſolutions of trying *her* Virtue; who is reſolved, as I may ſay, to try *mine?* who has declared that ſhe will not marry me, till ſhe has hopes of my Reformation?

And now, to put an end to this ſober argumentation, wilt thou not thyſelf (whom I have ſuppoſed an advocate for the Lady, becauſe I know that Lord M. has put thee upon uſing the intereſt he thinks thou haſt in me, to perſuade me to enter the pale; *wilt thou not thyſelf)* allow me to try, if I cannot awaken the *woman* in her?—To try, if ſhe, with all that glowing ſymmetry of parts, and that full bloom of vernal graces, by which ſhe attracts every eye, be really inflexible as to the grand article?

Let me begin then, as opportunity preſents—I will; and watch her every ſtep to find one ſliding one; her every moment, to find the moment critical. And the rather, as ſhe ſpares not me, but takes every advantage that offers, to puzzle and plague me; nor expects nor thinks me to be a good man.

If ſhe be a *woman*, and *love* me, I ſhall ſurely catch her once tripping: For Love was ever a traitor to its harbourer: And Love *within*, and I *without*, ſhe will be *more* than woman, as the poet ſays, or I *leſs* than man, if I ſucceed not.

Now, Belford, all is out. The Lady is mine; ſhall be *more* mine. Marriage, I ſee, is in my power, now *ſhe* is ſo. Elſe perhaps it had not. If I can have her *without* marriage, who can blame me for trying?

If

If *not*, great will be her glory, and my future confidence. And well will ſhe merit the ſacrifice I ſhall make her of my liberty; and from all her Sex Honours next to divine, for giving a proof, 'that there was 'once a woman whoſe Virtue no trials, no ſtratagems, 'no temptations, even from the man ſhe hated not, 'could overpower.'

Now wilt thou ſee all my Circulation: As in a glaſs wilt thou ſee it.—CABALA, however, is the word *(a)*; nor let the ſecret eſcape thee even in thy dreams.

Nobody doubts, that ſhe is to be my wife. Let her paſs for ſuch, when I give the word. 'Mean-time 'Reformation ſhall be my Stalking-horſe; ſome one 'of the women in London, if I can get her thither, 'my Bird.' And ſo much for this time.

LETTER XV.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[*In anſwer to Letters* v. xi.]

DO not be ſo much concerned, my deareſt friend, at the bickerings between my Mother and me. We love one another dearly notwithſtanding. If my Mother had not me to find fault with, ſhe muſt find fault with ſomebody elſe. And as to me, I am a very ſaucy girl; and were there not this occaſion, there would be ſome other, to ſhew it.

You have heard me *ſay*, that this was always the caſe between us. You could not *otherwiſe* have known it. For when *you* was with us, you harmonized us both; and indeed I was always more afraid of you than of my Mother. But then that Awe is accompanied with Love. Your reproofs, as I have always found, are ſo charmingly mild and inſtructive; ſo evidently calculated to improve, and not to provoke;

(*a*) This word, whenever uſed by any of theſe Gentlemen, was agreed to imply an inviolable ſecret.

that

that a generous temper muſt be amended by them. But here now, mind my good Mamma, when you are not with us—*You* ſhall, *I tell you, Nancy. I will have it ſo. Don't I know beſt? I won't be diſobeyed.* How can a Daughter of ſpirit bear ſuch language; ſuch Looks too with the language; and not have a longing mind to diſobey?

Don't adviſe me, my dear, to ſubſcribe to my Mother's prohibition of correſpondence with you. She has no reaſon for it. Nor would ſhe of her own judgment have prohibited it. That odd old ambling ſoul your Uncle (whoſe viſits are frequenter than ever) inſtigated by your malicious and ſelfiſh Brother and Siſter, is the occaſion. And they only have borrowed my Mother's lips, at the diſtance they are from you, for a ſort of ſpeaking-trumpet for them. The prohibition, once more I ſay, cannot come from her heart: But if it did, is ſo much danger to be apprehended from my continuing to write to one of my own Sex, as if I wrote to one of the other? Don't let dejection and diſappointment, and the courſe of oppreſſion which you have run thro', weaken your mind, my deareſt creature; and make you ſee inconveniencies, where there poſſibly cannot be any. If *your* talent is *ſcribbling*, as you call it; ſo is *mine*—And I will ſcribble on, at all opportunities; and to you; let 'em ſay what they will. Nor let your Letters be filled with the ſelf-accuſations you mention: There is no cauſe for them. I wiſh, that your Anna Howe, who continues in her Mother's houſe, were but half ſo good as Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe, who has been driven out of her Father's.

I will ſay nothing upon your Letter to your Siſter till I ſee the effect it will have. You hope, you tell me, that you ſhall have your money and cloaths ſent you, notwithſtanding my opinion to the contrary—I am ſorry to have it to acquaint you, that I have juſt now heard, that they have ſat in council upon your Letter; and that your Mother was the only perſon,

who

who was for ſending you your things; and was overruled. I charge you therefore to accept of my offer, as by my laſt; and give me particular directions for what you want, that I can ſupply you with beſides.

Don't ſet your thought ſo much upon a Reconciliation as to prevent your laying hold of any handſome opportunity to give yourſelf a protector; ſuch a one as the man will be, who, I imagine, Huſband-like, will let nobody inſult you but himſelf.

What could he mean, by letting ſlip ſuch a one as that you mention? I don't know how to blame you; for how could you go beyond ſilence and bluſhes, when the fooliſh fellow came with his obſervances of the reſtrictions which you laid him under when in another ſituation? But, as I told you above, you really ſtrike people into awe. And, upon my word, you did not ſpare him.

I repeat what I ſaid in my laſt, that you have a very nice part to act: And I will add, that you have a Mind that is much too delicate for your part. But when the Lover is exalted, the Lady muſt be humbled. He is naturally proud and ſaucy. I doubt, you muſt engage his *pride*, which he calls his *honour*: And that you muſt throw off a little more of the veil. And I would have you reſtrain your wiſhes before him, that you had not met him, and the like. What ſignifies wiſhing, my dear? He will not bear it. You can hardly expect that he will.

Nevertheleſs it vexes me to the very bottom of my pride, that any wretch of that Sex ſhould be able to triumph over a Clariſſa.

I cannot however but ſay, that I am charmed with your Spirit. So much Sweetneſs, where Sweetneſs is requiſite; ſo much Spirit where Spirit is called for—What a *true* magnanimity!

But I doubt, in your preſent circumſtances, you muſt endeavour after a little more of the reſerve, in caſes where you are diſpleaſed with him, and palliate a little.

little. That humility which he puts on when you riſe upon him, is not natural to him.

Methinks I ſee the man heſitating, and looking like the fool you paint him, under your corrective ſuperiority!—But he is not a fool. Don't put him upon mingling Reſentment with his Love.

You are very ſerious, my dear, in the firſt of the two Letters before me, in relation to Mr. Hickman and me; and in relation to my Mother and me. But, as to the latter, you muſt not be too grave. If we are not well together at one time, we are not ill together at another. And while I am able to make her ſmile in the midſt of the moſt angry fit ſhe ever fell into on the preſent occaſion (tho' ſometimes ſhe would not if ſhe could help it) it is a very good ſign; a ſign that diſpleaſure can never go deep, or be laſting. And then a kind word, or kind look, to her favourite Hickman, ſets the one into raptures, and the other in tolerable humour, at any time.

But your caſe pains me at heart; and with all my levity, *both* the good folks muſt ſometimes partake of that pain; nor will it be over, as long as you are in a ſtate of uncertainty; and eſpecially as I was not able to prevail for that protection for you which would have prevented the unhappy ſtep, the neceſſity for which we both, with ſo much reaſon, deplore.

I have only to add (and yet that is needleſs to tell you) That I am, and will ever be,

Your affectionate Friend and Servant,

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XVI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

YOU tell me, my dear, that my cloaths and the little ſum of money I left behind me, will not be ſent me.—But I will ſtill hope. It is yet early days. When their paſſions ſubſide, they will better conſider of

of the matter; and eſpecially as I have my ever dear and excellent Mother for my friend in this requeſt. O the ſweet indulgence! How has my heart bled, and how does it ſtill bleed for her!

You adviſe me not to depend upon a Reconciliation. I do not, I cannot, depend upon it. But nevertheleſs it is the wiſh next my heart. And as to this man, what can I do? You ſee, *that Marriage is not abſolutely in my own power*, if I were *inclined* to prefer it to the trial which I think I ought to have principally in view to make for a Reconciliation.

You ſay, he is proud and inſolent—Indeed he is. But can it be your opinion, that he intends to humble me down to the level of his mean pride?

And what mean you, my dear friend, when you ſay, that I muſt throw off a *little more of the veil?*—Indeed I never knew that I wore one. Let me aſſure you, that if I ſee any-thing in Mr. Lovelace that looks like a deſign to humble me, his inſolence ſhall never make me diſcover a weakneſs unworthy of a perſon diſtinguiſhed by your friendſhip; that is to ſay, unworthy either of my *Sex*, or of my *former Self*.

But I hope, as I am out of all other protection, that he is not capable of mean or *low* reſentments. If he has had any extraordinary trouble on my account, may he not thank himſelf for it? He may; and lay it, if he pleaſes, to his *Character*; which, as I have told him, gave at leaſt a *pretence* to my Brother againſt him. And then, did I ever make him any promiſes? Did I ever profeſs a Love for him? Did I ever wiſh for the continuance of his addreſs? Had not my Brother's violence precipitated matters, would not my indifference to him in all likelihood (as I deſigned it ſhould) have tired out his proud ſpirit *(a)*, and made him ſet out for London, where he uſed chiefly to reſide? And if he *had*, would there not have been an end of all his pretenſions and hopes? For no encouragement had I given him:

(a) See Vol. I. p. 24.

him; Nor did I then correſpond with him. Nor, believe me, ſhould I have begun to do ſo—the fatal Rencounter not having then happened; which drew me in afterwards for others ſakes (fool that I was!) and not for my own. And can you think, or can *he*, that even this but temporarily-intended correſpondence (which, by the way, my Mother *(a)* connived at) would have ended thus, had I not been driven on one hand, and teazed on the other, to continue it; the occaſion which had at firſt induced it, continuing? What pretence then has he, were I to be abſolutely in his power, to avenge himſelf on me, for the faults of others; and thro' which I have ſuffered more than he?—It cannot, cannot be, that I ſhould have cauſe to apprehend him to be ſo ungenerous, ſo bad, a man.

You bid me not be concerned at the bickerings between your Mother and you. Can I avoid concern, when thoſe bickerings are on my account? That they are raiſed (inſtigated ſhall I ſay?) by my Uncle, and my other relations, ſurely muſt add to my concern.

But I muſt obſerve, perhaps too critically for the ſtate my mind is in at preſent, that the very ſentences you give from your Mother, as ſo many *imperatives* which you take amiſs, are very ſevere reflections upon yourſelf. For inſtance—*You* ſhall, *I tell you*, *Nancy*, implies, that you had diſputed her will—And ſo of the reſt.

And further let me obſerve, with reſpect to what you ſay, that there cannot be the ſame reaſon for a prohibition of correſpondence with me, as there was of mine with Mr. Lovelace; that I thought as little of bad conſequences from my correſpondence with him at the time, as you can do from yours with me, now. But if *obedience be a duty*, the *breach* of it is the *fault*, however circumſtances may differ. Surely there is no merit in ſetting up our own judgment againſt the judgments of our parents. And if it be puniſhable ſo to do,

(a) See Vol. I. p. 27.

do, I have been ſeverely puniſhed; and that is what I warned you of, from my own dear experience.

Yet, God forgive me! I adviſe thus againſt myſelf with very great reluctance: And, to ſay truth, have not ſtrength of mind, at preſent, to decline it myſelf. But, if the occaſion go not off, I will take it into farther conſideration.

You give me very good advice in relation to this man; and I thank you for it. When you bid me be more upon the *reſerve* with him in expreſſing my diſpleaſure, perhaps I may try for it: But to *palliate*, as you call it, that, my deareſt Miſs Howe, cannot be done, by

Your own

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XVII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

YOU may believe, my dear Miſs Howe, that the circumſtance of the noiſe and outcry within the garden door, on Monday laſt, gave me no ſmall uneaſineſs, to think that I was in the hands of a man, who could, by ſuch vile premeditation, lay a ſnare to trick me out of myſelf, as I have ſo frequently called it.

Whenever he came in my ſight, the thought of this gave me an indignation that made his preſence diſguſtful to me; and the more, as I fancied I beheld in his face a triumph which reproached my weakneſs on that account; altho' perhaps it was only the ſame vivacity and placidneſs that generally ſit upon his features.

I was reſolved to taſk him upon this ſubject, the firſt time I could have patience to enter upon it with him. For, beſides that it piqued me exceſſively from the nature of the artifice, I expected ſhuffling and evaſion, if he were guilty, that would have incenſed me: And, if not confeſſedly guilty, ſuch unſatisfactory declarations, as ſtill would have kept my mind doubtful and uneaſy;

uneaſy; and would, upon every new offence that he might give me, ſharpen my diſguſts to him.

I have had the opportunity I waited for; and will lay before you the reſult.

He was making his court to my good opinion in very polite terms, and with great ſeriouſneſs lamenting that he had loſt it; declaring that he knew not how he had deſerved to do ſo; attributing to me an indifference to him, that ſeemed, to his infinite concern, hourly to encreaſe. And he beſought me to let him know my whole mind, that he might have an opportunity either to confeſs his faults and amend them, or clear his conduct to my ſatisfaction, and thereby entitle himſelf to a greater ſhare of my confidence.

I anſwered him with quickneſs—Then, Mr. Lovelace, I will tell you one thing with a frankneſs, that is, perhaps, more ſuitable to *my* character, than to *yours* [*He hoped not, he ſaid*] which gives me a very bad opinion of you, as a deſigning artful man.

I am all attention, Madam.

I never can think tolerably of you, while the noiſe and voice I heard at the garden-door, which put me into the terror you took ſo much advantage of, remains unaccounted for. Tell me fairly, tell me candidly, the whole of that circumſtance; and of your dealings with that wicked Joſeph Leman; and according to your explicitneſs in this particular, I ſhall form a judgment of your future profeſſions.

I will, without reſerve, my deareſt life, ſaid he, tell you the whole; and hope that my ſincerity in the relation will atone for any-thing you may think wrong in the fact.

'I knew nothing, *ſaid he*, of this man, this Le-
'man, and ſhould have ſcorned a reſort to ſo low a
'method as bribing the ſervant of any family to let
'me into the ſecrets of that family, if I had not de-
'tected him in attempting to corrupt a ſervant of
'mine, to inform him of all my motions, of all my

'ſuppoſed

'ſuppoſed intrigues, and, in ſhort, of every action of 'my private life, as well as of my circumſtances and 'engagements; and this for motives too obvious to be 'dwelt upon.

'My ſervant told me of his offers, and I ordered 'him, unknown to the fellow, to let me hear a con-'verſation that was to paſs between them.

'In the midſt of it, and juſt as he had made an 'offer of money for a particular piece of intelligence, 'promiſing more when procured, I broke in upon 'them, and by bluſter, calling for a knife to cut off 'his ears (one of which I took hold of) in order to 'make a preſent of it, as I ſaid, to his employers, I 'obliged him to tell me who they were.

'Your Brother, Madam, and your Uncle Antony, 'he named.

'It was not difficult, when I had given him my 'pardon on naming them (after I had ſet before him 'the enormity of the taſk he had undertaken, and the 'honourableneſs of my intentions to your dear ſelf) 'to prevail upon him, by a larger reward, to ſerve 'me; ſince, at the ſame time, he might preſerve the 'favour of your Uncle and Brother, as I deſired to 'know nothing, but what related to myſelf and to 'you, in order to guard us both againſt the effects of 'an ill-will, which all his fellow-ſervants, as well as 'himſelf, as he acknowleged, thought undeſerved.

'By this means, I own to you, Madam, I fre-'quently turned his principles about upon a pivot of 'my own, unknown to themſelves: And the fellow, 'who is always calling himſelf a *plain man*, and 'boaſting of his *Conſcience*, was the eaſier, as I con-'deſcended frequently to aſſure him of my honour-'able views; and as he knew that the uſe I made of 'his intelligence, in all likelihood, prevented fatal 'miſchiefs.

'I was the more pleaſed with his ſervices, as (let 'me acknowlege to you, Madam) they procured to

'you, unknown to yourſelf, a ſafe and uninterrupted 'egreſs (which perhaps would not otherwiſe have been 'continued to you ſo long as it was) to the garden 'and wood-houſe: For he undertook to them, to 'watch all your motions: And the more chearfully '(for the fellow loves you) as it kept off the curio-'ſity of others *(a)*'.

So, my dear, it comes out, that I *myſelf* was obliged to this deep contriver.

I ſat in ſilent aſtoniſhment; and thus he went on.

'As to the circumſtance, for which you think ſo 'hardly of me, I do freely confeſs, that having a ſu-'ſpicion that you would revoke your intention of get-'ting away, and in that caſe apprehending that we 'ſhould not have the time together that was neceſſary 'for that purpoſe; I had ordered him to keep off 'every-body he *could* keep off, and to be himſelf 'within view of the garden-door; for I was deter-'mined, if poſſible, to induce you to adhere to your 'reſolution.'—

But pray, Sir, interrupting him, how came you to apprehend that I ſhould revoke my intention? I had indeed depoſited a Letter to that purpoſe; but you had it not: And how, as I had reſerved to myſelf the privilege of a revocation, did you know, but I might have prevailed upon my friends, and ſo have revoked upon good grounds?

'I will be very ingenuous, Madam—You had made 'me hope that if you changed your mind, you would 'give me a meeting to appriſe me of the reaſons for 'it. I went to the looſe bricks, and I ſaw the Let-'ter there: And as I knew your friends were immove-'ably fixed in their ſchemes, I doubted not but the 'Letter was to revoke or ſuſpend your reſolution; and 'probably to ſerve inſtead of a meeting too. I there-'fore let it lie, that if you *did* revoke, you might be 'under the neceſſity of meeting me for the ſake of the

(a) See Vol. I. p. 235, 236.

'expecta-

'expectation you had given me: And as I came pre-
'pared, I was reſolved, pardon me, Madam, what-
'ever were your intentions, that you ſhould not go
'back. Had I taken your Letter, I muſt have been
'determined by the contents of it, for the preſent, at
'leaſt: But not having received it, and you having
'reaſon to think I wanted not reſolution, in a ſitua-
'tion ſo deſperate, to make your friends a perſonal
'viſit, I depended upon the Interview you had bid me
'hope for.'

Wicked wretch! ſaid I; It is my grief, that I gave you opportunity to take ſo exact a meaſure of my weakneſs!—But *would* you have preſumed to viſit the family, had I not met you?

Indeed I would. I had ſome friends in readineſs, who were to have accompanied me to them. And had your Father refuſed to give me audience, I would have taken my friends with me to Solmes.

And what did you intend to do to Mr. Solmes?

Not the leaſt hurt, had the man been paſſive.

But had he *not* been paſſive, as you call it, what would you have done to Mr. Solmes?

He was loth, he ſaid, to tell me—Yet not the leaſt hurt to his *perſon*.

I repeated my queſtion.

If he *muſt* tell me, he only propoſed to carry off the *poor fellow*, and to hide him for a month or two. And this he would have done, let what would have been the conſequence.

Was ever ſuch a wretch heard of!—I ſighed from the bottom of my heart. But bid him proceed from the part I had interrupted him at.

'I ordered the fellow, as I told you, Madam, ſaid
'he, to keep within view of the garden-door: And
'if he found any parley between us, and any-body
'coming (before you could retreat undiſcovered) whoſe
'coming might be attended with violent effects, he
'would cry out, and this not only in order to ſave

'himſelf from their ſuſpicions of him, but to give me 'warning to make off, and, if poſſible, to induce 'you (I own it, Madam) to go off with me, accord-'ing to your own appointment. And I hope, all cir-'cumſtances conſidered, and the danger I was in of 'loſing you for ever, that the acknowlegement of *this* 'contrivance, or, if you had *not* met me, *that* upon 'Solmes, will not procure me your hatred: For, had 'they come, as *I* expected as well as *you*, what a de-'ſpicable wretch had I been, could I have left you to 'the inſults of a Brother and others of your family, 'whoſe mercy was cruelty when they had *not* the pre-'tence with which this detected Interview would have 'furniſhed them!'

What a wretch, ſaid I!—But if, Sir, taking your *own* account of this ſtrange matter to be fact, any-body were coming, how happened it, that I ſaw only that man Leman (I *thought* it was he) out of the door, and at a diſtance, look after us?

Very lucky! ſaid he, putting his hand firſt in one pocket, then in another—I hope I have not thrown it away—It is, perhaps, in the coat I had on yeſterday—Little did I think it would be neceſſary to be pro-duced—But I love to come to a demonſtration when-ever I can—I *may* be giddy—I *may* be heedleſs. I *am* indeed—But no man, as to *you*, Madam, ever had a ſincerer heart.

He then ſtepping to the parlour-door, called his ſer-vant to bring him the coat he had on yeſterday.

The ſervant did. And in the pocket, rumpled up, as a paper he regarded not, he pulled out a Letter, written by that Joſeph, dated Monday night; in which 'he begs pardon for crying out ſo ſoon—ſays, That 'his fears of being diſcovered to act on both ſides, had 'made him take the ruſhing of a little dog (that al-'ways follows him) thro' the phyllirea-hedge, for 'Betty's being at hand, or ſome of his maſters: And 'that when he found his miſtake, he opened the door

'by

'by his own key (which the contriving wretch con-
'feſſed he had furniſhed him with) and inconſiderately
'ran out in a hurry, to have appriſed him that his
'crying out was owing to his fright only:' And he added, 'that they were upon the hunt for me, by the
'time he returned *(a)*.'

I ſhook my head—Deep! deep! deep! ſaid I, at the beſt!—O Mr. Lovelace! God forgive and reform you!—But you are, I ſee plainly (upon the whole of your own account) a very artful, a very deſigning man.

Love, my deareſt Life, is ingenious. Night and day have I racked my ſtupid brain [*O Sir, thought I, not ſtupid! 'Twere well perhaps if it were*] to contrive methods to prevent the ſacrifice deſigned to be made of you, and the miſchief that muſt have enſued upon it: So little hold in your affections: Such undeſerved antipathy from your friends: So much danger of loſing you for ever from *both* cauſes. I have not had for the whole fortnight before laſt Monday, half an hour's reſt at a time. And I own to you, Madam, that I ſhould never have forgiven myſelf, had I omitted any contrivance or forethought that would have prevented your return without me.

Again I blamed myſelf for meeting him: And juſtly; for there were many chances to one, that I had *not* met him. And if I had not, all his fortnight's contrivances, as to me, would have come to nothing; and perhaps I might nevertheleſs have eſcaped Solmes.

Yet, had he reſolved to come to Harlowe-Place with his friends, and been inſulted, as he certainly would have been, what miſchiefs might have followed!

But his reſolutions to run away with and to hide the poor Solmes for a month or ſo, O my dear! what a wretch have I let run away with *me*, inſtead of *Solmes!*

(a) See his Letter to Joſeph Leman, Vol. II. No. L. towards the end, where he tells him, he would contrive for him a Letter of this nature to copy.

I aſked him, if he thought ſuch enormities as theſe, ſuch defiances of the Laws of Society, would have paſſed unpuniſhed?

He had the aſſurance to ſay, with one of his uſual gay airs, That he ſhould by this means have diſappointed his enemies, and ſaved me from a forced marriage. He had no pleaſure in ſuch deſperate puſhes. Solmes he would not have *perſonally* hurt. He muſt have fled his country, for a time at leaſt: And, truly, if he had been obliged to do ſo (as all his hopes of my favour muſt have been at an end) he would have had a fellow-traveller of his own Sex out of our family, whom I little thought of.

Was ever ſuch a wretch!—To be ſure he meant my Brother!

And ſuch, Sir, ſaid I, in high reſentment, are the uſes you make of your corrupt intelligencer—

My corrupt intelligencer, Madam, interrupted he? He is to this hour your Brother's as well as mine. By what I have ingenuouſly told you, you may ſee who began this corruption. Let me aſſure you, Madam, that there are many free things which I have been guilty of as *repriſals*, in which I would not have been the *aggreſſor*.

All that I ſhall further ſay on this head, Mr. Lovelace, is this: That as this vile double-faced wretch has probably been the cauſe of great miſchief on both ſides, and *ſtill* continues, as you own, his wicked practices, I think it would be but juſt, to have my friends appriſed what a creature *he* is whom ſome of them encourage.

What you pleaſe, Madam, as to that—My ſervice, as well as your Brother's, is now almoſt over for him. The fellow has made a good hand of it. He does not intend to ſtay long in his place. He is now actually in treaty for an Inn, which will do his buſineſs for life. I can tell you further, that he makes Love to your Siſter's Betty: And that *by my advice*. They will be married

married when he is eſtabliſhed. An Innkeeper's wife is every man's miſtreſs; and I have a ſcheme in my head to ſet ſome engines at work to make *her* repent her ſaucy behaviour to you to the laſt day of her life.

What a wicked ſchemer are you, Sir!—Who ſhall avenge upon you the ſtill greater evils which you have been guilty of? I forgive Betty with all my heart. She was not my ſervant; and but too probably, in what ſhe did, obeyed the commands of her to whom ſhe owed duty, better than I obeyed thoſe to whom I owed more.

No matter for that, the wretch ſaid [*To be ſure, my dear, he muſt deſign to make me afraid of him*]: The decree was gone out—Betty muſt ſmart—Smart too by an act of her own choice. He loved, he ſaid, to make bad people their own puniſhers.—Nay, Madam, excuſe me; but if the fellow, if this Joſeph, in *your* opinion, deſerves puniſhment, mine is a complicated ſcheme; a man and his wife cannot well ſuffer ſeparately, and it may come home to *him* too.

I had no patience with him. I told him ſo. I ſee, Sir, ſaid I, I ſee, what a man I am with. Your *Rattle* warns me of the *Snake*.—And away I flung; leaving him ſeemingly vexed, and in confuſion.

LETTER XVIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

MY plain dealing with Mr. Lovelace, on ſeeing him again, and the free diſlike I expreſſed to his ways, his manners, and his contrivances, as well as to his ſpeeches, have obliged him to recollect himſelf a little. He will have it, that the menaces which he threw out juſt now againſt my Brother and Mr. Solmes, are only the effect of an unmeaning pleaſantry. He has too great a ſtake in his Country, he ſays, to be guilty of *ſuch* enterprizes as ſhould lay him under a neceſſity of quitting it for ever. Twenty things, particularly,

he ſays, he has ſuffered Joſeph Leman to tell of him, that *were not*, and *could not* be true, in order to make himſelf formidable in ſome peoples eyes, and this purely with a view to *prevent miſchief*. He is unhappy, as far as he knows, in a quick invention, in hitting readily upon expedients; and many things are reported of him which he never ſaid, and many which he never did, and others which he has only talked of (as juſt now) and which he has forgot as ſoon as the words have paſſed his lips.

This may be ſo, in part, my dear. No one man ſo young could be ſo wicked as he has been reported to be. But ſuch a man at the head of ſuch wretches as he is ſaid to have at his beck, all men of fortune and fearleſneſs, and capable of ſuch enterprizes as I have unhappily found him capable of, what is not to be apprehended from him!

His careleſneſs about his character is one of his excuſes: A very bad one. What hope can a woman have of a man who values not his Reputation?—'Theſe gay wretches may, in mix'd converſation, divert for an hour, or ſo: But the man of probity, the man of virtue, is the man that is to be the Partner for Life. What woman, who could help it, would ſubmit it to the courteſy of a wretch, who avows a diſregard to all moral ſanctions, whether he will perform his part of the matrimonial obligation, and treat her with tolerable politeneſs?

With theſe notions, and with theſe reflections, to be thrown upon ſuch a man myſelf--Would to Heaven —But what avail wiſhes now?—To whom can I fly, if I would fly from him?

LETTER XIX.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Friday, April 14.

NEVER did I hear of ſuch a parcel of fooliſh toads as theſe Harlowes.—Why, Belford, the Lady

Lady muſt fall, if every hair of her head were a guardian angel, unleſs they were to make a viſible appearance for her, or, ſnatching her from me at unawares, would draw her after them into the ſtarry regions.

All I had to apprehend, was, that a Daughter ſo reluctantly carried off, would offer terms to her Father, and would be accepted upon a mutual *concedence*; *They* to give up *Solmes*; *She* to give up *me*. And ſo I was contriving to do all I could to guard againſt the latter. But they ſeem reſolved to perfect the work they have begun.

What ſtupid creatures are there in the world! This fooliſh Brother, not to know, that he who would be bribed to undertake a baſe thing by one, would be *over*-bribed to *retort* the baſeneſs; eſpecially when he could be put into the way to ſerve himſelf by both! —Thou, Jack, wilt never know one half of my contrivances.

He here relates the converſation between him and the Lady (upon the ſubject of the noiſe and exclamations his agent made at the garden-door) to the ſame effect as in the Lady's Letter N° xvii. *and proceeds exulting:*

What a capacity for glorious miſchief has thy friend!—Yet how near the truth all of it! The only deviation, my aſſerting, that the fellow made the noiſes by *miſtake*, and thro' *fright*, and not by *previous direction:* Had ſhe known the preciſe truth, her anger to be ſo taken in, would never have let her forgive me.

Had I been a military Hero, I ſhould have made gunpowder uſeleſs; for I ſhould have blown up all my adverſaries by dint of ſtratagem, turning their own devices upon them.

But theſe Fathers and Mothers—Lord help 'em! —Were not the powers of Nature ſtronger than thoſe of Diſcretion, and were not that buſy *Dea Bona* to afford her genial aids, till tardy Prudence qualified pa-

rents to *manage* their future offspring, how few people would have children!

James and Arabella may have *their* motives; but what can be ſaid for a Father acting as *this* Father has acted? What for a Mother? What for an Aunt? What for Uncles?—Who can have patience with ſuch fellows and fellow-eſſes?

Soon will the Fair-one hear how high their fooliſh reſentments run againſt her: And then will ſhe, it is to be hoped, have a little more confidence in me. Then will I be jealous that ſhe loves me not with the preference my heart builds upon: Then will I bring her to confeſſions of grateful Love: And then will I kiſs her when I pleaſe; and not ſtand trembling, as now, like an hungry hound, who ſees a delicious morſel within his reach (the froth hanging about his vermilion jaws) yet dares not leap at it for his life.

But I was *originally* a baſhful mortal. Indeed I am baſhful ſtill with regard to this Lady—Baſhful, yet know the Sex ſo well!—But that indeed is the *reaſon* that I know it ſo well:—For, Jack, I have had abundant cauſe, when I have looked into *myſelf*, by way of compariſon with the *other* Sex, to conclude, that a baſhful man has a good deal of the ſoul of a woman; and ſo, like Tireſias, can tell what they think, and what they drive at, as well as themſelves.

The modeſt ones and I, particularly, are pretty much upon a par. The difference between us is only, What They *think*, I *act*. But the immodeſt ones out-do the worſt of us by a bar's length, both in thinking and acting.

One argument let me plead in proof of my aſſertion; That even we Rakes love modeſty in a woman; while the modeſt women as they are accounted (that is to ſay, the *ſlyeſt*) love, and generally prefer, an impudent man. Whence can this be, but from a likeneſs in nature? And this made the poet ſay, That every woman is a Rake in her heart. It concerns them, by their *actions*, to prove the contrary, if they can.

Thus have I read in ſome of the philoſophers, *That no wickedneſs is comparable to the wickedneſs of a woman (a).* Canſt thou tell me, Jack, who ſays this! Was it Socrates? For he had the devil of a Wife—Or who? Or is it Solomon!—*King* Solomon—Thou remembreſt to have read of ſuch a king, doſt thou not? SOL-O-MON, I learned in my infant ſtate (My Mother was a good woman] to anſwer, when aſked, *Who was the wiſeſt man?*—But my indulgent queſtioner never aſked me, How he came by the un-inſpired part of his wiſdom.

Come, come, Jack, you and I are not ſo very bad, could we but ſtop where we are.

He then gives the particulars of what paſſed between him and the Lady on his menaces relating to her Brother and Mr. Solmes, and of his deſign to puniſh Betty Barnes ana Joſeph Leman.

LETTER XX.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Friday, April 14.

I WILL now give you the particulars of a converſation that has juſt paſſed between Mr. Lovelace and me; which I muſt call agreeable.

It began with his telling me, that he had juſt received intelligence, that my friends were on a ſudden come to a reſolution, to lay aſide all thoughts of purſuing me, or of getting me back: And that therefore he attended me to know my pleaſure; and what I would do, or have *him* do?

I told him, that I would have him leave me directly; and that, when it was known to every-body that I was abſolutely independent of him, it would paſs, that I had left my Father's houſe becauſe of my

(*a*) Mr. Lovelace is as much out in his conjecture of Solomon, as of Socrates. The Paſſage is in Eccleſiaſticus, chap. xxv.

Brother's ill uſage of me: Which was a plea that I might make with juſtice, and to the excuſe of my Father, as well as of myſelf.

He mildly replied, that if he could be certain, that my relations would *adhere* to this their new reſolution, he could have no objection, ſince ſuch was my pleaſure: But, as he was well aſſured, that they had taken it only from apprehenſions, that a more *active* one might involve my Brother (who had breathed nothing but revenge) in ſome fatal misfortune, there was too much reaſon to believe, that they would reſume their former purpoſe the moment they ſhould think they *ſafely* might.

This, Madam, ſaid he, is a riſque I cannot run. You would think it ſtrange if I could. And yet, as ſoon as I knew they had ſo given out, I thought it proper to appriſe you of it, and to take your commands upon it.

Let me hear, ſaid I, willing to try if he had any particular view, what *you* think moſt adviſeable?

'Tis very eaſy to ſay That, if I durſt—*If I might not offend you*—If it were not to *break conditions that ſhall be inviolable with me.*

Say then, Sir, what you *would* ſay. I can approve or diſapprove, as I think fit.

Had not the man a fine opportunity here to ſpeak out?—He had. And thus he uſed it.

To wave, Madam, what I *would* ſay till I have more courage to ſpeak out [*More courage—Mr. Lovelace more courage, my dear!*]—I will only propoſe what I think will be moſt agreeable to *you*—Suppoſe, *if you chuſe not to go to Lady Betty's*, that you take a turn croſs the country to Windſor!

Why to Windſor?

Becauſe it is a pleaſant place: Becauſe it lies in the way either to Berkſhire, to Oxford, or to London: *Berkſhire*, where Lord M. is at preſent: *Oxford*, in the neighbourhood of which lives Lady Betty: *London*, whither

whither you may retire at your pleaſure: Or, if you will *have* it ſo, whither I may go, you ſtaying at Windſor; and yet be within an eaſy diſtance of you, if any-thing ſhould happen, or if your friends ſhould change their new-taken reſolution.

This propoſal, however, diſpleaſed me not. But I ſaid, My only objection was, the diſtance of Windſor from Miſs Howe, of whom I ſhould be glad to be always within two or three hours reach by a meſſenger, if poſſible.

If I had thoughts of any other place than Windſor, or nearer to Miſs Howe, he wanted but my commands, and would ſeek for proper accommodations: But, fix as I pleaſed, farther or nearer, he had ſervants, and they had nothing elſe to do but to obey me.

A grateful thing then he named to me—To ſend for my Hannah, as ſoon as I ſhould be fix'd *(a)*; unleſs I would chuſe one of the young gentlewomen *here* to attend me; both of whom, as I had acknowleged, were very obliging; and he knew I had generoſity enough to make it worth their while.

This of Hannah, he might ſee, I took very well. I ſaid, I had thoughts of ſending for her, as ſoon as I got to more convenient lodgings. As to theſe young gentlewomen, it were pity to break in upon that uſefulneſs which the whole family were of to each other; each having her proper part, and performing it with an agreeable alacrity: Inſomuch that I liked them all ſo well, that I could even paſs my days among them were he to leave me; by which means the lodgings would be more convenient to me than now they were.

He need not repeat his objections to this place, he ſaid: But as to going to Windſor, or where-ever elſe I thought fit, or as to his perſonal attendance, or leaving me, he would aſſure me (he very agreeably ſaid) that I could propoſe nothing in which I thought my

(a) See his reaſons for propoſing Windſor, p. 119, 120.—and her Hannah, p. 123, 124.

reputa-

reputation, and even my *punctilio*, concerned, that he would not chearfully come into. And ſince I was ſo much taken up with my pen, he would inſtantly order his horſe to be got ready, and would ſet out.

Not to be off my caution, Have you any acquaintance at Windſor? ſaid I.—Know you of any convenient lodgings there!

Except the Foreſt, replied he, where I have often hunted, I know the leaſt of Windſor, of any place ſo noted, and ſo pleaſant. Indeed, I have not a ſingle acquaintance there?

Upon the whole, I told him, that I thought his propoſal of Windſor not amiſs; and that I would remove thither, if I could get a lodging only for myſelf, and an upper chamber for Hannah; for that my ſtock of money was but ſmall, as was eaſy to be conceived; and I ſhould be very loth to be obliged to any body. I added, that the ſooner I removed the better; for that then he could have no objection to go to London, or Berkſhire, as he pleaſed: And I ſhould let everybody know my independence.

He again propoſed himſelf, in very polite terms, for my banker. But I, as civilly, declined his offer.

This converſation was to be, all of it, in the main, agreeable. He aſked, whether I would chuſe to lodge in the town of Windſor, or out of it?

As near the caſtle, I ſaid, as poſſible, for the convenience of going conſtantly to the public worſhip: An opportunity I had been long deprived of.

He ſhould be very glad, he told me, if he could procure me accommodations in any one of the Canons houſes; which he imagined would be more agreeable to me than any other, on many accounts. And as he could depend upon my promiſe, Never to have any other man but himſelf, on the condition to which he had ſo chearfully ſubſcribed, he ſhould be eaſy; ſince it was now his part, *in earneſt*, to ſet about recommending himſelf to my favour, by the *only* way he knew

knew it could be done. Adding, with a very ſerious air—I am but a young man, Madam; but I have run a long courſe: Let not your purity of mind incline you to deſpiſe me for the acknowlegement. It is high time to be weary of it, and to reform; ſince, like Solomon, I can ſay, There is nothing new under the Sun: But that it is my belief, that a life of virtue can afford ſuch pleaſures, on reflection, as will be for ever blooming, for ever new!

I was agreeably ſurpriſed. I looked at him, I believe, as if I doubted my ears and my eyes. His aſpect however became his words.

I expreſſed my ſatisfaction in terms ſo agreeable to him, that he ſaid, he found a delight in this early dawning of a better day to him, and in *my* approbation, which he had never received from the ſucceſs of the moſt favoured of his purſuits.

Surely, my dear, the man *muſt* be in earneſt. He could not have *ſaid* this; he could not have *thought* it, had he not. What followed made me ſtill readier to believe him.

In the midſt of my wild vagaries, ſaid he, I have ever preſerved a reverence for Religion, and for Religious men. I always called another cauſe, when any of my libertine companions, in purſuance of Lord Shafteſbury's teſt (which is a part of the Rake's Creed, and what I may call *The Whetſtone of Infidelity*) endeavoured to turn the ſacred ſubject into ridicule. On this very account I have been called by good men of the Clergy, who nevertheleſs would have it, that I was a *practical* Rake, *The decent Rake:* And indeed I had too much pride in my ſhame, to diſown the name of *Rake.*

This, Madam, I am the readier to confeſs, as it may give you hope, that the generous taſk of my Reformation, which I flatter myſelf you will have the goodneſs to undertake, will not be ſo difficult a one as you may have imagined; for it has afforded me ſome pleaſure in

in my retired hours, when a temporary remorſe has ſtruck me for any thing I have done amiſs, that I ſhould *one* day take delight in another courſe of life: For, unleſs we *can*, I dare ſay, no durable *good* is to be expected from the endeavour. Your example, Madam, muſt do all, muſt confirm all *(a)*.

The divine Grace, or Favour, Mr. Lovelace, muſt do All, and confirm All. You know not how much you pleaſe me, that I can talk to you in this dialect.

And I then thought of his generoſity to his pretty Ruſtic; and of his kindneſs to his Tenants.

Yet, Madam, be pleaſed to remember one thing: Reformation cannot be a *ſudden* work. I have infinite vivacity: It is That which runs away with me. Judge, deareſt Madam, by what I am going to confeſs, that I have a prodigious way to journey on, before a good perſon will think me tolerable; ſince, tho' I have read in ſome of our *Perfectioniſts* enough to make a better man than myſelf either run into madneſs or deſpair about the Grace you mention; yet I cannot enter into the meaning of the word, nor into the modus of its operation. Let me not then be checked, when I mention *your* example for my *viſible* reliance; and inſtead of uſing ſuch words, till I can better underſtand them, ſuppoſe all the reſt included in the profeſſion of *that* reliance.

I told him, that, altho' I was ſomewhat concerned at his expreſſion, and ſurpriſed at ſo much *darkneſs*, as (for want of another word) I would call it, in a man of his talents and learning; yet I was pleaſed with his Ingenuouſneſs. I wiſhed him to encourage this way of thinking. I told him, that his obſervation, that no *durable* good was to be expected from any new courſe where there was not a *delight* taken in it, was juſt: But that the delight would follow by uſe.

And twenty things of this ſort I even *preached* to

(a) That he propoſes one day to reform, and that he has ſometimes good motions, ſee Vol. I. p. 234.

him;

him; taking care, however, not to be tedious, nor to let my expanded heart give him a contracted or impatient brow. And, indeed, he took viſible pleaſure in what I ſaid, and even hung upon the ſubject, when I, to try him, once or twice, ſeemed ready to drop it: And proceeded to give me a moſt agreeable inſtance, that he could at times think both deeply and ſeriouſly. —Thus it was.

He was once, he ſaid, dangerouſly wounded in a duel, in the left arm, baring at, to ſhew me the Scar: That this (notwithſtanding a great effuſion of blood, it being upon an artery) was followed by a violent fever, which at laſt fixed upon his ſpirits; and *that* ſo obſtinately, that neither did *he* deſire life, nor his *friends* expect it: That, for a month together, his heart, as he thought, was ſo totally changed, that he deſpiſed his former courſes; and particularly that raſhneſs, which had brought him to the ſtate he was in, and his antagoniſt (who, however, was the aggreſſor) into a much worſe: That in this ſpace he had thoughts which at times ſtill give him pleaſure to reflect upon: And altho' theſe promiſing proſpects changed, as he recovered health and ſpirits, yet he parted with them with ſo much reluctance, that he could not help ſhewing it in a copy of verſes, *truly blank* ones, he ſaid; ſome of which he repeated, and (advantaged by the grace which he gives to every-thing he repeats) I thought them very tolerable ones; the ſentiments, however, much graver than I expected from him.

He has promiſed me a copy of the lines; and then I ſhall judge better of their merit; and ſo ſhall you. The tendency of them was, "That, ſince ſickneſs "only gave him a proper train of thinking, and that "his reſtored health brought with it a return of his "evil habits, he was ready to renounce the gifts of "Nature for thoſe of Contemplation."

He farther declared, that altho' theſe good motions went off (as he had owned) on his recovery, yet he had

had better hopes now, from the influence of my example, and from the reward before him, if he perſevered: And that he was the more hopeful, that he ſhould, as his preſent reſolution was made in a full tide of health and ſpirits; and when he had nothing to wiſh for but perſeverance, to entitle himſelf to my favour.

I will not throw cold water, Mr. Lovelace, ſaid I, on a riſing flame: But look to it! For I ſhall endeavour to keep you up to this ſpirit. I ſhall meaſure your value of me by this teſt: And I would have you bear thoſe charming lines of Mr. Rowe for ever in your mind; you, who have, by your own confeſſion, ſo much to repent of; and as the Scar, indeed, you ſhewed me, will, in one inſtance, remind you to your dying day.

The lines, my dear, are from the Poet's Ulyſſes: You have heard me often admire them; and I repeated them to him:

Habitual *evils change not on a* ſudden;
But many *days muſt paſs, and* many *ſorrows*;
Conſcious remorſe and anguiſh muſt *be felt,*
To curb deſire, to break the ſtubborn will,
And work a ſecond nature in the ſoul,
Ere Virtue can reſume the place ſhe loſt:
'Tis elſe DISSIMULATION—

He had often read theſe lines, he ſaid; but never *taſted* them before.—By his *Soul* (the unmortified creature ſwore) and as *he hoped to be ſaved*, he was *now* in earneſt in his good reſolutions. He had ſaid, *before* I repeated theſe lines from Rowe, that habitual evils could not be changed on a *ſudden:* But he hoped, he ſhould not be thought a *diſſembler*, if he were not enabled to *hold* his good purpoſes; ſince ingratitude and diſſimulation were vices that of all others he abhorred.

May you ever abhor them, ſaid I. They are the moſt odious of all vices.

I hope, my dear Miſs Howe, I ſhall not have occaſion,

caſion, in my future Letters, to contradict theſe promiſing appearances. Should I have *nothing* on his ſide to combat with, I ſhall be very far from being happy, from the ſenſe of my fault, and the indignation of all my relations.—So ſhall not fail of condign puniſhment for it, from my inward remorſe on account of my forfeited character. But the leaſt ray of hope could nor dart in upon me, without my being willing to lay hold of the very firſt opportunity to communicate it to *you*, who take ſo generous a ſhare in all my concerns.

Nevertheleſs, you may depend upon it, my dear, that theſe agreeable aſſurances, and hopes of his begun Reformation, ſhall not make me forget my caution. Not that I think, at worſt, any more than you, that he dare to harbour a thought injurious to my honour: But he is very various, and there is an *apparent*, and even an *acknowleged* unfixedneſs in his temper, which, at times, gives me uneaſineſs. I am reſolved therefore to keep him at diſtance from my perſon and my thoughts, as much as I can: For whether *all* men are or are not encroachers, I am ſure Mr. Lovelace is one.

Hence it is, that I have always caſt about, and will continue to caſt about, what ends he may have in view from *this* propoſal, or from *that* report. In a word, tho' hopeful of the *beſt*, I will always be fearful of the *worſt*, in every-thing that admits of doubt. For it is better, in ſuch a ſituation as mine, to apprehend without cauſe, than to ſubject myſelf to ſuprize for want of forethought.

Mr. Lovelace is gone to Windſor, having left two ſervants to attend me. He purpoſes to be back to-morrow.

I have written to my Aunt Hervey, to ſupplicate her intereſt in my behalf, for my cloaths, books, and money; ſignifying to her, 'That, if I may be re-'ſtored to the favour of my family, and allowed a 'Negative only, as to any man who may be propoſed

'to

'to me, and be uſed like a Daughter, a Niece, and a 'Siſter, I will ſtand by my offer to live ſingle, and 'ſubmit, as I ought, to a Negative from my Father.' Intimating nevertheleſs, 'That it were perhaps better, 'after the uſage I have received from my Brother and 'Siſter, that I may be allowed to be diſtant from 'them, as well for their ſakes as for my own' (meaning, as I ſuppoſe it will be taken, at my Dairy-houſe) —offering, 'to take my Father's directions, as to the 'manner I ſhall live in, the ſervants I ſhall have, and 'in every-thing that ſhall ſhew the dutiful ſubordination to which I am willing to conform.'

My Aunt will know by my Letter to my Siſter how to direct to me, if ſhe be permitted to favour me with a line.

I am equally earneſt *with her* in *this* Letter, as I was with my *Siſter* in *That* I wrote to *her*, to obtain for me a ſpeedy Reconciliation, that I may not be further precipitated; intimating, 'That, by a timely le-'nity, all may paſs for a miſunderſtanding only, which, 'otherwiſe, will be thought equally diſgraceful to 'them, and to me; appealing to her for the neceſſity 'I was under to do what I did.'—

Had I owned, that I was over-reached, and forced away againſt my intention, might they not, as a proof of the truth of my aſſertion, have inſiſted upon my immediate return to them? And if I did *not* return, would they not have reaſon to ſuppoſe, that I had *now* altered my mind (if ſuch *were* my mind) or had not the *power* to return?—Then were I to have gone back, muſt it not have been upon their own terms? *No conditioning with a Father!* is a maxim with my Father, and with my Uncles. If I would have gone, Mr. Lovelace would have oppoſed it. So I muſt have been under his controul, or have run away *from* him, as it is ſuppoſed I did *to* him from Harlowe-Place. In what a giddy light would this have made me appear!—Had he conſtrained me,

could

could I have appealed to my friends for *their* protection, without riſquing the very conſequences, to prevent which (ſetting up myſelf preſumptuouſly, as a middle perſon between flaming ſpirits) I have run into ſuch terrible inconveniencies.

But, after all, muſt it not give me great anguiſh of mind, to be forced to ſanctify, as I may ſay, by my ſeeming *after*-approbation, a meaſure I was ſo artfully tricked into, and which I was ſo much reſolved not to take?

How one evil brings on another, is ſorrowfully witneſſed to, by

Your ever-obliged and affectionate

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXI.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Friday, April 14.

THOU haſt often reproached me, Jack, with my vanity, without diſtinguiſhing the humorous turn that accompanies it; and for which, at the ſame time, that thou robbeſt me of the merit of it, thou admireſt me highly. *Envy* gives thee the *indiſtinction: Nature* inſpires the *admiration:* Unknown to thyſelf it inſpires it. But thou art too clumſy and too ſhort-ſighted a mortal, to know how to account even for the impulſes by which thou thyſelf art moved.

Well, but this acquits thee not of my charge of vanity, Lovelace, methinks thou ſayeſt.

And true thou ſayeſt: For I have indeed a confounded parcel of it. But, if men of parts may not be allowed to be vain, who ſhould? And yet, upon ſecond thoughts, men of parts have the leaſt occaſion of any to be vain; ſince the world (ſo few of *them* are there in it) are ready to find them out, and extol them. If a fool can be made ſenſible, that there is a man who has more underſtanding than *himſelf*, he is ready enough to

to conclude, that ſuch a man muſt be a very extraordinary creature.

And what, at this rate, is the general concluſion to be drawn from the premiſes?—Is it not, That *no* man ought to be vain? But what if a man can't help it!—This, perhaps, may be *my* caſe. But there is nothing upon which I value myſelf ſo much as upon my *Inventions*. And for the ſoul of me, I cannot help letting it be ſeen, that I *do*. Yet this vanity may be a means, perhaps, to overthrow me with this ſagacious Lady.

She is very apprehenſive of me, I ſee. I have ſtudied before her and Miſs Howe, as often as I have been with them, to paſs for a giddy thoughtleſs creature. What a folly then to be ſo *expatiatingly* ſincere, in my anſwer to her home Put, upon the noiſes within the garden?—But ſuch ſucceſs having attended that contrivance [Succeſs, Jack, has blown many a man up!] my curſed *vanity* got uppermoſt, and kept down my *caution*. The menace to have ſecreted Solmes, and that other, that I had thoughts to run away with her fooliſh Brother, and of my project to revenge her upon the two ſervants, ſo much terrified the dear creature, that I was forced to ſit down to muſe after means to put myſelf right in her opinion.

Some favourable incidents, at the time, tumbled in from my agent in her family; at leaſt ſuch as I was determined to *make* favourable: And therefore I deſired admittance; and this before ſhe could reſolve anything againſt me; that is to ſay, while her admiration of my intrepidity kept reſolution in ſuſpenſe.

Accordingly, I prepared myſelf to be all gentleneſs, all obligingneſs, all ſerenity; and as I have now-and-then, and always *had*, more or leſs, good motions pop up in my mind, I encouraged and collected every-thing of this ſort that I had ever had from Novicehood to Maturity [*Not long in recollecting, Jack*] in order to bring the dear creature into good humour with me:

me *(a)*: And who knows, thought I, if I can hold it, and proceed, but I may be able to lay a foundation fit to build my grand ſcheme upon?—Love, thought I, is not *naturally* a doubter: Fear is: I will try to baniſh the latter: Nothing then but Love will remain. Credulity is the God of Love's *prime miniſter*; and they never are aſunder.

He then acquaints his friend with what paſſed between him and the Lady, in relation to his advices from Harlowe-Place, and to his propoſal about lodgings, pretty much to the ſame purpoſe as in her preceding Letter.

When he comes to mention his propoſal of the Windſor lodgings, thus he expreſſes himſelf:

Now, Belford, can it enter into thy leaden head, what I meant by this propoſal!—I know it cannot. And ſo I'll tell thee.

To leave her for a day or two, with a view *to ſerve her by my abſence*, would, as I thought, look like confiding in her favour. I could not think of leaving her, thou knoweſt, while I had reaſon to believe her friends would purſue us; and I began to apprehend, that ſhe would ſuſpect, that I made a pretence of that intentional purſuit, to keep about her and with her. But now that they had declared againſt it, and that they would *not* receive her if ſhe went back (a declaration ſhe had better hear firſt from me, than from Miſs Howe, or any other) what ſhould hinder me from giving her this mark of my obedience; eſpecially as I could leave Will. who is a clever fellow, and can do any-thing but write and ſpell, and Lord M.'s Jonas (not as guards, to be ſure, but as attendants only); the latter to be diſpatched to me occaſionally by the former, whom I could acquaint with my motions?

Then I wanted to inform myſelf, why I had not

(a) He had ſaid, p. 89, that he would make Reformation his Stalking-horſe, *&c.*

con-

congratulatory Letters from Lady Sarah and Lady Betty, and from my Couſins Montague, to whom I had written, glorying in my Beloved's eſcape; which Letters, if properly worded, might be made neceſſary to ſhew her as matters proceed.

As to Windſor, I had no deſign to carry her particularly thither: But ſomewhere it was proper to name, as ſhe condeſcended to aſk my advice about it. London, I durſt not; but very cautiouſly; and ſo as to make it her own option: For I muſt tell thee, that there is ſuch a perverſeneſs in the Sex, that, when they aſk your advice, they do it only to know your opinion, that they may oppoſe it; tho' had not the thing in queſtion been *your* choice, perhaps it had been *theirs*.

I could eaſily give reaſons *againſt* Windſor, after I had pretended to be there; and this would have looked the better, as it was a place of my own nomination; and ſhewn her, that I had no fixed ſcheme. Never was there in woman ſuch a ſagacious, ſuch an all-alive apprehenſion, as in this. Yet it is a grevious thing to an honeſt man to be ſuſpected.

Then, in my going or return, I can call upon Mrs. Greme. She and my Beloved had a great deal of talk together. If I knew what it was about; and that *Either*, upon their firſt acquaintance, was for benefiting herſelf by the *Other*; I might contrive to ſerve them *both*, without hurting *myſelf:* For theſe are the moſt prudent ways of doing friendſhips, and what are not followed by regrets, tho' the *Serviced* ſhould prove ingrateful. Then Mrs. Greme correſponds by pen and ink with her Farmer-ſiſter where we are: Something may poſſibly ariſe that way, either of a convenient nature, *which I may purſue*; or of an inconvenient, *which I may avoid.*

Always be careful of back-doors, is a maxim with me in all my exploits. Whoever knows me, knows that I am no proud man. I can talk as familiarly to ſervants

vants as to principles, when I have a mind to make it worth their while to oblige me in any-thing. Then ſervants are but as the common ſoldiers in an army: They do all the miſchief; frequently without malice, and merely, *good ſouls!* for miſchief-ſake.

I am moſt apprehenſive about Miſs Howe. She has a confounded deal of wit, and wants only a ſubject, to ſhew as much roguery: And ſhould I be outwitted, with all my ſententious, boaſting conceit of my own *noſtrum-mongerſhip*—[*I love to plague thee, who art a pretender to accuracy, and a* ſurface-ſkimmer *in learning, with* out-of-the-way *words and phraſes*] I ſhould certainly hang, drown, or ſhoot myſelf.

Poor Hickman! I pity him for the proſpect he has with ſuch a virago! But the fellow's a fool, God wot! And now I think of it, it is abſolutely neceſſary for complete happineſs in the married State, that one *ſhould* be a fool [An argument I once held with this very Miſs Howe]. But then the fool ſhould *know* the other's ſuperiority; otherwiſe the obſtinate one will diſappoint the wiſe one.

But my agent Joſeph has helped me to ſecure this quarter, as I have hinted to thee more than once.

LETTER XXII.

Mr. Lovelace, *To* John Belford, *Eſq*; *In Continuation.*

BUT is it not a confounded thing, that I cannot faſten an obligation upon this proud Beauty? I have two motives, in endeavouring to prevail upon her to accept of Money and Raiment from me: One, the real pleaſure I ſhould have in the accommodating of the haughty maid; and to think there was ſomething near her, and upon her, that I could call *mine*: The other, in order to abate her ſeverity, and humble her a little.

Nothing more effectually brings down a proud ſpi-

rit, than a ſenſe of lying under pecuniary obligations. This has always made me ſolicitous to avoid laying myſelf under any ſuch: Yet ſometimes formerly have I been put to it, and curſed the tardy revolution of the quarterly periods. And yet I ever made ſhift to avoid anticipations: *I never would eat the calf in the cow's belly*, as Lord M.'s phraſe is: For what is that, but to hold our Lands upon *Tenant-courteſy*, the vileſt of all Tenures? To be denied a fox-chaſe, for fear of breaking down a fence, upon my own grounds? To be clamoured at for repairs *ſtudied* for, rather than *really wanted?* To be prated to by a bumkin with his hat on, and his arms folded, as if he defied your expectations of that ſort; his foot firmly fixed, as if upon his own ground, and you forced to take his arch leers, and ſtupid gybes; he intimating by the whole of his conduct, that he had had it in his power to oblige you, and, if you behave civilly, may oblige you again?—I, who think I have a right to break every man's head I paſs by, if I like not his looks, to bear this! —No more could I do it, than I could borrow of an inſolent Uncle, or inquiſitive Aunt, who would thence think themſelves entitled to have an account of all my life and actions laid before them for their review and cenſure.

My Charmer, I ſee has a pride like my own: But ſhe has no *diſtinction* in her pride: Nor knows the pretty fool, that there is nothing nobler, nothing more delightful than for Lovers to be conferring and receiving obligations from each other. In this very Farmyard, to give thee a familiar inſtance, I have more than once ſeen this remark illuſtrated. A ſtrutting raſcal of a cock have I beheld chuck, chuck, chuck-ing his miſtreſs to him, when he has found a ſingle barley-corn, taking it up with his bill, and letting it drop five or ſix times, ſtill repeating his chucking invitation: And when two or three of his feathered ladies ſtrive who ſhould be the firſt for't [*O Jack! a Cock is a Grand Signor of a Bird!*] he directs the bill of

of the foremoſt to it; and when ſhe has got the dirty pearl, he ſtruts over her with an erected creſt, and with an exulting chuck--a chuck-aw-aw-w, circling round her, with dropt wings, ſweeping the duſt in humble courtſhip: While the obliged ſhe, half-ſhy, half-willing, by her cowring tail, prepared wings, yet ſeeming affrighted eyes, and contracted neck, lets one ſee, that ſhe knows the barley corn was not all he called her for.

When he comes to that part of his narrative, where he mentions the propoſing of the Lady's maid Hannah, *or one of the young Sorlings's, to attend her, thus he writes:*

Now, Belford, canſt thou imagine what I meant by propoſing Hannah, or one of the girls here, for her attendant; I'll give thee a month to gueſs.

Thou wilt not pretend to gueſs, thou ſay'ſt.

Well, then, I'll tell thee.

Believing ſhe would certainly propoſe to have that favourite wench about her, as ſoon as ſhe was a little ſettled, I had cauſed the girl to be enquired after, with an intent to make intereſt, ſome how or other, that a month's warning ſhould be inſiſted on by her maſter or miſtreſs, or by ſome other means, which I had not determined upon, to prevent her coming to her. But fortune fights for me. The wench is luckily ill; a violent rheumatic diſorder, which has obliged her to leave her place, confines her to her chamber. Poor Hannah! How I pity the girl! Theſe things are very hard upon induſtrious ſervants!—I intend to make the poor wench a ſmall preſent on the occaſion—I know it will oblige my Charmer.

And ſo, Jack, *pretending not to know any-thing of the matter*, I preſſed her to ſend for Hannah. She knew I had always a regard for this ſervant, becauſe of her honeſt love to her Lady: But *now* I have a greater regard for her than ever. Calamity, tho' a poor ſer-

vant's calamity, will rather encreaſe than diminiſh good-will, with a truly generous maſter or miſtreſs.

As to one of the young Sorlings's attendance, there was nothing at all in propoſing that; for if either of them had been choſen by *her*, and permitted by the *Mother* [*Two chances in that!*] it would have been only till I had fixed upon another. And if afterwards they had been loth to part, I could eaſily have given my Beloved a jealouſy, which would have done the buſineſs; or to the girl, who would have quitted her *Country dairy*, ſuch a reliſh for a *London one*, as would have made it very convenient for her to fall in love with Will.; or perhaps I could have done ſtill better for her with Lord M.'s Chaplain, who is very deſirous of ſtanding well with his Lord's preſumptive heir.

A bleſſing on thy honeſt heart, Lovelace! thou'lt ſay; for thou art for providing for every-body!

He gives an account of the ſerious part of their converſation, with no great variation from the Lady's account of it: And when he comes to that part of it, where he bids her remember, that Reformation cannot be a ſudden thing, he aſks his friend;

Is not this fair play? Is it not dealing ingenueuſly? Then the obſervation, I will be bold to ſay, is founded in *truth* and *nature*. But there was a little touch of *policy* in it beſides; that the Lady, if I ſhould fly out again, ſhould not think me too groſs an hypocrite: For, as I plainly told her, I was afraid, that my fits of Reformation were *but* Fits and Sallies; but I hoped her Example would fix them into Habits. But it is ſo diſcouraging a thing, to have my monitreſs ſo very good!—I proteſt I know not how to look up at her! Now, as I am thinking, if I could pull her down a little nearer to my own level; that is to ſay, could prevail upon her to do ſomething that would argue *imperfection*, ſomething *to repent of*; we ſhould jog on much more equally, and be better able to comprehend

one

one another: And ſo the comfort would be mutual and the remorſe not all on one ſide.

He acknowleges, that he was greatly affected and pleaſed with the Lady's ſerious arguments at the time: But even then *was apprehenſive that his temper would not hold. Thus he writes:*

This Lady ſays ſerious things in ſo agreeable a manner (and then her voice is all harmony when ſhe touches a ſubject ſhe is pleaſed with) that I could have liſtened to her for half a day together. But yet I am afraid, if ſhe *falls*, as they call it, ſhe will loſe a good deal of that *pathos*, of that noble ſelf-confidence, which gives a good perſon, as I now ſee, a viſible ſuperiority over one *not* ſo good.

But, after all, Belford, I would fain know why people call ſuch free-livers as you and me *hypocrites*.—That's a word I hate; and ſhould take it very ill to be called by it. For myſelf, I have as good motions, and perhaps have them as frequently, as any-body: All the buſineſs is, they don't hold; or, to ſpeak more in character, *I don't take the care ſome do, to conceal my lapſes.*

LETTER XXIII.

Miſs Howe, *To Miſs* Clarissa Harlowe.

Saturday, April 15.

THO' pretty much preſſed in time, and oppreſſed by my Mother's watchfulneſs, I will write a few lines upon the new light that has broken in upon your gentleman; and ſend it by a particular hand.

I know not what to think of him upon it. He talks well; but judge him by Rowe's lines, he is certainly a *diſſembler*, odious as the ſin of Hypocriſy, and, as he ſays, that other of Ingratitude, are to him.

And pray, my dear, let me aſk, Could he have triumphed, as it is ſaid he has done, over ſo many of

our Sex, had he not been egregiouſly guilty of *both* ſins?

His Ingenuouſneſs is the thing that ſtaggers me: Yet is he cunning enough to know, that whoever accuſes himſelf firſt, blunts the edge of an adverſary's accuſation.

He is certainly a man of ſenſe: There is more hope of ſuch a one, than of a fool: And there muſt be a *beginning* to a Reformation. Theſe I will allow in his favour.

But this, that follows, I think, is the only way to judge of his ſpecious confeſſions and ſelf-accuſations—Does he confeſs any thing that you knew not before, or that you are not likely to find out from others?—If nothing elſe, what does he confeſs to his own diſadvantage? You have heard of his Duels; You have heard of his Seductions.—All the world has. He *owns* therefore what it would be to no purpoſe to *conceal*; and his Ingenuouſneſs is a Salvo—'Why, this, Ma'dam, is no more than Mr. Lovelace *himſelf* ac'knowleges.'

Well, but, what is now to be done?—You muſt make the beſt of your ſituation: And as you ſay, ſo ſay I, I hope that will not be bad: For I like all that he has propoſed to you of Windſor, and his Canon's houſe. His readineſs to leave you, and go himſelf in queſt of a lodging, likewiſe looks well. And I think there is nothing can be ſo properly done, as (whether you get to a Canon's houſe or not) that the Canon ſhould join you together in wedlock as ſoon as poſſible.

I much approve, however, of all your cautions, of all your vigilance, and of every-thing you have done, but of your *meeting him*. Yet, in my diſapprobation of that, I judge by the *event* only; for who would have divined, it would have concluded as it did? But he is the devil, by his own account: And had he run away with the wretched Solmes, and your more wretched

wretched Brother, and been himſelf tranſported for life, he ſhould have had my free conſent for all three.

What uſe does he make of that Joſeph Leman!--His Ingenuouſneſs, I muſt once more ſay, confounds me; but if, my dear, you can forgive your Brother for the part he put that fellow upon acting, I don't know whether you ought to be angry at Lovelace: Yet I have wiſhed fifty times, ſince Lovelace got you away, that you were rid of him, whether it were by a burning Fever, by Hanging, by Drowning, or by a broken Neck; provided it were before he laid you under a Neceſſity to go into mourning for him.

I repeat my hitherto-rejected offer. May I ſend it ſafely by your old man? I have reaſons for not ſending it by Hickman's ſervant; unleſs I had a Bank Note. Enquiring for ſuch may cauſe diſtruſt. My Mother is ſo buſy, ſo inquiſitive—I don't love ſuſpicious tempers.

And here ſhe is continually in and out—I muſt break off.

Mr. Hickman begs his moſt reſpectful compliments to you, with offers of his ſervices. I told him I would oblige him, becauſe minds in trouble take kindly anybody's civilities: But that he was not to imagine that he particularly obliged me by this; ſince I ſhould think the man or woman either blind or ſtupid who admired not a perſon of your exalted merit for your own ſake, and wiſhed not to ſerve you without view to other reward than the honour of ſerving you.

To be ſure, that was his principal motive, with great daintineſs he ſaid it: But with a kiſs of his hand, and a bow to my feet, he hoped, that that fine Lady's being *my friend* did not leſſen the merit of the reverence he really had for her.

Believe me ever, what you, my dear, ſhall ever find me,

Your faithful and affectionate,

Anna Howe.

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LETTER XXIV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Sat. Afternoon.

I Detain your meſſenger while I write in anſwer to yours; the poor old man not being very well.

You diſhearten me a good deal about Mr. Lovelace. I may be too willing from my ſad circumſtances, to think the beſt of him. If his pretences to Reformation are *but* pretences, what muſt be his intent? But can the heart of man be ſo very vile? Can he, *dare* he, mock the Almighty? But may I not, from one very ſad reflection, think better of him; That I am thrown too much into his power, to make it *neceſſary* for him (except he were to intend the *very utmoſt* villany by me) to be ſuch a ſhocking hypocrite? He muſt, at leaſt, be in earneſt, at the *time* he gives the better hopes. Surely he muſt. You yourſelf muſt join with me in this hope, or you could not wiſh me to be ſo dreadfully yoked.

But after all, I had rather, much rather, be independent of him, and of his family, altho' I have an high opinion of him; at leaſt till I ſee what my own may be brought to.—Otherwiſe, I think, it were beſt for me, at once, to caſt myſelf into Lady Betty's protection. All would then be conducted with decency, and perhaps many mortifications would be ſpared me. But then I muſt be *his*, at all adventures, and be thought to defy my own family. And ſhall I not firſt ſee the iſſue of *one* application? And yet I cannot make this, till I am ſettled ſomewhere, and at a diſtance from him.

Mrs. Sorlings ſhewed me a Letter this morning, which ſhe had received from her Siſter Greme laſt night; in which Mrs. Greme (hoping I will forgive her forward zeal, if her Siſter thinks fit to ſhew her Letter to me) 'wiſhes (and that for all the noble fa-

'mily's

'mily's ſake, and ſhe hopes ſhe may ſay for my own) 'that I will be pleaſed to yield to make his Honour, 'as ſhe calls him, happy.' She grounds her *officiouſneſs*, as ſhe calls it, upon what he was ſo *condeſcending* [her word alſo] to ſay to her yeſterday, in his way to Windſor, on her *preſuming* to aſk, If ſhe might ſoon give him joy? 'That no man ever loved a woman as 'he loves me: That no woman ever ſo well deſerved 'to be beloved: That in every converſation, he ad-'mires me ſtill more: That he loves me with ſuch a 'purity, as he had never believed himſelf capable of, 'or that a mortal creature could have inſpired him 'with; looking upon me as all *ſoul*; as an angel ſent 'down to ſave *his*;' and a great deal more of this ſort: 'But that he apprehends, my conſent to make 'him happy is at a greater diſtance than he wiſhes. 'And complained of the too ſevere reſtrictions I had 'laid upon him before I honoured him with my *con-'fidence:* Which reſtrictions *muſt be as ſacred to him, 'as if they were parts of the marriage contract*, &c.'

What, my dear, ſhall I ſay to this? How ſhall I take it? Mrs. Greme is a good woman. Mrs. Sorlings is a good woman. And this Letter agrees with the converſation between Mr. Lovelace and me, which I thought, and ſtill think, ſo agreeable *(a)*. Yet what means the man by *foregoing the opportunities he has had to declare himſelf?*—What mean his *complaints of my reſtrictions* to Mrs. Greme? He is not a baſhful man.—But you ſay, I inſpire people with an awe of me.—An awe, my dear!—As how?

I am quite petulant, fretful, and peeviſh, with myſelf, at times, to find, that I am bound to ſee the workings of this *ſubtle*, or this *giddy* ſpirit; which ſhall I call it?

How am I puniſhed, as I frequently think, for my

(a) This Letter Mrs. Greme (with no bad deſign on her part) was put upon writing by Mr. Lovelace himſelf, as will be ſeen Letter xxxi.

vanity, in hoping to be an *Example* to young perſons of my Sex! Let me be but a *Warning*, and I will now be contented. For, be my deſtiny what it may, I ſhall never be able to hold up my head again among my beſt friends and worthieſt companions.

It is one of the cruelleſt circumſtances that attends the faults of the Inconſiderate, that ſhe makes all who love her unhappy, and gives joy only to her own enemies, and to the enemies of her family.

What an uſeful leſſon would this afford, were it properly inculcated at the time that the *tempted mind* was balancing upon a doubtful adventure?

You know not, my dear, the worth of a virtuous man; and, noble-minded as you are in moſt particulars, you partake of the common weakneſs of human nature, in being apt to ſlight what is in your own power.

You would not think of uſing Mr. Lovelace, were he your ſuitor, as you do the much worthier Mr. Hickman—Would you?—You know who ſays in my Mother's caſe, 'Much *will* bear, much *ſhall* bear, all 'the world through *(a)*.' Mr. Hickman, I fancy, would be glad to know the Lady's Name, who made ſuch an obſervation. He would think it hardly poſſible, but ſuch a one ſhould benefit by her own remark; and would be apt to wiſh his Miſs Howe acquainted with her.

Gentleneſs of heart, ſurely, is not deſpicable in a man. Why, if it be, is the higheſt diſtinction a man can arrive at, that of a *Gentleman?*—A diſtinction which a Prince may not deſerve. For manners, more than Birth, Fortune, or Title, are requiſite in this character. Manners are indeed the eſſence of it. And ſhall it be generally ſaid, and Miſs Howe not be an exception to it (as once you wrote) that our Sex are beſt dealt with by boiſterous and unruly ſpirits *(b)*?

Forgive me, my dear; and love me as you uſed to

(a) See Vol. I. p. 58. *(b)* See Vol. II. p. 12.

do.

do. For altho' my Fortunes are changed, my Heart is not: Nor ever will, while it bids my pen tell you, that it muſt ceaſe to beat, when it is not as much yours, as

Your

CLARISSA HARLOWE'S.

LETTER XXV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Saturday Evening.

MR. Lovelace has ſeen divers apartments at Windſor; but not one, he ſays, that he thought fit for me, and which at the ſame time anſwered my deſcription.

He has been very ſolicitous to keep to the Letter of my inſtructions: Which looks well: And the better I liked him, as, altho' he propoſed that town, he came back, diſſuading me from it: For he ſaid, that, in his journey from thence, he had thought Windſor, altho' of his own propoſal, a wrong choice; becauſe I coveted privacy, and that was a place generally viſited and admired *(a)*.

I told him, that if Mrs. Sorlings thought me not an incumbrance, I would be willing to ſtay here a little longer; provided he would leave me, and go to Lord M.'s, or to London, which-ever he thought beſt.

He hoped, he ſaid, that he might ſuppoſe me abſolutely ſafe from the inſults or attempts of my Brother; and therefore, if it ſhould make me eaſier, he would obey, for a few days at leaſt.

He again propoſed to ſend for Hannah. I told him I deſigned to do ſo, thro' you—And ſhall I beg of you, my dear, to cauſe the honeſt creature to be ſent to? Your faithful Robert, I think, knows where ſhe is. Perhaps ſhe will be permitted to quit her place directly, by allowing a month's wages, which I will repay her.

(*a*) This inference of the Lady in his favour is exactly what he had hoped for. See p. 120.

He took notice of the ſerious humour he found me in, and of the redneſs of my eyes. I had juſt been anſwering your Letter; and had he not approached me, on his coming off his journey, in a very reſpectful manner; had he not made an unexceptionable report of his enquiries, and been ſo ready to go from me, at the very firſt word; I was prepared (notwithſtanding the good terms we parted upon when he ſet out for Windſor) to have given him a very unwelcome reception: For the contents of your laſt Letter had ſo affected me, that the moment I ſaw him, I beheld with indignation the ſeducer, who had been the cauſe of all the evils I ſuffer, and have ſuffered.

He hinted to me, that he had received a Letter from Lady Betty, and another (as I underſtood him) from one of the Miſs Montagues. If they take notice of *me* in them, I wonder that he did not acquaint me with the contents. I am afraid, my dear, that his relations are among thoſe, who think I have taken a raſh and inexcuſeable ſtep. It is not to my *credit* to let *even them* know, how I have been *frighted out of myſelf*: And yet perhaps they would hold me unworthy of their alliance, if they were to think my flight a voluntary one. O my dear, how uneaſy to us are our reflections upon every doubtful occurrence, when we know we have been prevailed upon to do a wrong thing!

Sunday Morning.

AH! this man, my dear! We have had warmer dialogues than ever yet we have had. At fair argument, I find I need not fear him *(a)*: But he is ſuch a wild, ſuch an ungovernable creature [*He* reformed!] that I am half-afraid of him.

He again, on my declaring myſelf uneaſy at his ſtay with me here, propoſed that I would put myſelf into Lady Betty's protection; aſſuring me that he thought he could not leave me at Mrs. Sorlings's, with

(*a*) See this confirmed by Mr. Lovelace, p. 51.

with ſafety to myſelf. And upon my declining to do that, for the reaſons I gave you in my laſt *(a)*, he urged me to make a demand of my Eſtate.

He knew it, I told him, to be my reſolution not to litigate with my Father.

Nor would he put me upon it, he replied, but as the *laſt* thing. But if my ſpirit would not permit me to be *obliged*, as I called it, to any-body; and yet if my relations would refuſe me my own; he knew not how I could keep up that ſpirit, without being put to inconveniencies, which would give him infinite concern—Unleſs—unleſs—unleſs, he ſaid, heſitating, as if afraid to ſpeak out—Unleſs I would take the only method I *could* take, to obtain the poſſeſſion of my own.

What is *that*, Sir?

Sure the man ſaw by my looks, when he came with his creeping *Unleſs's*, that I gueſſed what he meant.

Ah! Madam, can you be at a loſs to know what that method is?—They will not diſpute with a *man* that right which they would conteſt with *you*.

Why ſaid he with a *man*, inſtead of with *him*? Yet he looked as if he wanted to be encouraged to ſay more.

So, Sir, you would have me to employ a Lawyer, would you, notwithſtanding what I have ever declared, as to litigating with my Father?

No, I would not, my deareſt Creature, ſnatching my hand, and preſſing it with his lips—except you would make *me* the Lawyer.

Had he ſaid *me* at firſt, I ſhould have been above the affectation of mentioning a Lawyer.

I bluſhed. The man purſued not the ſubject ſo ardently, but that it was more eaſy as well as more natural to avoid it, than to fall into it.

Would to Heaven he might, without offending! —But

(*a*) See p. 128.

—But I *ſo* over-awed him?—[*Over-awed* him—*Your (a)* notion, my dear!] And ſo the over-awed, baſhful man went off from the ſubject, repeating his propoſal, that I would demand my own Eſtate, or impower ſome man of the Law to demand it, if I *would not* [he put in] impower a happier man to demand it. But it could not be amiſs, he thought, to acquaint my two Truſtees, that I intended to aſſume it.

I ſhould know better what to do, I told him, when he was at a diſtance from me, and *known* to be ſo. I ſuppoſe, Sir, that if my Father propoſe my return, and engage never to mention Solmes to me, nor any other man, but by *my conſent*, and I agree upon that condition to think no more of *you*, you will acquieſce.

I was willing to try whether he had the regard to *all* my previous declarations, which he pretended to have to *ſome* of them.

He was ſtruck all of a heap.

What ſay you, Mr. Lovelace? You know, all you mean is for my good. Surely I am my own miſtreſs: Surely I need not aſk your leave to make what terms I pleaſe for myſelf, *ſo long as I break none with you?*

He hemm'd twice or thrice.—Why, Madam, Why, Madam, I cannot ſay—Then pauſing—and riſing from his ſeat, with petulance; I ſee plainly enough, ſaid he, the reaſon why none of my propoſals can be accepted: At *laſt* I am to be a ſacrifice to your Reconciliation with your implacable family.

It has always been your reſpectful way, Mr. Lovelace, to treat my family in this free manner. But pray, Sir, when you call *others* implacable, ſee that you deſerve not the ſame cenſure *yourſelf*.

He muſt needs ſay, there was no love loſt between ſome of my family and him; but he had not deſerved of *them* what they had of *him*.

Your-

(a) See p. 89. and 91.

Yourſelf being judge, I ſuppoſe, Sir?

All the world, you yourſelf, Madam, being judge.

Then, Sir, let me tell you, had you been leſs upon your defiances, they would not have been irritated ſo much againſt you. But no-body ever heard, that avowed deſpite to the Relations of a perſon was a proper courtſhip, either to that perſon, or to her friends.

Well, Madam, all that I know, is, that their malice againſt me is ſuch, that, if you determine to ſacrifice *me*, you may be reconciled when you pleaſe.

And all that I know, Sir, is, that if I do give my Father the power of a negative, and he will be contented with *that*, it will be but my *duty* to give it him; and if I preſerve one to myſelf, I ſhall break thro' no obligation to *you*.

Your duty to your capricious *Brother*, not to your *Father*, you mean, Madam.

If the diſpute lay between my Brother and me at *firſt*, ſurely, Sir, a Father may chuſe which party he will take.

He *may*, Madam—But that exempts him not from blame for all that, if he take the wrong—

Different people will judge differently, Mr. Lovelace, of the right and the wrong. *You* judge as you pleaſe. Shall not others as *they* pleaſe? And who has a right to controul a Father's judgment in his own family, and in relation to his own child?

I know, Madam, there is no arguing with you. But nevertheleſs I had hoped to have made myſelf ſome little merit with you, ſo as that I might not have been the *preliminary ſacrifice* to a Reconciliation.

Your hope, Sir, had been better grounded, if you had had my conſent to my abandoning of my Father's houſe—

Always, Madam, and for ever, to be reminded of the choice you would have made of that damn'd Solmes—rather than—

Not

Not ſo haſty! not ſo raſh, Mr. Lovelace! I am convinced, that there was no intention to marry me to that Solmes on Wedneſday.

So I am told they now give out, in order to juſtify themſelves at your expence. Every-body living, Madam, is obliged to you for your kind thoughts, but I.

Excuſe me, *good* Mr. Lovelace [waving my hand and bowing] that I am willing to think the beſt of my Father.

Charming Creature! ſaid he, with what a bewitching air is that ſaid!—And with a vehemence in his manner, would have ſnatched my hand. But I withdrew it, being much offended with him.

I think, Madam, my ſufferings for your ſake might have entitled me to ſome favour.

My ſufferings, Sir, for your impetuous temper, ſet againſt *your* ſufferings for *my ſake*, I humbly conceive, leave me very little your debtor.

Lord! Madam, [aſſuming a drolling air] What have *you* ſuffered!—Nothing but what you can eaſily forgive. You have been *only* made a priſoner in your Father's houſe, by the way of doing credit to your judgment!—You have *only* had an innocent and faithful ſervant turned out of your ſervice, becauſe you loved her—You have *only* had your Siſter's confident ſervant ſet over you, with leave to teaze and affront you!—

Very well, Sir!

You have *only* had an inſolent Brother take upon him to treat you like a ſlave, and as inſolent a Siſter to undermine you in every-body's favour, on pretence to keep you out of hands, which, if as vile as they vilely report, are not, however, half ſo vile and cruel as their own!

Go on, Sir, if you pleaſe!

You have *only* been perſecuted, in order to oblige you to have a ſordid fellow, whom you have profeſſed

feſſed to hate, and whom every-body deſpiſes! The Licence has been *only* got! The Parſon has *only* been had in readineſs! The day, a near, a *very* near day, has been *only* fixed! And you were *only* to be ſearched for your correſpondencies, and ſtill cloſer confined, till the day came, in order to deprive you of all means of eſcaping the ſnare laid for you!—But all This you can forgive! You can wiſh you had ſtood all This; inevitable as the compulſion muſt have been!—And the man who, at the hazard of his life, has delivered you from all theſe mortifications, is the only perſon you *cannot* forgive!

Can't you go on, Sir? You ſee I have patience to hear you. Can't you go on, Sir?

I can, Madam, with *my* ſufferings: Which I confeſs ought not to be mentioned, were I at laſt to be rewarded in the manner I hoped.

Your ſufferings then, if you pleaſe, Sir?

—Affrontingly forbidden your Father's houſe, after encouragement given, without any reaſons they knew not before, to juſtify the prohibition: Forced upon a rencounter I wiſhed to avoid, the firſt I ever, ſo provoked, wiſhed to avoid: And that, becauſe the wretch was your Brother!

Wretch, Sir!—And my Brother!—This could be from no man breathing, but from him before me!

Pardon me, Madam!—But oh! how unworthy to be your Brother!—The quarrel grafted upon an old one, when at College; he univerſally known to be the aggreſſor; and revived for views equally ſordid, and injurious both to yourſelf and me—Giving life to him, who would have taken away mine!

Your *generoſity* THIS, Sir; not your ſufferings: A little more of your *ſufferings*, if you pleaſe!—I hope you do not repent, that you did not murder my Brother!

My private life hunted into! My morals decried! Some of the accuſers not unfaulty!

That's

That's an aſperſion, Sir!

Spies ſet upon my conduct! One hired to bribe my own ſervant's fidelity; perhaps to have poiſoned me at laſt, if the honeſt fellow had not—

Facts, Mr. Lovelace!—Do you want facts in the diſplay of your ſufferings?—None of your *Perhaps's*, I beſeech you!

Menaces every day, and defiances, put into every one's mouth againſt me! Forced to creep about in diſguiſes—and to watch *all hours*—

And in *all weathers*, I ſuppoſe, Sir—That I remember was once your grievance!—*In all weathers*, Sir (*a*)! And all theſe hardſhips ariſing from yourſelf, not impoſed by me.

—Like a thief, or an eves-dropper, proceeded he: And yet neither by birth nor alliances unworthy of *their* relation, whatever I may be and am of their admirable Daughter: Of whom they, every one of them, are at leaſt as unworthy!—Theſe, Madam, I call ſufferings: *Juſtly* call ſo; if at laſt I am to be ſacrificed to an imperfect Reconciliation—*Imperfect*, I ſay: For can you expect to live ſo much as *tolerably*, under the ſame roof, after all that has paſſed, with that Brother and Siſter?

O Sir, Sir! What ſufferings have yours been! And all for my ſake, I warrant!—I can never reward you for them!—Never think of me more, I beſeech you.—How can you have patience with me?—Nothing has been owing to your own behaviour, I preſume: Nothing to your defiances for defiances: Nothing to your reſolution declared more than once, that you *would* be related to a family, which, nevertheleſs, you would not ſtoop to aſk a Relation of: Nothing, in ſhort, to courſes which every-body blamed you for, you not thinking it worth your while to juſtify yourſelf. Had I not thought you uſed in an ungentlemanly manner, as I have heretofore told you, you had not had

(*a*) See p. 13. and 16.

had my notice by pen and ink *(a)*. That notice gave you a ſuppoſed ſecurity, and you generouſly defied my friends the more for it: And this brought upon me (perhaps not undeſervedly) my Father's diſpleaſure; without which my Brother's private pique, and ſelfiſh views, would have wanted a foundation to build upon: So that for all that followed of my treatment, and your redundant *Only's*, I might thank you principally, as you may yourſelf for all your *ſufferings*, your *mighty* ſufferings!—And if, voluble Sir, you have founded any merit upon them, be ſo good as to revoke it: And look upon *me*, with my forfeited reputation, as the only ſufferer—For what—Pray hear me out, Sir, [for he was going to ſpeak] have you ſuffered in, but your pride? Your reputation *could not* ſuffer: *That* it was beneath you to be ſolicitous about. And had you not been an unmanageable man, I ſhould not have been driven to the extremity I now every hour, as the hour paſſes, deplore—With this additional reflection upon myſelf, that I ought not to have *begun*, or, having begun, not *continued* a correſpondence with one, who thought it not worth his while to clear his own character for *my ſake*, or to ſubmit to my Father for *his own*, in a point wherein every Father ought to have an option.—

Darkneſs, light; Light, darkneſs; by my Soul! —Juſt as you pleaſe to have it. O Charmer of my heart! ſnatching my hand, and preſſing it between both his, to his lips, in a ſtrange wild way, Take me, take me to yourſelf: Mould me as you pleaſe: I am wax in your hands: Give me your own impreſſion; and ſeal me for ever yours—We were born for each other!—You to make me happy, and ſave a ſoul—I am all error, all crime. I ſee what I ought to have done. But do you think, Madam, I can willingly conſent to be ſacrificed to a partial Re-

con-

(*a*) See p. 15.

conciliation, in which I ſhall be ſo great, ſo irreparable a ſufferer!—Any-thing but *that*—Include me in your terms: Preſcribe to me: Promiſe for me as you pleaſe—Put a halter about my neck, and lead me by it, upon condition of forgiveneſs on that diſgraceful penance, and of a proſtration as ſervile, to your Father's preſence (your Brother abſent); and I will beg his conſent at his feet, and bear any-thing but ſpurning from him, becauſe he is your Father. But to give you up upon *cold* conditions, D——n me [ſaid the ſhocking wretch] if I either will, or can!

Theſe were his words, as near as I can remember them; for his behaviour was ſo ſtrangely wild and fervent, that I was perfectly frighted. I thought he would have devoured my hand. I wiſhed myſelf a thouſand miles diſtant from him.

I told him, I by no means approved of his violent temper. He was too boiſterous a man for my liking. I ſaw *now*, by the converſation that had paſſed, what was his boaſted regard to my *Injunctions*; and ſhould take my meaſures accordingly, as he ſhould *ſoon* find. And with a half-frighted earneſtneſs I deſired him to withdraw, and leave me to myſelf.

He obeyed; and that with extreme complaiſance in his manner, but with his complexion greatly heightened, and a countenance as greatly diſſatisfied.

But, on recollecting all that paſſed, I plainly ſee, that he means not, if he can help it, to leave me to the liberty of refuſing him; which I had nevertheleſs preſerved a *right* to do; but looks upon me as *his* by a ſtrange ſort of obligation, for having run away with me *againſt my will*.

Yet you ſee he but touches upon the edges of matrimony neither. And that at a time generally when he has either excited one's paſſions or apprehenſions; ſo that one cannot at once deſcend. But ſurely

ſurely this cannot be his deſign.——And yet ſuch ſeemed to be his behaviour to my Siſter *(a)*, when he provoked her to refuſe him, and ſo tamely ſubmitted, as he did, to her refuſal.—But he dare not—What can one ſay of ſo various a man?—I am now again out of conceit with him. I wiſh I were fairly out of his power.

He has ſent up three times to beg admittance; in the two laſt, with unuſual earneſtneſs. But I have ſent him word I will firſt finiſh what I am about.

What to do about going from this place, I cannot tell. I could ſtay here with all my heart, as I have ſaid to him: The Gentlewoman and her Daughters are deſirous that I will; altho' not very convenient for them, I believe, neither: But I ſee he will not leave me, while I do—So I *muſt* remove ſomewhere.

I have long been ſick of myſelf: And now I am more and more ſo. But let me not loſe your good opinion. If I do, that loſs will complete the misfortunes of

Your

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXVI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Sunday Night (*April* 16).

I May ſend to you, altho' you are forbid to write to me; may I not?—For that is not a *cor-reſpondence* (Is it?) where Letters are not anſwered.

I am ſtrangely at a loſs what to think of this man. He is a perfect Proteus. I can but write according to the ſhape he aſſumes at the time. Don't think *me* the changeable perſon, I beſeech you, if in one Letter I contradict what I wrote in another; nay, if

(*a*) See Vol. I. p. 10, 11.

if I ſeems to contradict what I ſaid in the ſame Letter: For he is a perfect chameleon; or rather more variable than the chameleon; for that, it is ſaid, cannot aſſume the *red* and the *white*; but this man *can*. And tho' *black* ſeems to be his natural colour, yet has he taken great pains to make me think him nothing but *white*.

But you ſhall judge of him, as I proceed. Only, if I any-where appear to you to be credulous, I beg you to ſet me right: For you are a ſtander-by, as you ſay in a former *(a)*—Would to Heaven I were not to play! For I think, after all, I am held to a deſperate game.

Before I could finiſh my laſt to you, he ſent up twice more to beg admittance. I returned for anſwer, that I would ſee him at my own time: I would neither be invaded, nor preſcribed to.

Conſidering how we parted, and my delaying his *audience*, as he ſometimes calls it, I expected him to be in no very good humour, when I admitted of his viſit; and by what I wrote, you will conclude that *I* was not. Yet mine ſoon changed, when I ſaw his extreme humility at his entrance, and heard what he had to ſay.

I have a Letter, Madam, ſaid he, from Lady Betty Lawrance, and another from my Couſin Charlotte. But of theſe more by-and-by. I came now to make my humble acknowlegements to you, upon the arguments that paſſed between us ſo lately.

I was ſilent, wondering what he was driving at.

I am a moſt unhappy creature, proceeded he: Unhappy from a ſtrange impatiency of ſpirit, which I cannot conquer.—It always brings upon me deſerved humiliation. But it is more laudable to acknowlege, than to perſevere when under the power of conviction.

I was ſtill ſilent.

I have

(a) See p. 42, 43.

I have been conſidering what you propoſed to me, Madam, that I ſhould acquieſce with ſuch terms as you ſhould think proper to comply with, in order to a Reconciliation with your friends.

Well, Sir.

And I find all juſt, all right, on your ſide; and all impatience, all inconſideration, on mine.

I ſtared, you may ſuppoſe. Whence this change, Sir? And ſo ſoon?

I am ſo much convinced, that you muſt be in the right in all you think fit to inſiſt upon, that I ſhall for the future miſtruſt myſelf; and, if it be poſſible, whenever I differ with you, take an hour's time for recollection, before I give way to that vehemence, which an oppoſition, to which I have not been accuſtomed, too often gives me.

All this is mighty good, Sir: but to what does it tend?

Why, Madam, when I came to conſider what you had propoſed, as to the terms of Reconciliation with your friends; and when I recollected, that you had always *referred to yourſelf* to *approve* or *reject* me, according to my *merits* or *demerits*; I plainly ſaw, that it was rather a *condeſcenſion* in you, that you were pleaſed to aſk my conſent to thoſe terms, than that you were impoſing a *new Law:* And I now, Madam, beg your pardon for my impatience: Whatever terms you think proper to come into with your Relations, which will enable you to honour me with the *conditional* effect of your promiſe to me, to theſe be pleaſed to conſent: And if I loſe you, inſupportable as that thought is to me; yet, as it muſt be by my own fault, I ought to thank myſelf for it.

What think you, Miſs Howe?—Do you believe he can have any view in this?—I cannot ſee any he could have; and I thought it beſt, as he put it in ſo right a manner, to appear not to doubt the ſincerity of his confeſſion, and to accept of it, as ſincere.

He

He then read to me part of Lady Betty's Letter; turning down the beginning, which was a little too ſevere upon him, he ſaid, for my eye: And I believe, by the ſtile, the remainder of it was in a *corrective* ſtrain.

It was too plain, I told him, that he muſt have great faults, that none of his Relations could write to him, but with a mingled cenſure for ſome bad action.

And it is as plain, my deareſt creature, ſaid he, that you, who know not of any ſuch faults, but by ſurmiſe, are equally ready to condemn me.—Will not charity allow you to infer, that *their* charges are no better grounded?—And that my principal fault has been careleſneſs of my character, and too little ſolicitude to clear myſelf, when aſperſed! Which I do aſſure you is the caſe.

Lady Betty, in her Letter, expreſſes herſelf in the moſt obliging manner, in relation to me. 'She 'wiſhes him ſo to behave, as to encourage me to make 'him ſoon happy. She deſires her compliments to 'me; and expreſſes her impatience to ſee, as her 'Niece, ſo *celebrated a Lady* [Thoſe are her high 'words]. She ſhall take it for an honour, ſhe ſays, 'to be put into a way to oblige me. She hopes I 'will not too long delay the Ceremony; becauſe That 'performed, will be to her, and to Lord M. and Lady 'Sarah, a ſure pledge of her Nephew's merits, and 'good behaviour.'

She ſays, 'She was always ſorry to hear of the hard-'ſhips I had met with on his account: That he will 'be the moſt ingrateful of men, if he make not *all up* 'to me: And that ſhe thinks it incumbent upon all 'their family to ſupply to me the loſt favour of my 'own: And, for her part, nothing of that kind, ſhe 'bids him aſſure me, ſhall be wanting.'

Her Ladyſhip obſerves, 'That the treatment he had 'received from my family, would have been more un-

'account-

'accountable than it was, with ſuch natural and acci-
'dental advantages as he had, had it not been owing
'to his own careleſs manners. But ſhe hopes, that he
'will convince the Harlowe family, that they had
'thought worſe of him than he had deſerved; ſince
'now it was in his power to eſtabliſh his character for
'ever. This ſhe prays God to enable him to do, as
'well for his own honour, as for the honour of their
'*houſe*,' was the magnificent word.

She concludes, with 'deſiring to be informed of our
'Nuptials the moment they are celebrated, that ſhe
'may be with the earlieſt in felicitating me on the
'happy occaſion.'

But her Ladyſhip gives me no direct invitation to attend her before Marriage: Which I might have expected from what he had told me.

He then ſhewed me part of Miſs Montague's more ſprightly Letter, 'congratulating him upon the honour
'he had obtained, of the *confidence of ſo admirable a*
'*Lady*.' Thoſe are her words. *Confidence*, my dear! Nobody, indeed, as you ſay, will believe otherwiſe, were they to be told the truth: And you ſee, that Miſs Montague (and all his family, I ſuppoſe) think the ſtep I have taken, an *extraordinary* one. '*She* alſo
'wiſhes for his ſpeedy nuptials; and to ſee her new
'Couſin at M. Hall: As do Lord M. ſhe tells him,
'and her Siſter; and in general all the well-wiſhers
'of their family.

'Whenever this happy day ſhall be paſſed, ſhe pro-
'poſes, ſhe ſays, to attend me, and to make one in
'my train to M. Hall, if his Lordſhip ſhall continue
'as ill of the gout as he is at preſent. But that ſhould
'he get better, he will himſelf attend me, ſhe is ſure,
'and conduct me thither: And afterwards quit either
'of his three ſeats to us, till we ſhall be ſettled to our
'mind.'

This young Lady ſays nothing in excuſe for not meeting me on the road, or St. Alban's, as he had

made me expect ſhe would: Yet mentions *her having been indiſpoſed.* Mr. Lovelace had alſo told me, that Lord M. *was ill of the gout*; which Miſs Montague's Letter confirms.

But why did not the man ſhew me theſe Letters laſt night? Was he afraid of giving me too much pleaſure?

LETTER XXVII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

YOU may believe, my dear, that theſe Letters put me in good humour with him. He ſaw it in my countenance, and congratulated himſelf upon it. Yet I cannot but repeat my wonder, that I could not have the contents of them communicated to me laſt night(*a*).

He then urged me to go directly to Lady Betty's, on the ſtrength of her Letter.

But how, ſaid I, can I do that, were I even out of all hope of a Reconciliation with my friends (which yet, however unlikely to be effected, is my duty to *attempt*) as her Ladyſhip has given me no particular invitation?

That, he was ſure, was owing to her doubt that it would be accepted—Elſe ſhe had done it with the greateſt pleaſure in the world.

That doubt itſelf, I ſaid, was enough to deter me: Since her Ladyſhip, who knew ſo well the boundaries of the Fit and the Unfit, by her not expecting I would accept of an invitation, had ſhe given it, would have reaſon to think me very forward, if I *had* accepted it; and much more forward to go without it. Then, ſaid I, I thank *you*, Sir, I have no cloaths fit to go anywhither, or to be ſeen by any-body.

O, I was fit to appear in the drawing-room, were full dreſs and jewels to be excuſed; and ſhould make the moſt amiable [he muſt mean *extraordinary*] figure there. He was aſtoniſhed at the elegance of my dreſs.

By

(*a*) The Reader will ſee how Miſs Howe accounts for this in p. 171.

By what art he knew not, but I appeared to ſuch advantage, as if I had a different ſuit every day. Beſides, his Couſins Montague would ſupply me with all I wanted for the preſent; and he would write to Miſs Charlotte accordingly, if I would give him leave.

Do you think me the Jay in the Fable? ſaid I. Would you have me viſit the owners of the borrowed dreſſes in their own cloaths? Surely, Mr. Lovelace, you think I have either a very low, or a very confident mind.

Would I chuſe to go to London (for a few days only) in order to furniſh myſelf with cloaths.

Not at your expence, Sir, ſaid I, in an angry tone.

I could not have appeared in earneſt to him, in my diſpleaſure at his artful contrivances to get me away, if I were not occaſionally to ſhew my real fretfulneſs upon the deſtitute condition to which he has reduced me. When people ſet out wrong together, it is very difficult to avoid recriminations.

He wiſhed he knew but my mind—That ſhould direct him in his propoſals, and it would be his delight to obſerve it, whatever it were.

My mind is, that you, Sir, ſhould leave me out of hand.—How often muſt I tell you ſo?

If I were any-where but here, he would obey me, he ſaid, if I inſiſted upon it. But if I would aſſert my Right, that would be infinitely preferable, in his opinion, to any other meaſure *but one (which he durſt only hint at)*: For then, admitting *his* viſits, or refuſing them, as I pleaſed (granting a correſpondence by Letter only) it would appear to all the world, that what I had done, was but in order to do myſelf juſtice.

How often, Mr. Lovelace, muſt I repeat, that I will not litigate with my Father?—Do you think that my *unhappy circumſtances* will alter my notions of my own duty, ſo far as I ſhall be enabled to perform it? How can I obtain poſſeſſion without Litigation, and but by my Truſtees? One of them will be againſt me;

the other is abroad. Then the remedy propoſed by this meaſure, were I *diſpoſed* to fall in with it, will require time to bring it to effect; and what I want, is *preſent* independence, and your *immediate* abſence.

Upon his Soul, the wretch ſwore, he did not think it ſafe, for the reaſons he had before given, to leave me here. He wiſhed I would think of ſome place, to which I ſhould like to go. But he muſt take the liberty to ſay, that he hoped his behaviour had not been ſo exceptionable, as to make me ſo *very* earneſt for his abſence in the interim: And the leſs, ſurely, as I was almoſt *eternally* ſhutting up myſelf from him; altho' he preſumed to aſſure me, that he never went from me, but with a corrected heart, and with ſtrengthened reſolutions of improving by my example.

Eternally ſhutting myſelf up from you! repeated I—I hope, Sir, that you will not pretend to take it *amiſs*, that I expect to be uninvaded in my retirements. I hope you do not think me ſo weak a creature (novice as you have found me in a very capital inſtance) as to be fond of occaſions to hear your fine ſpeeches, eſpecially as no *differing circumſtances* require your over-frequent viſits; nor that I am to be addreſſed to as if I thought hourly profeſſions *needful* to aſſure me of your honour.

He ſeemed a little diſconcerted.

You know, Mr. Lovelace, proceeded I, why I am ſo earneſt for your abſence. It is, that I may appear to the world independent of you; and in hopes, by that means, to find it leſs difficult to ſet on foot a Reconciliation with my friends. And now let me add (in order to make you eaſier as to the terms of that hoped-for Reconciliation) that ſince I find I have the good fortune to ſtand ſo well with your Relations, I will, from time to time, acquaint you, by Letter, when you are abſent, with every ſtep I ſhall take, and with every overture that ſhall be made to me: But not with an intention to render myſelf accountable to you, neither, as

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to my acceptance or non-acceptance of thoſe overtures. They know, that I have a power given me by my Grandfather's Will, to bequeath the Eſtate he left me, with other of his bounties, in a way that may affect them, tho' not abſolutely from them: This *conſideration*, I hope, will procure me *ſome* from them when their paſſion ſubſides, and when they know I am independent of you.

Charming reaſoning!—And let him tell me, that the aſſurance I had given him was *all he wiſhed for*. It was *more* than he could aſk. What a happineſs to have a woman of honour and generoſity to depend upon! Had he, on his firſt entrance into the world, met with ſuch a one, he had never been other than a man of ſtrict virtue.—But all, he hoped, was for the beſt; ſince, in that caſe, he had never perhaps had the happineſs he had now in view; becauſe his Relations had been always urging him to marry; and that before he had the honour to know me. And now, as he had not been ſo bad as ſome peoples malice reported him to be, he hoped he ſhould have near as much merit in his repentance, as if he had never erred.—A fine Rakiſh notion and hope! And too much enouraged, I doubt, my dear, by the generality of our ſex!

This brought on a more ſerious queſtion or two. You'll ſee by it what a creature an unmortified Libertine is.

I aſked him, if he knew what he had ſaid, alluded to a ſentence in the beſt of books, *That there was more joy in heaven*—

He took the words out of my mouth,

Over one ſinner that repenteth, than over ninety-and-nine juſt perſons which need no repentance (*a*), were his words

Yes, Madam, I thought of it as ſoon as I ſaid it, but not before. I have read the ſtory of the Prodigal

(*a*) Luke xv. 7. The parable is concerning the 99 Sheep, not the Prodigal Son, as Mr. Lovelace erroneouſly imagines.

Son, I'll aſſure you: And one day, when I am ſettled as I hope to be, will write a dramatic piece on the ſubject. I have at times had it in my head; and you will be too ready, perhaps, to allow me to be qualified for it.

You ſo lately, Sir, ſtumbled at a word, with which you muſt be better acquainted, ere you can be thoroughly maſter of ſuch a ſubject, that I am amazed you ſhould know any-thing of the Scripture, and be ſo ignorant of that *(a)*.

O Madam, I have read the Bible, as a fine piece of antient hiſtory—But as I hope to be ſaved, it has for ſome few years paſt made me ſo uneaſy, when I have popped upon ſome paſſages in it, that I have been forced to run to muſic or company to divert myſelf.

Poor wretch! lifting up my hands and eyes—

The denunciations came ſo ſlap-daſh upon one, ſo unceremoniouſly, as I may ſay, without even the By-your-leave of a rude London chairman, that they overturn one, horſe and man, as St. Paul was overturned. There's another Scripture alluſion, Madam! The light, in ſhort, as his was, is too glaring to be borne.

O Sir, do you want to be complimented into Repentance and Salvation? But pray, Mr. Lovelace, do you mean any-thing at all, when you ſwear ſo often as you do, *By your Soul*, or bind an aſſeveration with the words, *As you hope to be ſaved?*

O my beloved creature, ſhifting his ſeat; let us call another cauſe.

Why, Sir, don't *I* neither uſe *ceremony* enough with you?

Deareſt Madam, forbear for the preſent: I am but in my Noviciate. Your foundation muſt be laid brick by brick: You'll hinder the progreſs of the good work you would promote, if you tumble in a whole waggon-load at once upon me.

See p. 112.

Lord bleſs me, thought I, what a character is that of a Libertine!—What a creature am I, who have riſqued what I have riſqued with ſuch a one!—What a taſk before me, if my hopes continue of reforming ſuch a wild Indian as this!—Nay, worſe than a wild Indian; for a man who errs with his eyes open, and againſt conviction, is a thouſand times worſe for what he knows, and much harder to be reclaimed, than if he had never known any-thing at all.

I was equally ſhocked *at* him, and concerned *for* him; and, having laid ſo few bricks (to ſpeak to his alluſion) and thoſe ſo ill-cemented, I was as willing as the gay inconſiderate, to call another cauſe, as he termed it—Another cauſe, too, more immediately preſſing upon me, from my uncertain ſituation.

I ſaid, I took it for granted, that he aſſented to the reaſoning he ſeemed to approve, and would leave me. And then I aſked him, What he really, and in his moſt deliberate mind, would adviſe me to, in my preſent ſituation? He muſt needs ſee, I ſaid, that I was at a great loſs what to reſolve upon; entirely a ſtranger to London, having no adviſer, no protector, at preſent: Himſelf, he muſt give me leave to tell him, greatly deficient in *practice*, if not in the *knowlege*, of thoſe decorums, which, I had ſuppoſed, were always to be found in a man of birth, fortune, and education.

He imagines himſelf, I find, to be a very polite man, and cannot bear to be thought otherwiſe. He put up his lip—I am ſorry for it, Madam—A man of breeding, a man of politeneſs, give me leave to ſay [colouring] is much more of a black Swan with *you*, than with any Lady I ever met with.

Then that is your misfortune, Mr. Lovelace, as well as mine, at preſent. Every woman of diſcernment, I am confident, knowing what I know of you now, would ſay as I ſay [*I had a mind to mortify a pride, that I am ſure deſerves to be mortified*]; that

your politeneſs is not regular, nor conſtant. It is not *habit*. It is too much ſeen by fits, and ſtarts, and ſallies, and thoſe not ſpontaneous. You muſt be *reminded* into them.

O Lord! O Lord!—Poor I!—was the light, yet the half-angry wretch's ſelf-pitying expreſſion!

I proceeded.—Upon my word, Sir, you are not the accompliſhed man, which your talents and opportunities would have led one to expect you to be. You are indeed in your Noviciate, as to every laudable attainment.

LETTER XXVIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE. *In Continuation.*

AS this ſubject was introduced by himſelf, and treated ſo lightly by him, I was going on to tell him more of my mind; but he interrupted me—Dear, dear Madam, ſpare me. I am ſorry that I have lived to this hour for nothing at all. But ſurely you could not have quitted a ſubject ſo much more agreeable, and ſo much more *ſuitable*, I will ſay, to our preſent ſituation, if you had not too cruel a pleaſure in mortifying a man, who the leſs needed to be mortified, as he *before* looked up to you with a diffidence in his own merits too great to permit him to ſpeak half his mind to you. Be pleaſed but to return to the ſubject we were upon; and at another time I will gladly embrace correction from the only lips in the world ſo qualified to give it.

You talk of Reformation ſometimes, Mr. Lovelace; and in ſo talking, acknowlege Errors. But I ſee you can very ill bear the Reproof, for which perhaps you are not ſolicitous to avoid *giving* occaſion. Far be it from me to take delight in finding fault: I ſhould be glad for both our ſakes, ſince my ſituation is what it is, that I could do nothing but praiſe you. But failures which affect a mind that need not be very delicate to be affected by them, are too grating to be paſſed over

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in ſilence by a perſon who wiſhes to be thought in earneſt in her own duties.

I admire your delicacy, Madam, again interrupted he. Altho' I ſuffer by it, yet would I not have it otherwiſe: Indeed I would not, when I conſider of it. It is an angelic delicacy, which ſets you above all our Sex, and even above your own. It is *natural* to *you*, Madam; ſo you may not think it extraordinary: But there is nothing like it on earth, ſaid the flatterer.—What company has he kept!

But let us return to the former ſubject—You were ſo good as to aſk me, what I would adviſe you to do: I want but to make you eaſy; I want but to ſee you fixed to your liking: Your faithful Hannah with you: Your Reconciliation with thoſe to whom you wiſh to be reconciled, ſet on foot, and in a train. And now let me mention to you different expedients; in hopes that ſome one of them may be acceptable to you.

'I will go to Mrs. Howe, or to Miſs Howe, or to 'whomſoever you would have me to go, and endea-'vour to prevail upon them to receive you *(a)*.

'Do you incline to go to Florence to your Couſin 'Morden? I will furniſh you with the opportunity of 'going thither, either by Sea to Leghorn, or by Land 'through France. Perhaps I may be able to procure 'one of the Ladies of my family to attend you. Either 'Charlotte or Patty would rejoice in ſuch an oppor-'tunity of ſeeing France and Italy. As for myſelf, I 'will only be your eſcort; in diſguiſe, if you will have 'it ſo, even in your *Livery*, that your punctilio may 'not receive offence by my attendance.'

I told him, I would conſider of all he had ſaid: But that I hoped for a line or two from my Aunt Hervey,

(a) The Reader, perhaps, need not be reminded, that he had taken care from the firſt (See Vol. I. p. 200.) to deprive her of any protection from Mrs. Howe. See in his next Letter, p. 166. a repeated account of the ſame artifices, and his exultations upon his inventions to impoſe upon two ſuch watchful Ladies as Clariſſa and Miſs Howe.

if not from my Siſter, to both of whom I had written; which, if I were to be ſo favoured, might help to determine me. Mean time, if he would withdraw, I would particularly conſider of this propoſal of his, in relation to my Couſin Morden. And if it held its weight with me, ſo far as to write for your opinion upon it, he ſhould know my mind in an hour's time.

He withdrew with great reſpect: And in an hour's time returned. And then I told him it was unneceſſary to trouble you for your opinion about it. My Couſin Morden was ſoon expected. If he were not, I could not admit him to accompany me to him upon any condition. It was highly improbable that I ſhould obtain the favour of either of his Couſins company: And if that *could* be brought about, it would be the ſame thing in the world's eye, as if he went himſelf.

This led us into another converſation: Which ſhall be the ſubject of my next.

LETTER XXIX.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE. *In Continuation.*

MR. Lovelace told me, that on the ſuppoſition that his propoſal in relation to my Couſin Morden might not be accepted, he had been ſtudying to find out, if poſſible, ſome other expedient that might be agreeable, in order to convince me, that he preferred my ſatisfaction to his own.

He then offered to go himſelf, and procure my Hannah to come and attend me. As I had declined the ſervice of either of the young Mrs. Sorlings's, he was extremely ſolicitous, he ſaid, that I ſhould have a ſervant, in whoſe integrity I might confide.

I told him, that you would be ſo kind, as to ſend to engage Hannah, if poſſible.

If any-thing, he ſaid, ſhould prevent Hannah from coming, ſuppoſe he himſelf waited upon Miſs Howe, to deſire her to lend me *her* ſervant till I was provided to my mind? I ſaid,

I ſaid, Your Mother's high diſpleaſure at the ſtep I had taken (as *ſhe* ſuppoſed voluntarily) had deprived me of any open aſſiſtance of that ſort from *you*.

He was amazed, ſo much as Mrs. Howe herſelf uſed to admire me, and ſo great an influence as Miſs Howe was ſuppoſed, and deſerved, to have over her Mother, that Mrs. Howe ſhould take upon herſelf to be ſo much offended with me. He wiſhed, that the man who took ſuch pains to keep up and inflame the paſſions of my Father and Uncles, were not at the bottom of this miſchief too.

I was afraid, I ſaid, that my Brother *was*; or elſe my uncle Antony, I dared to ſay, would not have taken ſuch pains to ſet Mrs. Howe againſt me, as I underſtood he had done.

Since I had declined viſiting Lady Sarah and Lady Betty, he aſked me, if I would admit of a viſit from his Couſin Montague, and accept of a ſervant of hers for the preſent?

This was not, I ſaid, an unacceptable propoſal: But I would firſt ſee, if my friends would ſend me my cloaths, that I might not make ſuch a giddy and run-away appearance to any of his Relations.

If I pleaſed he would take another journey to Windſor, to make more particular enquiry among the Canons, or in any worthy family.

Were not his objections as to the publicneſs of the place, I aſked him, as ſtrong now as before?

I remember, my dear, in one of your former Letters, you mentioned London as the moſt private place to be in *(a)*: And I ſaid, that ſince he made ſuch pretences againſt leaving me here, as ſhewed he had no intention to do ſo; and ſince he engaged to go from me, and to leave me to purſue my own meaſures, if I were elſewhere; and ſince his preſence made theſe lodgings inconvenient to me; I ſhould not be diſinclined to go to London, did I know any-body there.

(a) See Vol. II. p. 242.

As he had ſeveral times propoſed London to me, I expected that he would eagerly have embraced that motion from me. But he took not ready hold of it: Yet I thought his eye approved of it.

We are both great watchers of each other's eyes; and indeed ſeem to be more than half-afraid of each other.

He then made a grateful propoſal to me; 'that I 'would ſend for my Norton to attend me *(a)*.'

He ſaw by my eyes, he ſaid, that he had at laſt been happy in an expedient, which would anſwer the wiſhes of us both. Why, ſays he, did not I think of it before? —And ſnatching my hand, Shall I write, Madam? Shall I ſend? Shall I go and fetch the worthy woman myſelf?

After a little conſideration, I told him, that this was *indeed* a grateful motion: But that I apprehended, it would put her to a difficulty, which ſhe would not be able to get over; as it would make a woman of her known prudence appear to countenance a fugitive Daughter, in oppoſition to her Parents; and as her coming to me would deprive her of my Mother's favour, without its being in my power to make it up to her.

O my beloved creature! ſaid he, *generouſly enough*, let not this be an obſtacle. I will do every-thing for Mrs. Norton you wiſh to have done.—Let me go for her.

More coolly than perhaps his generoſity deſerved, I told him, It was impoſſible but I muſt ſoon hear from my friends. I ſhould not, mean time, embroil anybody with them. Not Mrs. Norton eſpecially, from whoſe intereſt in, and meditation with, my Mother, I might expect ſome good, were ſhe to keep herſelf in a neutral ſtate: That, beſides, the good woman had a

(a) The Reader is referred to Mr. Lovelace's next Letter, for his motives in making the ſeveral propoſals of which the Lady is willing to think ſo well,

mind

mind above her fortune; and would ſooner want, than be beholden to any-body improperly.

Improperly, ſaid he;—Have not perſons of merit a *right* to all the benefits conferred upon them?—Mrs. Norton is ſo good a woman, that I ſhall think ſhe lays me under an obligation, if ſhe will put it in my power to ſerve her; altho' ſhe were *not* to augment it, by giving me the opportunity at the ſame time, of contributing to your pleaſure and ſatisfaction.

How could this man, with ſuch powers of right thinking, be ſo far depraved by evil habits, as to diſgrace his talents by wrong acting?

Is there not room, after all, thought I, at the time, to hope (as he ſo lately led me to hope) that the example it will behove me, for *both* our ſakes, to endeavour to ſet him, may influence him to a change of manners, in which both may find our account?

Give me leave, Sir, ſaid I, to tell you, there is a ſtrange mixture in your mind. You muſt have taken *pains* to ſuppreſs many good motions and reflections, as they aroſe, or levity muſt have been ſurpriſingly predominant in it.—But as to the ſubject we were upon, there is no taking any reſolutions till I hear from my friends.

Well, Madam, I can only ſay, I would find out ſome expedient, if I could, that ſhould be agreeable to you. But ſince I cannot, will you be ſo good as to tell me, what you would wiſh to have done? Nothing in the world but I will comply with, excepting leaving you here, at ſuch a diſtance from the place I ſhall be in, if any-thing ſhould happen; and in a place where my goſſiping raſcals have made me in a manner public, for want of proper cautions at firſt.

Theſe vermin, added he, have a pride they can hardly rein-in, when they ſerve a man of family. They boaſt of their maſter's pedigree and deſcent, as if they were related to him. Nor is any-thing they know of him, or of his affairs, a ſecret to one another, were it a matter that would hang him. If

If ſo, thought I, men of family ſhould take care to give them ſubjects worth boaſting of.

I am quite at a loſs, ſaid I, what to do, or whither to go. Would you, Mr. Lovelace, in Earneſt, adviſe me to think of going to London?

And I looked at him with ſtedfaſtneſs. But nothing could I gather from his looks.

At firſt, Madam, ſaid he, I was for propoſing London, as I was then more apprehenſive of purſuit. But as your relations ſeem cooler on that head, I am the more indifferent about the place you go to.—So as *you* are pleaſed, ſo as *you* are eaſy, I ſhall be happy.

This indifference of his to London, I cannot but ſay, made me incline the more to go thither. I aſked him (to hear what he would ſay) if he could recommend me to any *particular place* in London?

No, he ſaid: None that was fit for me, or that I ſhould like. His friend Belford, indeed, had very handſome Lodgings near Soho-Square, at a relation's, whoſe wife was a woman of virtue and honour. Theſe, as Mr. Belford was generally in the country, he could borrow till I were better accommodated.

I was reſolved to refuſe theſe at the firſt mention, as I ſhould any other he had named. Nevertheleſs, I will ſee, thought I, if he has really thoughts of theſe for me. If I break off the talk here, and he reſume this propoſal with earneſtneſs in the morning, I ſhall apprehend, that he is leſs indifferent than he ſeems to be, about my going to London; and that he has already a lodging in his eye for me.—And then I will not go at all.

But after ſuch generous motions from him, I really think it a little barbarous to act and behave as if I thought him capable of the blackeſt and moſt ingrateful baſeneſs. But his character, his principles, are ſo faulty!—He is ſo light, ſo vain, ſo various, that there is no certainty that he will be next hour what he is This. Then, my dear, I have no Guardian now; no Father, no Mother! Only GOD and my Vigilance to depend upon. And I have no reaſon to expect a miracle in my favour.

Well, Sir, ſaid I [riſing to leave him] ſomething muſt be reſolved upon: But I will poſtpone this ſubject till to-morrow morning.

He would fain have engaged me longer; but I ſaid, I would ſee him as early as he pleaſed in the morning. He might think of any convenient place in London, or near it, mean time.

And ſo I retired from him. As I do from my pen; hoping for better reſt for the few hours that remain of this night, than I have had of a long time.

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XXX.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE. *In Continuation.*

Monday Morning, April 17.

LATE as I went to bed, I have had very little reſt. Sleep and I have quarrelled; and altho' I court it, it will not be friends. I hope its Fellow-irreconcileables at Harlowe-Place enjoy its balmy comforts. Elſe, that will be an aggravation of my Fault. My Brother and Siſter, I dare ſay, want it not.

Mr. Lovelace, who is an early riſer, as well as I, joined me in the garden about Six; and, after the uſual ſalutations, aſked me to reſume our laſt night's ſubject. It was upon lodgings at London, he ſaid.

I think you mentioned one to me, Sir—Did you not?

Yes, Madam, but [watching the turn of my countenance] rather as what you would be welcome to, than perhaps approve of.

I believe ſo too. To go to town upon an *uncertainty*, I own, is not agreeable: But to be obliged to any perſons of your acquaintance, when I want to be thought independent of you; and to a perſon eſpecially, to whom my friends are to direct to me, if they vouchſafe to take notice of me at all; is an abſurd thing to mention.

He did not mention it as what he imagined I would accept,

accept, but only to confirm to me what he had ſaid, that he himſelf knew of none fit for me.

Has not your family, Madam, ſome one tradeſman they deal with, who has conveniencies of this kind? I would make it worth ſuch a perſon's while, to keep the ſecret of your being at his houſe. Traders are dealers in pins, ſaid he; and will be more obliged by a peny cuſtomer, than by a pound preſent, becauſe it is in their way:—Yet will refuſe neither, any more than a Lawyer or a man of Office his fee.

My Father's tradeſmen, I ſaid, would no doubt be the firſt employed to find me out: So that *that* propoſal was as wrong as the other. And who is it that a Creature ſo lately in favour with all her friends can apply to, in ſuch a ſituation as mine, but muſt be (at leaſt) equally the Friends of her Relations?

We had a good deal of diſcourſe upon the ſame topic. But, at laſt, the reſult was this—He wrote a Letter to one Mr. Doleman, a married man, of fortune and character (I excepting to Mr. Belford) deſiring him to provide decent apartments ready furniſhed [*I had told him what they ſhould be*] for a ſingle woman; conſiſting of a bedchamber; another for a maid-ſervant, with the uſe of a dining-room or parlour. This Letter he gave me to peruſe; and then ſealed it up, and diſpatched it away in my preſence, by one of his own ſervants, who, having buſineſs in town, is to bring back an Anſwer.

I attend the iſſue of it; holding myſelf in readineſs to ſet out for London, unleſs you, my dear, adviſe the contrary.

LETTER XXXI.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Sat. Sunday, Monday.

HE gives in ſeveral Letters, the ſubſtance of what is contained in the laſt ſeven of the Lady's.

He tells his friend, that calling at the Lawn, in his way

way to M. Hall (for he owns that he went not to Windſor) he found the Letters from Lady Betty Lawrance, and his Couſin Montague, which Mrs. Greme was about ſending to him by a ſpecial meſſenger.

He gives the particulars from Mrs. Greme's report, of what paſſed between the Lady and her, as in p. 21—23. and makes ſuch declarations to Mrs. Greme of his honour and affection to the Lady, as put her upon writing the Letter to her Siſter Sorlings, the contents of which are given in p. 128, 129.

He then accounts, as follows, for the ſerious humour he found her in, on his return:

UPON ſuch good terms when we parted, I was ſurprized to find ſo ſolemn a brow upon my return, and her charming eyes red with weeping. But when I had underſtood ſhe had received Letters from Miſs Howe, it was natural to imagine, that that little devil had put her out of humour with me.

It is eaſy for me to perceive, that my charmer is more ſullen when ſhe receives, and has peruſed, a Letter from that vixen, than at other times. But as the ſweet Maid ſhews, even then, more of *paſſive grief*, than of *active ſpirit*, I hope ſhe is rather lamenting than plotting. And indeed for what now ſhould ſhe plot? when I am become a reformed man, and am hourly improving in my morals?—Nevertheleſs I muſt contrive ſome way or other to get at their correſpondence—Only to ſee the turn of it; that's all.

But no attempt of this kind muſt be made yet. A detected invaſion in an article ſo ſacred, would ruin me beyond retrieve. Nevertheleſs it vexes me to the heart to think, that ſhe is hourly writing her whole mind on all that paſſes between her and me, I under the ſame roof with her, yet kept at ſuch awful

awful diſtance, that I dare not break into a correſpondence, that may perhaps be a means to defeat all my devices.

Would it be *very* wicked, Jack, to knock her meſſenger o' the head, as he is carrying my Beloved's Letters, or returning with Miſs Howe's?—To attempt to bribe him, and not ſucceed, would utterly ruin me. And the man ſeems to be one *uſed to poverty*, one who can ſit down ſatisfied with it, and enjoy it; contented with hand-to-mouth conveniencies, and not aiming to live better to-morrow, than he does to-day, and than he did yeſterday. Such a one is above temptation, unleſs it could come cloathed in the guiſe of *truth* and *truſt*. What likelihood of corrupting a man who has no hope, no ambition?

Yet the raſcal has but *half* life, and groans under that. Should I be anſwerable in his caſe for a *whole* life?—But hang the fellow! Let him live. Were I a King, or a Miniſter of State, an Antonio Perez *(a)*, it were another thing. And yet, on ſecond thoughts, am I not a *Rake*, as it is called? And who ever knew a Rake ſtick at any-thing? But thou knoweſt, Jack, that the greateſt half of my wickedneſs is vapour, to ſhew my invention; and to prove that I *could* be miſchievous if I would.

When he comes to that part, where the Lady ſays, (*p.* 136) *in a ſarcaſtic way, waving her hand, and bowing,* "Excuſe me, *good* Mr. Love-"lace, that I am willing to think the beſt of "my Father," *he gives a deſcription of her air and manner, greatly to her advantage; and ſays,*

I could hardly forbear taking her into my arms

(a) Antonio Perez was firſt miniſter of Philip II. king of Spain, by whoſe command he cauſed Don Juan de Eſcovedo to be aſſaſſinated: Which brought on his own ruin, through the perfidy of his vile maſter. *Gedde's tracts.*

upon

upon it, in ſpite of an expected *tempeſt*. So much wit, ſo much beauty, ſuch a lively manner, and ſuch exceeding quickneſs and penetration! O Belford! ſhe muſt be no-body's but mine. I can now account for, and juſtify, Herod's command to deſtroy his Mariamne, if he returned not alive from his Interview with Cæſar: For were I to know, that it were but probable, that any other man were to have this charming creature, even after my death, the very thought would be enough to provoke me to cut that man's throat, were he a Prince.

I may be deemed by this Lady a rapid, a boiſterous Lover—and *ſhe* may like me the leſs for it: But all the Ladies I have met with till now, loved to raiſe a tempeſt, and to enjoy it: Nor did they ever raiſe it, but I enjoyed it too!—Lord ſend us once happily to London!

Mr. Lovelace gives the following account of his rude rapture, when he ſeized her hand, and put her, by his WILD *manner, as ſhe expreſſes it, p.* 140. *into ſo much terror.*

Darkneſs and light, I ſwore, were convertible at her pleaſure: She could make any ſubject plauſible. I was all error; ſhe all perfection. And I ſnatched her hand; and, more than kiſſed it, I was ready to devour it. There was, I believe, a kind of phrenſy in my manner, which threw her into a panic, like that of Semele perhaps, when the Thunderer, in all his majeſty, ſurrounded with ten thouſand celeſtial burning-glaſſes, was about to ſcorch her into a cinder.

* * * * *

HAD not my heart miſgiven me, and had I not, juſt in time, recollected that ſhe was not ſo much in my power, but that ſhe might abandon me at her pleaſure, having more friends in that houſe than I had, I ſhould at that moment have made offers,

that

that would have decided all, one way or other.—But, apprehending that I had ſhewn too much meaning in my paſſion, I gave it another turn.—But little did the Charmer think what an eſcape either ſhe or I had (as the event might have proved) from the ſudden guſt of paſſion, which had like to have blown me into her arms. She was born, I told her, to make me happy, and to ſave a ſoul.

* * * *

He gives the reſt of his vehement ſpeech pretty nearly in the ſame words as the Lady gives them. And then proceeds:

I SAW ſhe was frighted: And ſhe would have had Reaſon, had the ſcene been London; and that place in London, which I have in view to carry her to. She confirmed me in my apprehenſion, that I had alarmed her too much: She told me, that ſhe ſaw what my boaſted regard to her Injunctions was; and ſhe would take proper meaſures upon it, as I ſhould ſoon find: That ſhe was ſhocked at my violent airs; and if I hoped any favour from her, I muſt that inſtant withdraw, and leave her to her recollection.

She pronounced this in ſuch a manner, as ſhewed ſhe was ſet upon it; and, having ſtept out of the *gentle*, the *polite* part I had ſo newly engaged to act, I thought a ready obedience was the beſt atonement. And indeed I was ſenſible, from her anger and repulſes, that I wanted time myſelf for recollection. And ſo I withdrew, with the ſame veneration as a petitioning ſubject would withdraw from the preſence of his Sovereign. But, Oh! Belford, had ſhe had but the leaſt patience with me—Had ſhe but made me think, that ſhe would forgive this initiatory ardor—Surely ſhe will not be always thus guarded.—

I had not been a moment by myſelf, but I was ſenſible,

ſenſible, that I had half-forfeited my newly-aſſumed character. It is exceedingly difficult, thou ſeeſt, for an honeſt man to act in diſguiſes: As the Poet ſays, *Thruſt Nature back with a pitchfork, it will return.* I recollected, that what ſhe had inſiſted upon, was really a part of that declared will, before ſhe left her Father's houſe, to which in another caſe (to humble her) I had pretended to have an inviolable regard. And when I remembered her words of *Taking her meaſures accordingly*, I was reſolved to ſacrifice a leg or an arm to make all up again, before ſhe had time to determine upon any new meaſures.

How ſeaſonably to this purpoſe have come in my Aunt's and Couſin's Letters!

* * * * *

I HAVE ſent in again and again to implore her to admit me to her preſence. But ſhe will conclude a Letter ſhe is writing to Miſs Howe, before ſhe will ſee me.—I ſuppoſe to give an account of what has juſt paſſed.

* * * * *

CURSE upon her perverſe tyranny! How ſhe makes me wait for an humble audience, though ſhe has done writing ſome time! A Prince begging for her upon his knees ſhould not prevail upon me to ſpare her, if I can but get her to London—Oons! Jack, I believe I have bit my lip through for vexation!—But one day *hers* ſhall ſmart for it

Mr. Lovelace, beginning a new date, gives an account of his admittance, and of the converſation that followed: Which differing only in ſtyle from that the Lady gives in the next Letter, is omitted.

He collects the Lady's expreſſions, which his pride cannot bear:—Such as, That he is a ſtranger to the decorums which ſhe thought inſeparable from

a man of birth and education; *and* that he is not the accompliſhed man he imagines himſelf to be; *and threatens to remember them againſt her.*

He values himſelf upon his propoſals and ſpeeches, which he gives to his friend pretty much to the ſame purpoſe that the Lady does in her four laſt Letters.

After mentioning his propoſal to her that ſhe would borrow a ſervant from Miſs Howe, till Hannah could come, he writes as follows:

Thou ſeeſt, Belford, that my Charmer has no notion, that Miſs Howe herſelf is but a puppet danced upon my wires at ſecond or third hand. To outwit, and impel, as I pleaſe, two *ſuch girls* as theſe, who think they know every-thing; and, by taking advantage of the pride and ill-nature of the old ones of both families, to play *them* off likewiſe at the very time they think they are doing me ſpiteful diſpleaſure; what charming revenge!—Then the ſweet Creature, when I wiſhed that her *Brother* was not at the bottom of Mrs. Howe's reſentment, to tell me, That ſhe was afraid he *was*, or her Uncle would not have appeared againſt her to that Lady!—Pretty dear! how innocent!

But don't think me the *cauſe* neither of her family's malice and reſentment. It is all in their hearts. I work but with their materials. They, if left to their own wicked direction, would perhaps expreſs their revenge by fire and faggot; that is to ſay, by the private dagger, or by Lord Chief Juſtices warrants, by Law, and ſo forth: I only point the Lightning, and teach it where to dart, without the Thunder. In other words, I only guide the Effects: The Cauſe is in their malignant hearts: And, while I am doing a little miſchief, I prevent a great deal.

Thus he exults on her mentioning London:

I wanted her to propoſe London herſelf. This made

made me again mention Windſor. If you would have a woman do one thing, you muſt always propoſe another, and that the very contrary. The Sex! the very Sex! as I hope to be ſaved!—Why, Jack, they lay a man under a neceſſity to deal doubly with them! And, when they find themſelves outwitted, they cry out upon an honeſt fellow, who has been too hard for them at their own weapons.

I could hardly contain myſelf. My heart was at my throat.—Down, down, ſaid I to myſelf, exuberant exultation! A ſudden cough befriended me: I again turned to her, all as *indifferenced over* as a girl at the firſt long expected queſtion, who waits for two more. I heard out the reſt of her ſpeech: And when ſhe had done, inſtead of ſaying any-thing to her of London, I adviſed her *to ſend for her Mrs. Norton.*

As I *knew* ſhe would be afraid of laying under obligation, I could have propoſed to do ſo much for the good woman and her ſon, as would have made her reſolve, that I ſhould do nothing: This, however, not merely to avoid expence. But there was no ſuch thing as allowing of the preſence of Mrs. Norton. I might as well have had her Mother or her Aunt Hervey with her. Hannah, had ſhe been able to come, and had ſhe actually come, I could have done well enough with. What do I keep fellows idling in the country for, but to fall in love, and even to marry thoſe whom I would have them to marry? Nor, upon ſecond thoughts, would the preſence of her Norton, or of her Aunt, or even of her Mother, have ſaved the dear creature, had I decreed her fall.

How unequal is a modeſt woman to the adventure, when ſhe throws herſelf into the power of a Rake!—Punctilio will, at any time, ſtand for reaſon with ſuch an one. She cannot break thro' a well-teſted modeſty. None but the impudent little rogues, who can name the Parſon and the Church before you think of either,

and

and undreſs and go to bed before you the next hour, ſhould think of running away with a man.

*** ***

I AM in the right train now. Every hour, I doubt not, will give me an encreaſing intereſt in the affections of this proud Beauty. I have juſt carried *Unpoliteneſs* far enough to *make her afraid of me*; and to ſhew her, that I am *no whiner*. Every inſtance of Politeneſs, *now*, will give me double credit with her. My next point will be to make her acknowlege a *lambent* flame, a preference of me to all other men, at leaſt: And then my happy hour is not far off. An *acknowleged* Reciprocality in Love ſanctifies every little freedom: And little freedoms beget greater. And if ſhe call me *ungenerous*, I can call her *cruel*. The Sex love to be called cruel. Many a time have I complained of Cruelty, even in the act of yielding, becauſe I knew it gratified the Fair-one's pride.

Mentioning that he had only hinted at Mr. Belford's lodgings, as an inſtance to confirm what he had told her, that he knew of none in London fit for her, he ſays,

I had a mind to alarm her with ſomething furtheſt from my purpoſe; for (as much as ſhe diſliked my motion) I intended nothing by it: Mrs. Oſgood is too pious a woman; and would have been more *her* friend than *mine*.

I had a view, moreover, to give her an high opinion of her own ſagacity. I love, when I dig a pit, to have my prey tumble in with ſecure feet, and open eyes: Then a man can look down upon her, with an *O-ho, Charmer, how came you there?*

Monday, April 17.

I HAVE juſt now received a freſh piece of intelligence from my agent honeſt Joſeph Leman. Thou knoweſt the hiſtory of poor Miſs Betterton of Nottingham.

tingham. James Harlowe is plotting to revive the reſentments of her family againſt me. The Harlowes took great pains, ſome time ago, to endeavour to get to the Bottom of that ſtory. But now the fooliſh devils are reſolved to do ſomething in it, if they can. My head is working to make this booby 'Squire a plotter, and a clever fellow, in order to turn his plots to my advantage, ſuppoſing his Siſter ſhall aim to keep me *at arms length when in town, and to ſend me from her.* But I will, in proper time, let thee ſee Joſeph's Letter, and what I ſhall anſwer to it *(a)*. To know, in time, a deſigned miſchief, is, with me, to diſappoint it, and to turn it upon the contriver's head.

Joſeph is plaguy ſqueamiſh again; but I know he only intends by his qualms to ſwell his merits with me. O Belford, Belford! what a vile corruptible rogue, whether in poor or rich, is human nature!

LETTER XXXII.

Miſs Howe, *To Miſs* Clarissa Harlowe.

[*In anſwer to Letters* xxiv.—xxx. *incluſive.*]

Tueſday, April 18.

YOU have a moſt implacable family. Another viſit from your Uncle Antony has not only confirmed my Mother an Enemy to our correſpondence, but has almoſt put her upon treading in their ſteps.—

But, to other ſubjects:

You plead generouſly for Mr. Hickman. Perhaps, with regard to him, I may have done, as I have often done in ſinging—begun a note or key too high; and yet, rather than begin again, proceed, tho' I ſtrain my voice, or ſpoil my tune. But this is evident, the man is the more obſervant for it; and you have

(a) See Letters xliii, xliv, of this volume.

taught me, that the ſpirit which is the humbler for ill uſage, will be inſolent upon better. So, good and grave Mr. Hickman, keep your diſtance a little longer, I beſeech you. You have erected an altar to me; and I hope you will not refuſe to bow to it.

But you aſk me, If I would treat Mr. Lovelace, were he to be in Mr. Hickman's place, as I do Mr. Hickman? Why really, my dear, I believe I ſhould not.—I have been very ſagely conſidering this point of behaviour (in general) on both ſides in courtſhip; and I will very candidly tell you the reſult. I have concluded, that politeneſs, even to exceſs, is neceſſary on the mens part, to bring us to liſten to their firſt addreſſes, in order to induce us to bow our necks to a yoke ſo unequal. But, upon my conſcience, I very much doubt whether a little intermingled inſolence is not requiſite from them, to keep up that intereſt, when once it has got footing. Men muſt not let us ſee, that we can make fools of them. And I think that *ſmooth* Love; that is to ſay, a paſſion without rubs; in other words, a paſſion without paſſion; is like a ſleepy ſtream that is hardly ſeen to give motion to a ſtraw. So that, ſometimes to make us fear, and even, for a ſhort ſpace, to hate the wretch, is productive of the *contrary* extreme.

If this be ſo, Lovelace, than whom no man was ever more polite and obſequious at the *beginning*, has hit the very point. For his turbulence *ſince*, his readineſs to offend, and his equal readineſs to humble himſelf (as he is known to be a man of ſenſe, and of courage too) muſt keep a woman's paſſion alive; and at laſt, tire her into a non-reſiſtance that ſhall make her as paſſive as a tyrant-huſband would wiſh her to be.

I verily think, that the different behaviour of our two heroes to their heroines make out this doctrine to demonſtration. I am ſo much accuſtomed, for my own part, to Hickman's whining, creeping, ſubmiſſive

ſive courtſhip, that I now expect nothing but whine and cringe from him; and am ſo little moved with his nonſenſe, that I am frequently forced to go to my harpſichord, to keep me awake, and to ſilence his humdrum. Whereas Lovelace keeps up the Ball with a witneſs, and all his addreſs and converſation is one continual game at Raquet.

Your frequent Quarrels and Reconciliations verify this obſervation: And I really believe, that, could Hickman have kept my attention alive after the Lovelace-manner, only that he had preſerved his morals, I ſhould have married the man by this time. But then he muſt have *ſet out* accordingly. For now he can never, never recover himſelf, that's certain; but muſt be a Dangler to the end of the Courtſhip-chapter; and, what is ſtill worſe for him, a Paſſive to the end of his life.

Poor Hickman! perhaps you'll ſay.

I have been called your Echo—Poor Hickman! ſay I.

You wonder, my dear, that Mr. Lovelace took not notice to you over-night of the Letters of Lady Betty, and his Couſin. I don't like his keeping ſuch a material and *relative* circumſtance, as I may call it, one moment from you. By his communicating the contents of them to you next day, when you was angry with him, it looks as if he with-held them for *occaſional pacifiers*; and if ſo, muſt he not have had a forethought that he might give you *cauſe* for anger? Of all the circumſtances that have happened ſince you have been with him, I think I like this the leaſt. This alone, my dear, ſmall as it might look to an *indifferent* eye, in *mine* warrants all your caution. Yet I think, that Mrs. Greme's Letter to her Siſter Sorlings; his repeated motions for Hannah's attendance; and for that of one of the widow Sorlings's daughters; and, above all, for that of Mrs. Norton; are agreeable counterbalances. Were it not for theſe

circumſtances, I ſhould have ſaid a great deal more of the other. Yet what a fooliſh fellow, to let you know over-night that he *had* ſuch Letters?—I can't tell what to make of him.

I am pleaſed with the contents of theſe Ladies Letters. And the more, as I have cauſed the family to be again ſounded, and find that they are all as deſirous as ever of your alliance.

They really are (every one of them) your very great admirers. And, as for Lord M. he is ſo much pleaſed with you, and with the confidence, as he calls it, which you have repoſed in his Nephew, that he vows he will diſinherit him, if he reward it not as he ought. You muſt take care, that you loſe not both families.

I hear Mrs. Norton is enjoined, as ſhe values the favour of the *other* family, not to correſpond either with you, or with me.—Poor creatures!—But they are your—Yet they are not your *Relations*, neither, I believe. Had you had any other Nurſe, I ſhould have concluded you had been changed. I ſuffer by their low malice—Excuſe me therefore.

You really hold this man to his good behaviour with more ſpirit than I thought you miſtreſs of; eſpecially when I judged of you by that Meekneſs which you always contended for, as the proper diſtinction of the female character; and by the Love, which (think as you pleaſe) you certainly have for him. You may rather be proud of than angry at the imputation; ſince you are the only woman I ever knew, read, or heard of, whoſe Love was ſo much governed by her Prudence. But once the indifference of the Huſband takes place of the ardor of the Lover, it will be *your* turn: And, if I am not miſtaken, this man, who is the only ſelf-admirer I ever knew, who was not a coxcomb, will rather in his day expect homage than pay it.

Your handſome Huſbands, my dear, make a Wife's

Wife's heart ake very often: And tho' you are as fine a peſon of a woman, at the leaſt, as he is of a man; he will take too much delight in *himſelf* to think himſelf more indebted to your favour, than you are to his diſtinction and preference of you. But no man, take your finer mind with your very fine perſon, can deſerve you. So you muſt be contented, ſhould your merit be under-rated; ſince that *muſt* be ſo, marry whom you will. Perhaps you will think I indulge theſe ſort of reflections againſt your Narciſſus's of men, to keep my Mother's choice for me of Hickman in countenance with myſelf—I don't know but there is ſomething in it; at leaſt, enough to have given birth to the reflection.

I think there can be no objection to your going to London. There, as in the centre, you will bein the way of hearing from every-body, and ſending to anybody. And then you will put all his ſincerity to the teſt, *as to his promiſed abſence*, and ſuch-like.

But indeed, my dear, I think you have nothing for it but Marriage. You may try (that you may ſay you *have* tried) what your Relations can be brought to: But the moment they refuſe your propoſals, ſubmit to the yoke, and make the beſt of it. He will be a ſavage indeed, if he makes you ſpeak out. Yet, it is my opinion, that you *muſt* bend a little; for he cannot bear to be thought ſlightly of.

This was one of his ſpeeches once; I believe deſigned for me.—'A woman who means one day to 'favour her Lover with her hand, ſhould ſhew the 'world, for her *own* ſake, that ſhe diſtinguiſhes him 'from the common herd.'

Shall I give you another fine Sentence of his, and in the true Libertine ſtile, as he ſpoke it, throwing out his challenging hand?—'D—n him, if he would 'marry the firſt princeſs on earth, if he but thought 'ſhe balanced a minute in her choice of *Him*, or of 'an *Emperor*.'

All the world, in ſhort, expect you to have this man. They think, that you left your Father's houſe for this very purpoſe. The longer the Ceremony is delayed, the worſe appearance it will have in the world's eye. And it will not be the fault of ſome of your relations, if a ſlur be not thrown upon your reputation, while you continue unmarried. Your Uncle Antony in particular, ſpeaks rough and vile things, grounded upon the morals of his *Brother-Orſon*. But hitherto your admirable character has antidoted the poiſon; the detractor is deſpiſed, and every one's indignation raiſed againſt him.

I have written thro' many interruptions: And you will ſee the firſt ſheet creaſed and rumpled, occaſioned by putting it into my boſom, on my Mother's ſudden coming upon me. We have had one very pretty debate, I will aſſure you; but it is not worth while to trouble you with the particulars.—But upon my word —No matter tho'—

Your Hannah cannot attend you. The poor girl left her place about a fortnight ago, on account of a rheumatic diſorder, which has confined her to her room ever ſince. She burſt into tears, when Kitty carried to her your deſire of having her with you; and called herſelf doubly unhappy, that ſhe could not wait upon a miſtreſs whom ſhe ſo dearly loved.

Had my Mother anſwered my wiſhes, I ſhould have been ſorry Mr. Lovelace had been the *firſt* propoſer of my Kitty for your attendant, till Hannah could come. To be altogether among ſtrangers, and a ſtranger to attend you every time you remove, is a very diſagreeable thing. But your conſiderateneſs and bounty will make you faithful ones where-ever you go.

You muſt take your own way: But if you ſuffer any inconvenience, either as to cloaths or money, that it is in my power to remedy, I will never forgive you. My Mother (if *that* be your objection) need not know any-hing of the matter.

We

We have all our Defects: We have often regretted the particular Fault, which, tho' in venerable characters, we muſt have been blind not to ſee.

I remember what you once ſaid to me; and the caution was good: Let us, my Nancy, were your words; let us, who have not the ſame failings as thoſe we cenſure, guard againſt *other* and *greater* in ourſelves. Nevertheleſs I muſt needs tell you, that my Mother has vexed me a little very lately, by ſome inſtances of her jealous narrowneſs. I will mention one of them, tho' I did not intend it. She wanted to borrow Thirty Guineas of me; *only* while ſhe got a Note changed, I ſaid, I could lend her but Eight or Ten. Eight or Ten would not do: She thought I was much richer. I could have told her, I was much cunninger than to let her know my Stock; which, on a Review, I find Ninety-five Guineas; and all of them moſt heartily at your ſervice.

I believe your Uncle Tony put her upon this wiſe project; for ſhe was *out of caſh* in an hour after he left her. If he did, you will judge that they intend to diſtreſs you. If it will provoke *you* to demand your own in a legal way, I wiſh they would; ſince their putting you upon that courſe will juſtify the neceſſity of your leaving them. And as it is not for your credit to own, that you were tricked away contrary to your intention, this would afford a Reaſon for your going off, that I ſhould make very good uſe of. You'll ſee, that I approve of Lovelace's advice upon this ſubject. I am not willing to allow the weight to your anſwer to him on that head, which perhaps ought to be allowed it *(a)*.

You muſt be the leſs ſurpriſed at the inventions of this man, becauſe of his uncommon talents. Whatever he had turned his head to, he would have excelled in; or been (or done things) extra-

(a) See p. 147, 148.

ordinary. He is ſaid to be revengeful: A very bad quality! I believe indeed he is a devil in everything but his foot.—This therefore is my repeated advice—Provoke him not too much againſt yourſelf: But unchain him, and let him looſe upon your Siſter's vile Betty, and your Brother's Joſeph Leman. This is reſenting *low:* But I know to whom I write, or elſe I would go a good deal *higher*, I'll aſſure you.

Your next, I ſuppoſe, will be from London. Pray direct it, and your future Letters, till further notice, to Mr. Hickman, at his own houſe. He is entirely devoted to you. Don't take ſo heavily my Mother's partiality and prejudices. I hope I am paſt a Baby.

Heaven preſerve you, and make you as happy as I think you deſerve to be, prays

Your ever-affectionate

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXXIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Wed. Morn. April 19.

I AM glad, my dear friend, that you approve of my Removal to London.

The diſagreement between your Mother and you gives me inexpreſſible affliction. I hope I think you both more unhappy than you are. But I beſeech you let me know the particulars of the debate you call *a very pretty one.* I am well acquainted with your dialect. When I am informed of the whole, let your Mother have been ever ſo ſevere upon me, I ſhall be eaſier a great deal.—Faulty people ſhould rather deplore the occaſion they have given for anger than reſent it.

If I am to be obliged to any-body in England for money, it ſhall be to you. Your Mother need not know

know of your kindneſs to me, you ſay—But ſhe *muſt* know it, if it be done, and if ſhe challenge my beloved friend upon it; for would you either falſify or prevaricate?—I wiſh your Mother could be made eaſy on this head.—Forgive me, my dear—But I know—Yet once ſhe had a better opinion of me.—O my inconſiderate raſhneſs!—Excuſe me once more, I pray you.—Pride, when it is *native*, will ſhew itſelf ſometimes in the midſt of mortifications—But my ſtomach is down already.

❁ ❁

I AM unhappy that I cannot have my worthy Hannah. I am as ſorry for the poor creature's illneſs as for my own diſappointment by it. Come, my dear Miſs Howe, ſince you preſs me to be beholden to you; and would think me proud if I abſolutely refuſed your favour; pray be ſo good as to ſend her two guines in my name.

If I have nothing for it, as you ſay, but Matrimony, it yields a little comfort, that his Relations do not deſpiſe the *Fugitive*, as perſons of their rank and quality-pride might be ſuppoſed to do, for having *been* a Fugitive.

But O my cruel, thrice cruel Uncle! to ſuppoſe—But my heart checks my pen, and will not let it proceed, on an intimation ſo extremely ſhocking as that which he ſuppoſes!—Yet, if thus they have been perſuaded, no wonder if they are irreconcileable.

This is all my hard-hearted Brother's doings!—His ſurmiſings:—God forgive him—Prays his injured Siſter!

LETTER XXXIV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Thurſday, April 20.

MR. Lovelace's ſervant is already returned with an Anſwer from his friend Mr. Doleman, who has taken pains in his enquiries, and is very particular. Mr. Lovelace brought me the Letter as ſoon as he had

read it; and as he now knows that I acquaint you with every-thing that offers, I desired him to let me send it to you for your perusal. Be pleased to return it by the first opportunity. You will see by it, that his friends in town have a notion that we are actually married.

To ROBERT LOVELACE, *Esq*;

Dear Sir, *Tuesday Night*, *April* 18.

I AM extremely rejoiced to hear, that we shall so soon have you in town, after so long an absence. You will be the more welcome still, if what report says, be true; which is, that you are *actually married* to the fair Lady upon whom we have heard you make such encomiums. Mrs. Doleman, and my Sister, both wish you joy if you are; and joy upon your near prospect if you are not.

I have been in town for this week past, to get help, if I could, from my paralytic complaints; and am in a course for them. Which, nevertheless, did not prevent me from making the desired enquiries. This is the result.

You may have a first floor, well-furnished, at a Mercer's in Bedford-street, Covent-garden, with conveniencies for servants: And these either by the quarter or month. The terms according to the conveniencies required.

Mrs. Doleman has seen Lodgings in Norfolk-street, and others in Cecil-street; but tho' the prospects to the Thames and Surry-hills look inviting from both these streets, yet I suppose they are too near the City.

The owner of those in Norfolk-street would have half the house go together. It would be too much for your description therefore: And I suppose, that when you think fit to *declare your marriage*, you will hardly be in lodgings.

Those in Cecil-street are neat and convenient. The owner is a widow of good character; but she insists, that you take them for a twelvemonth certain.

You

You may have good accommodations in Dover-ſtreet, at a widow's, the relict of an officer in the guards, who dying ſoon after he had purchaſed his commiſſion (to which he had a good title by ſervice, and which coſt him moſt part of what he had) ſhe *was obliged to lett Lodgings.*

This may poſſibly be an objection. But ſhe is very careful, ſhe ſays, that ſhe takes no Lodgers, but of *figure* and *reputation.* She rents two good houſes, diſtant from each other, only joined by a *large handſome paſſage.* The *inner-houſe* is the genteeleſt, and very elegantly furniſhed; but you may have the uſe of a very handſome parlour in the *outer-houſe*, if you chuſe to look into the ſtreet.

A little garden belongs to the inner-houſe, in which the old gentlewoman has diſplayed a true female fancy; having crammed it with vaſes, flower-pots, and figures, without number.

As theſe Lodgings ſeemed to me the moſt likely to pleaſe you, I was more particular in my enquiries about them. The apartments ſhe has to lett are in the inner-houſe: They are a dining-room, two neat parlours, a withdrawing-room, two or three handſome bed-chambers; one with a pretty light cloſet in it, which looks into the little garden; all furniſhed in taſte.

A *dignified Clergyman*, his *wife*, and *maiden-daughter*, were the laſt who lived in them. They have but lately quitted them, on his being preſented to a conſiderable Church-preferment in Ireland. The gentlewoman ſays, that he took the Lodgings but for *three months* certain; but liked them and *her uſage* ſo well, that he continued in them *two years*; and left them with regret, tho' on ſo good an account. She bragged, that this was the way of all the Lodgers ſhe ever had, who ſtaid with her *four times as long as they at firſt intended.*

I had ſome knowlege of the Colonel, who was always looked upon as a man of honour. His Relict I never ſaw before. I think ſhe has a *maſculine air*, and

is a *little forbidding at firſt:* But when I ſaw her behaviour to two agreeable *maiden gentlewomen*, her Huſband's nieces, whom, for *that* reaſon, ſhe calls *doubly* hers, and heard their praiſes of *her*, I could impute her very bulk to good humour; ſince we ſeldom ſee your ſour peeviſh people plump. She lives *reputably*, and is, as I find, *aforehand* in the world.

If theſe, or any other of the Lodgings I have mentioned, be not altogether to your Lady's mind, ſhe may continue in them *the leſs while*, and *chuſe others for herſelf.*

The widow conſents that you ſhall take them for a *month only*, and *what* of them you pleaſe. The terms, ſhe ſays, ſhe will not fall out upon, when ſhe knows what your Lady expects, and what *her* ſervants are to do, or *yours* will undertake; for ſhe obſerved that ſervants are generally worſe to deal with, than their maſters or miſtreſſes.

The Lady may board or not, as ſhe pleaſes.

As we *ſuppoſe you married*, but that you have reaſon, from family-differences, to keep it private for the preſent, I thought it not amiſs to hint as much to the widow (but as *uncertainty*, however); and aſked her, if ſhe could, in that caſe, accommodate you and your ſervants, as well as the Lady and hers? She ſaid, ſhe could; and wiſhed, by all means, it were to be ſo; ſince the circumſtance of a perſon's *being ſingle*, if not as well recommended as this Lady, was *one of her uſual exceptions.*

If none of theſe Lodgings pleaſe, you need not doubt very handſome ones in or near Hanover-Square, Soho-Square, Golden-Square, or in ſome of the new ſtreets about Groſvenor-Square. And Mrs. Doleman, her Siſter, and myſelf, moſt cordially join to offer to your good Lady the beſt accommodations we can make for her at Uxbridge (and alſo for you, if you are the happy man we wiſh you to be) till ſhe fits herſelf more to her mind.

Let

Let me add, that the Lodgings at the Mercer's, thoſe in Cecil-ſtreet, thoſe at the widow's in Dover-ſtreet, any of them, may be entered upon at a day's warning. I am, my dear Sir,

Your ſincere and affectionate Friend and Servant,

THO. DOLEMAN.

You will eaſily gueſs, my dear, when you have read the Letter, *which* Lodgings I made choice of. But firſt, to try him (as in ſo material a point I thought I could not be too circumſpect) I ſeemed to prefer thoſe in Norfolk-ſtreet, for the very reaſon the writer gives why he thought I would *not*; that is to ſay, for its neighbourhood to a City ſo well-governed as London is ſaid to be. Nor ſhould I have diſliked a Lodging in the heart of it, having heard but indifferent accounts of the liberties ſometimes taken at the other end of the town.—Then ſeeming to incline to the Lodgings in Cecil-ſtreet—Then to the Mercer's. But he made no viſible preference: And when I aſked his opinion of the widow-gentlewoman's, he ſaid, He thought thoſe the moſt to my taſte and convenience: But as he hoped, that I would think Lodgings neceſſary but for a very little while, he knew not which to give his vote for.

I then fixed upon the widow's; and he has written accordingly to Mr. Doleman, making my compliments to his Lady and Siſter, for their kind offer.

I am to have the dining-room, the bed-chamber with the light cloſet (of which, if I ſtay any time at the widow's, I ſhall make great uſe) and a ſervant's room; and we propoſe to ſet out on Saturday morning. As for a maid-ſervant, poor Hannah's illneſs is a great diſappointment to me: But, as he obſerves, I can make the widow ſatisfaction for one of hers, till I can get a ſervant to my mind. And you know, I want not much attendance.

Mr. Lovelace has juſt now, of his own accord, given me five guineas for poor Hannah. I ſend them in-

incloſed. Be ſo good as to cauſe them to be conveyed to her; and to let her know from whom they came.

He has obliged me much by this little mark of his conſiderateneſs. Indeed I have had the better opinion of him ever ſince he propoſed her return to me.

I HAVE juſt now *another* inſtance of his conſiderateneſs. He came to me, and ſaid, that, on ſecond thoughts, he could not bear, that I ſhould go up to town without ſome attendant, where it but for the look of the thing to the London widow and her nieces, who, according to his friend's account, *lived ſo genteely*; and eſpecially *as I required him to leave me ſoon after I arrived there*, and ſo would be left alone among ſtrangers. He therefore thought, that I might engage Mrs. Sorlings to lend me one of her two maids, or to let one of her Daughters go up with me, and ſtay till I were provided. And if the latter, the young gentlewoman, no doubt, would be glad of ſo good an opportunity to ſee the curioſities of the town, and would be a proper attendant on the ſame occaſions.

I told him, as I had done before, that the two young gentlewomen were ſo equally uſeful in their way, and ſervants in a buſy farm were ſo little to be ſpared, that I ſhould be loth to take them off their laudable employments. Nor ſhould I think much of diverſions for one while; and ſo the leſs want an attendant out of doors.

And now, my dear, leſt any-thing ſhould happen, in ſo variable a ſituation as mine, to over-cloud my proſpects (which at preſent are more promiſing than ever yet they have been ſince I quitted Harlowe-Place) I will ſnatch the opportunity to ſubſcribe myſelf

Your not unhoping, and
ever-obliged Friend and Servant,
CL. HARLOWE.

LET-

LETTER XXXV.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Thurſday, April 20.

HE begins with communicating to him the Letter he wrote to Mr. Doleman, *to procure ſuitable Lodgings in Town, and which he ſent away by the Lady's approbation: And then gives him a copy of the Anſwer to it (See p.* 178*): Upon which he thus expreſſes himſelf:*

Thou knoweſt the Widow; thou knoweſt her Nieces; thou knoweſt the Lodgings: And didſt thou ever read a Letter more artfully couched, than this of Tom Doleman? Every poſſible objection anticipated! Every accident provided againſt! Every tittle of it plot-proof!

Who could forbear ſmiling, to ſee my Charmer, like a farcical Dean and Chapter, chuſe what was before choſen for her; and ſagaciouſly (as *they* go in form to prayers, that Heaven would direct their choice) pondering upon the different propoſals, as if ſhe would make me believe, ſhe had a mind for *ſome other?* The dear ſly rogue looking upon me, too, with a view to diſcover ſome emotion in me. Emotions I had; but I can tell her, that they lay deeper than her eye could reach, tho' it had been a ſun-beam.

No confidence in me, Fair-one! None at all, 'tis plain. Thou wilt not, if I were inclined to change my views, encourage me by a generous reliance on my honour!—And ſhall it be ſaid, that I, a Maſter of Arts in Love, ſhall be overmatched by ſo unpractiſed a novice?

But to ſee the Charmer ſo far ſatisfied with my contrivance, as to borrow my friend's Letter, in order to ſatisfy Miſs Howe likewiſe!—

Silly little rogues! to walk out into bye-paths on the ſtrength of their own judgments!—When nothing but

expe-

experience can enable them to diſappoint us, and teach them grandmother-wiſdom! When they have it indeed, then may they ſit down, like ſo many Caſſandra's, and preach caution to others; who will as little mind *them*, as they did their inſtructreſſes, whenever a fine handſome confident young fellow, ſuch a one as thou knoweſt who, comes croſs them.

But, Belford, didſt thou not mind that ſly rogue Doleman's naming *Dover-ſtreet* for the Widow's place of abode?—What doſt think could be meant by that?--'Tis impoſſible thou ſhouldſt gueſs. So, not to puzzle thee about it, Suppoſe the *widow Sinclair's in Dover-ſtreet* ſhould be enquired after by ſome officious perſon, in order to come at characters [Miſs Howe is as *ſly* as the devil, and as *buſy* to the full]; and neither ſuch a name, nor ſuch a houſe, can be found in that Street, nor a houſe to anſwer the deſciption; then will not the keeneſt hunter in England be at a fault?

But how wilt thou do, methinks thou aſkeſt, to hinder the Lady from reſenting the fallacy, and miſtruſting thee the more on that account, when ſhe finds it out to be in another Street?

Pho! never mind that: Either I ſhall have a way for it; or we ſhall thoroughly underſtand one another by that time; or, if we don't, ſhe'll know enough of me, not to wonder at *ſuch* a peccadillo.

But how wilt thou hinder the Lady from appriſing her friend of the real name?

She muſt firſt know it herſelf, monkey, muſt ſhe not?

Well, but, how wilt thou do to hinder her from knowing the Street, and her friend from directing Letters thither; which will be the ſame thing as if the name were known?

Let me alone for that too.

If thou further objecteſt, that Tom Doleman is too great a dunce to write ſuch a Letter in anſwer to mine; —Canſt thou not imagine, that, in order to ſave honeſt Tom

Tom all this trouble, I, who know the town ſo well, could ſend him a copy of what he ſhould write, and leave him nothing to do, but tranſcribe?

What now ſayſt thou to *me*, Belford?

And ſuppoſe I had deſigned this taſk of enquiry for thee; and ſuppoſe the Lady excepted againſt thee for no other reaſon in the world, but becauſe of my value for thee? What ſayſt thou to the *Lady*, Jack?

This it is to have leiſure upon my hands!—What a matchleſs plotter thy friend!—Stand by, and let me ſwell!—I am already as big as an elephant; and ten times wiſer!—Mightier too by far! Have I not reaſon to ſnuff the moon with my proboſcis?—Lord help thee for a poor, for a very poor creature!—Wonder not, that I deſpiſe thee heartily; ſince the man who is diſpoſed immoderately to exalt himſelf, cannot do it but by deſpiſing every-body elſe in proportion.

I ſhall make good uſe of the *Dolemanic* hint of *being married*. But I will not tell thee All at once. Nor, indeed, have I thoroughly digeſted that part of my plot. When a General muſt regulate himſelf by the motions of a watchful Adverſary, how can he ſay beforehand what he will, or what he will not, do?

Widow SINCLAIR!—Didſt thou not ſay, Lovelace?—

Ay, SINCLAIR, Jack!—Remember the name! SINCLAIR, I repeat. She *has* no other. And her features being broad, and full-blown, I will ſuppoſe her to be of Highland extraction; as her Huſband the Colonel [*Mind that too*] was a Scot, as brave, as honeſt.

I never forget the *Minutiæ* in my contrivances. In all matters that admit of doubt, the *minutiæ* cloſely attended to, and provided for, are of more ſervice than a thouſand oaths, vows, and proteſtations made to ſupply the neglect of them, eſpecially when jealouſy has made its way in the working mind.

Thou wouldſt wonder if thou kneweſt one half of my

my *providences*. To give thee but one—I have already been ſo good as to ſend up a liſt of books to be procured for the Lady's cloſet, moſtly at *ſecond-hand*. And thou knoweſt, that the women there are all well read. But I will not anticipate—Beſides, it looks as if I were afraid of leaving any-thing to my old friend CHANCE; which has many a time been an excellent Second to me; and ought not to be affronted or deſpiſed; eſpecially by one, who has the Art of making unpromiſing incidents turn out in his favour.

LETTER XXXVI.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Wedneſday, April 19.

I Have a piece of intelligence to give you, which concerns you much to know.

Your Brother having been aſſured, that you are not married, has taken a reſolution to find you out, waylay you, and carry you off. A friend of his, a captain of a ſhip, undertakes to get you on ſhip-board; and to ſail away with you, either to Hull or Leith, in the way to one of your Brother's houſes.

They are very wicked: For in ſpite of your virtue they conclude you to be *ruined*. But if they can be aſſured when they have you, that you are not, they will ſecure you till they can bring you out Mrs. Solmes. Mean time, in order to give Mr. Lovelace full employment, they talk of a proſecution which will be ſet up againſt him, for ſome crime they have got a notion of, which they think, if it do not coſt him his life, will make him fly his country.

This is very early news. Miſs Bell told it in confidence, and with mighty triumph over Lovelace, to Miſs Lloyd; who is at preſent her favourite; though as much your admirer as ever. Miſs Lloyd, being very apprehenſive of the miſchief which might follow ſuch an attempt, told it to me, with leave to appriſe you privately

vately of it—And yet neither ſhe nor I would be ſorry, perhaps, if Lovelace were to be fairly hanged—that is to ſay, if *you*, my dear, had no objection to it. But we cannot bear, that ſuch an admirable creature ſhould be made the tennis-ball of two violent ſpirits—Much leſs, that you ſhould be ſeized, and expoſed to the brutal treatment of wretches who have no bowels.

If you can engage Mr. Lovelace to keep his temper upon it, I think you ſhould acquaint him with it; but not to mention Miſs Lloyd. Perhaps his wicked agent may come at the intelligence, and reveal it to him. But I leave it to your own diſcretion to do as you think fit in it. All my concern is, that this daring and fooliſh project, if carried on, will be a means of throwing you more into his power than ever. But as it will convince you, that there can be no hope of a Reconciliation, I wiſh you were actually married, let the cauſe for the proſecution hinted at be what it will, ſhort of Murder or a Rape.

Your Hannah was very thankful for your kind preſent. She heaped a thouſand bleſſings upon you for it. She has Mr. Lovelace's too, by this time.

I am pleaſed with Mr. Hickman, I can tell you:—For he has ſent her two guineas by the perſon who carries Mr. Lovelace's five, as from an unknown hand: Nor am I, or you, to know it. But he does a great many things of this ſort; and is as ſilent as the night in his charities; for nobody knows of them, till the gratitude of the benefited will not let them be concealed. He is now-and-then my almoner, and I believe always adds to my little benefactions.

But his time is not come to be praiſed to his face for theſe things; nor does he ſeem to want *that* encouragement.

The man has certainly a good mind. Nor can we expect in one man every good quality. But he is really a ſilly fellow, my dear, to trouble his head about me, when he ſees how much I deſpiſe his whole Sex; and

muſt

muſt of courſe make a common man look like a fool, were he not to make *himſelf* look like one, by wiſhing to pitch his tent ſo oddly. Our likings and diſlikings, as I have often thought, are ſeldom governed by prudence, or with a view to happineſs. The eye, my dear, the wicked eye—has ſuch a ſtrict alliance with the heart--And both have ſuch enmity to the judgment! —What an unequal union, the mind and body! All the ſenſes, like the family at Harlowe-Place, in a confederacy againſt that which would animate, and give honour to the whole, were it allowed its proper precedence.

Permit me, I beſeech you, before you go to London, to ſend you forty-eight guineas. I mention that ſum to oblige you, becauſe, by accepting back the two to Hannah, I will hold you indebted to me fifty.—Surely *this* will induce you! You know that I cannot want the money. I told you, that I have near double that ſum; and that the half of it is more than my Mother knows I am miſtreſs of. You are afraid, that my Mother will queſtion me on this ſubject; and then, you think, I muſt own the truth—But little as I love equivocation, and little as you would allow of it in your Anna Howe, it is hard, if I cannot (were I to be put to it ever ſo cloſely) find ſomething to ſay, that would bring me off, and not impeach my veracity. With ſo little money as you have, what can you do at ſuch a place as London?—You don't know what occaſion you may have for meſſengers, intelligence, and ſuch-like. If you don't oblige me, I ſhall not think your ſtomach ſo much down as you ſay it is; and as, in this one particular, I think it ought to be.

As to the ſtate of things between my Mother and me, you know enough of her temper, not to need to be told, that ſhe never eſpouſes or reſents with indifference. Yet will ſhe not remember, that I am *her* Daughter. No, truly, I am all my *Papa's girl.*

She was very ſenſible, ſurely, of the violence of my poor

poor Father's temper, that ſhe can ſo long remember *that*, when acts of tenderneſs and affection ſeem quite forgotten. Some Daughters would be tempted to think, that controul ſat very heavy upon a Mother who can endeavour to exert the power ſhe has over a Child, and regret, for years after death, that ſhe had not the ſame over a Huſband.

If this manner of expreſſion becomes not me, of my Mother, the fault will be ſomewhat extenuated by the Love I always bore to my Father, and by the reverence I ſhall ever pay to his memory: For he was a fond Father, and perhaps would have been as tender a Husband, had not my Mother and he been too much of one temper to agree.

The misfortune was, in ſhort, that, when *one* was out of humour, the *other* would be ſo too: Yet neither of their tempers *comparatively* bad. Notwithſtanding all which, I did not imagine, girl, as I was in my Father's life-time, that my Mother's part of the yoke ſat ſo heavy upon her neck as ſhe gives me room to think it did, whenever ſhe is pleaſed to diſclaim *her* part of me.

Both Parents, as I have often thought, ſhould be very careful, if they would ſecure to themſelves the undivided Love of their children, that, of all things, they ſhould avoid ſuch *durable* contentions with each other, as ſhould diſtreſs their children in chuſing their party, when they would be glad to reverence *both* as they ought.

But here is the thing: There is not a better manager of her affairs in the Sex, than my Mother; and I believe a *notable* Wife is more impatient of controul, than an *indolent* one. An indolent one, perhaps, thinks ſhe has ſomething to *compound* for; while women of the other character, I ſuppoſe, know too well their own ſignificance to think highly of that of any-body elſe. All muſt be their own way. In one word, Becauſe they are *uſeful*, they will be *more* than uſeful.

I do aſſure you, my dear, were I a man, and a man who loved my quiet, I would not have one of theſe managing Wives on any conſideration. I would make it a matter of ſerious enquiry beforehand, whether my miſtreſs's qualifications, if I heard ſhe was notable, were *maſculine* or *feminine* ones. If indeed I were an indolent ſupine mortal, who might be in danger of becoming the property of my Steward, I would then perhaps chuſe to marry for the qualifications of a Steward.

But, ſetting my Mother out of the queſtion, becauſe ſhe *is* my Mother, have I not ſeen how Lady Hartley pranks up herſelf above all her Sex, becauſe ſhe knows how to manage affairs that do not *belong* to her Sex to manage?—Affairs that can do no credit to her as a woman to underſtand; *practically*, I mean; for the *theory* of them may not be amiſs to be known.

Indeed, my dear, I do not think a *Man-woman* a pretty character at all: And, as I ſaid, were I a *man*, I would ſooner chuſe a Dove, tho' it were fit for nothing, but, as the Play ſays, to go tame about houſe, and breed, than a Wife that is ſetting at work (my inſignificant ſelf *preſent* perhaps) every buſy hour my never-reſting ſervants, thoſe of the Stud not excepted; and who, with a beſom in her hand, as I may ſay, would be continually filling me with apprehenſions, that ſhe wanted to ſweep me out of my own houſe as uſeleſs lumber.

Were indeed the miſtreſs of a family (like the wonderful young Lady I ſo *much* and ſo *juſtly* admire) to know how to confine herſelf within her own reſpectable rounds of the Needle, the Pen, the Houſekeeper's Bills, the Dairy for her amuſement; to ſee the Poor fed from ſuperfluities that would otherwiſe be waſted; and exert herſelf in all the really uſeful branches of Domeſtic Management; then would ſhe move in her proper ſphere; then would ſhe render herſelf *amiably* uſeful, and *reſpectably* neceſſary; then would ſhe become

come the *Miſtreſs*-wheel of the family [Whatever you think of your Anna Howe, I would not have her be the *Maſter*-wheel]; and every-body would love her; as every-body did you, before your inſolent Brother came back, fluſhed with his unmerited acquirements, and turned all things topſy-turvy.

If you *will* be informed of the particulars of our contention, after you have known in general, that *your* unhappy affair was the ſubject; why then, I think, I muſt tell you.

Yet how ſhall I?—I feel my cheek glow with mingled ſhame and indignation—Know then, my dear, —that I have been—as I may ſay—that I have been *beaten*—Indeed 'tis true. My Mother thought fit to ſlap my hands to get from me a ſheet of a Letter ſhe caught me writing to you; which I tore, becauſe ſhe ſhould not read it, and burnt it before her face.

I know this will trouble you: So ſpare yourſelf the pains to tell me it does.

Mr. Hickman came in preſently after. I would not ſee him. I am either too much a Woman to be beat, or too much a Child to have an Humble Servant. —So I told my Mother. What can one oppoſe but Sullens, when it would be unpardonable ſo much as to *think* of lifting up a finger?

In the Harlowe-ſtyle, ſhe *will* be obeyed, ſhe ſays: And even Mr. Hickman ſhall be forbid the Houſe, if he contributes to the carrying on of a correſpondence which ſhe will not ſuffer to be continued.

Poor man! He ſtands a whimſical chance between us. But he knows he is *ſure* of my Mother; but not of me. 'Tis eaſy then for him to chuſe his party, were it not his inclination to ſerve you, as it ſurely *is*. And this makes him a merit with me, which otherwiſe he would not have had; notwithſtanding the good qualities which I have juſt now acknowleged in his favour. For, my dear, let my faults in other reſpects be what they may, I will pretend to ſay, that

I have in my own mind thoſe qualities which I praiſed him for. And if we are to come together, I could for that reaſon better diſpenſe with them in him.—So if a Husband, who has a bountiful-tempered Wife, is not a niggard, nor ſeeks to reſtrain her, but has an opinion of all ſhe does, that is enough for him: As, on the contrary, if a bountiful-tempered Husband has a frugal Wife, it is beſt for both. For one to give, and the other to give, except they have prudence, and are at ſo good an underſtanding with each other, as to compare notes, they may perhaps put it out of their power to be *juſt*. Good frugal doctrine, my dear! But this way of putting it, is middling the matter between what I have learnt of my Mother's *over*-prudent and your *enlarged* notions.—But from doctrine to fact—

I ſhut myſelf up all that day; and what little I did eat, eat alone. But at night ſhe ſent up Kitty, with a command, upon my obedience, to attend her at ſupper.

I went down: But moſt glorioufly in the Sullens. YES, and NO, were great words with me, to every thing ſhe aſked, for a good while.

That behaviour, ſhe told me, ſhould not do for her.

Beating ſhould not with me, I ſaid.

My bold reſiſtance, ſhe told me, had provoked her to ſlap my hand; and ſhe was ſorry to have been ſo provoked. But again inſiſted, that I would either give up my correſpondence abſolutely, or let her ſee all that paſſed in it.

I muſt not do either, I told her. It was unſuitable both to my inclination and to my honour, at the inſtigation of baſe minds, to give up a friend in diſtreſs.

She rung all the maternal changes upon the words Duty, Obedience, Filial obligation, and ſo forth.

I told her, that a duty too rigorouſly and unreaſonably exacted had been your ruin, if you *were* ruined.

If

If I were of age to be married, I hope ſhe would think me capable of *making*, or at leaſt of *keeping*, my own friendſhips; ſuch a one eſpecially as this, with a *woman too*, and one whoſe friendſhip ſhe herſelf, till this diſtreſsful point of time, had thought the moſt uſeful and edifying that I had ever contracted.

The greater the merit, the worſe the action: The finer the talents, the more dangerous the example.

There were other duties, I ſaid, beſides the filial one; and I hoped I need not give up a ſuffering friend; eſpecially at the inſtigation of thoſe by whom ſhe ſuffered. I told her, that it was very hard to annex ſuch a condition as that to my duty; when I was perſuaded, that both duties might be performed, without derogating from either: That an unreaſonable command (ſhe muſt excuſe me; I muſt ſay it, tho' I were ſlapt again) was a degree of tyranny: And I could not have expected, that at theſe years I ſhould be allowed no will, no choice of my own! where a woman only was concerned, and the deviliſh Sex not in the queſtion.

What turned moſt in favour of her argument was, that I deſired to be excuſed from letting her read all that paſſes between us. She inſiſted much upon this: And ſince, ſhe ſaid, you were in the hands of the moſt intriguing man in the world; and a man, who had made a jeſt of her favourite Hickman, as ſhe has been told; ſhe knows not what conſequences, unthought of by you or me, may flow from ſuch a correſpondence.

So you ſee, my dear, that I fare the worſe on Mr. Hickman's account! My Mother *might* ſee all that paſſes between us, did I not know, that it would cramp your ſpirit, and reſtrain the freedom of your pen, as it would alſo the freedom of mine: And were ſhe not moreover ſo firmly attached to the contrary ſide, that inferences, conſequences, ſtrained deductions, cenſures and conſtructions the moſt partial, would

for ever be hawled in to teaze me, and would perpetually ſubject us to the neceſſity of debating and canvaſſing.

Beſides, I don't chuſe that ſhe ſhould know how much this artful wretch has outwitted, as I may call it, a perſon ſo much his Superior in all the nobler qualities of the human mind.

The generoſity of your heart, and the greatneſs of your ſoul, full well I know; but do not offer to diſſuade me from this correſpondence.

Mr. Hickman, immediately on the contention above, offered his ſervice; and I accepted of it, as you will ſee by my laſt. He thinks, tho' he has all honour for my Mother, that ſhe is unkind to us both. He was pleaſed to tell me (with an Air, as I thought) that he not only *approved* of our correſpondence, but admired the ſteadineſs of my friendſhip; and having no opinion of your *man*, but a great one of *me*, thinks that my advice or intelligence from time to time may be of uſe to you; and on this preſumption, ſaid, that it would be a thouſand pities that you ſhould ſuffer for want of either.

Mr. Hickman pleaſed me in the main by his ſpeech; and it is well the general tenor of it was agreeable; otherwiſe, I can tell him, I ſhould have reckoned with him for his word *approve*; for it is a ſtyle I have not yet permitted him to talk to me in. And you ſee, my dear, what theſe men are.—No ſooner do they find that you have favoured them with the power of doing you an agreeable ſervice, but they take upon them to *approve*, forſooth, of your actions! By which is implied a right to *diſapprove*, if they think fit.

I have told my Mother, how much you wiſh to be reconciled to your Relations, and how independent you are upon Lovelace.

Mark the end of the latter aſſertion, ſhe ſays. And as to Reconciliation, ſhe knows that nothing will do (and will have it, that nothing *ought* to do) but your return-

returning back, without preſuming to condition with them. And this if you do, ſhe ſays, will beſt ſhew your independence on Lovelace.

You ſee, my dear, what your duty is, in my Mother's opinion.

I ſuppoſe your next directed to Mr. Hickman, at his own houſe, will be from London.

Heaven preſerve you in honour and ſafety, is my prayer.

What you do for change of cloaths, I cannot imagine.

It is amaſing to me what your Relations can mean by diſtreſſing you as they ſeem reſolved to do. I ſee they will throw you into his arms, whether you will or not.

I ſend this by Robert, for diſpatch-ſake: And can only repeat the hitherto rejected offer of my beſt ſervices. Adieu, my deareſt friend. Believe me ever

Your affectionate and faithful

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXXVII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Thurſday, April 20.

I Should think myſelf utterly unworthy of your friendſhip, did my own concerns, heavy as they are, ſo engroſs me, that I could not find leiſure for a few lines to declare to my beloved friend my ſincere diſapprobation of her conduct, in an inſtance where ſhe is ſo *generouſly* faulty, that the conſciouſneſs of that very generoſity may hide from her the fault, which I, more than any other, have reaſon to deplore, as being the unhappy occaſion of it.

You know, you ſay, that your account of the contentions between your Mother and you will trouble me; and ſo you bid me ſpare myſelf the pains to tell you that they do.

You did not uſe, my dear, to forbid me thus *beforehand.* You were wont to ſay, you loved me the better for my expoſtulations with you on that acknowleged warmth and quickneſs of your temper which your own good ſenſe taught you to be apprehenſive of. What tho' I have ſo miſerably fallen, and am unhappy? If ever I had any judgment worth regarding, it is now as much worth as ever, becauſe I can give it as freely againſt myſelf as againſt any-body elſe. And ſhall I not, when there ſeems to be an infection in my fault, and that it leads you likewiſe to reſolve to carry on a correſpondence againſt prohibition, expoſtulate with you upon it; when whatever conſequences flow from your diſobedience, they but widen my error, which is as the evil root, from which ſuch ſad branches ſpring?

The mind that can glory in being capable of ſo noble, ſo firm, ſo unſhaken a friendſhip, as that of my dear Miſs Howe; a friendſhip which no caſualty or diſtreſs can leſſen, but which encreaſes with the misfortunes of its friend—Such a mind muſt be above taking amiſs the well-meant admonitions of that diſtinguiſhed friend. I will not therefore apologize for my freedom on this ſubject: And the leſs need I, when that freedom is the reſult of an affection, in the very inſtance, ſo *abſolutely* diſintereſted, that it tends to deprive myſelf of the only comfort left me.

Your acknowleged Sullens; Your tearing from your mother's hands the Letter ſhe thought ſhe had a right to ſee; and burning it, as you own, before her face; Your refuſal to ſee the man, who is ſo willing to obey you for the ſake of your unhappy friend; and this purely to vex your mother; Can you think, my dear, upon this brief recapitulation of hardly one half of the faulty particulars you give, that theſe faults are excuſeable in one who ſo well knows her duty?

Your Mother had a good opinion of me once: Is not that a reaſon why ſhe ſhould be more regarded now,

now, when I have, *as ſhe believes*, ſo deſervedly forfeited it? A prejudice in favour is as hard to be totally overcome, as a prejudice in diſfavour. In what a ſtrong light, then, muſt that error appear to her, that ſhould ſo totally turn her heart againſt me, herſelf not a principal in the caſe?

There are other duties, you ſay, beſides the filial duty: But That, my dear, muſt be a duty prior to all other duties; a duty anterior, as I may ſay, to your very birth: And what duty ought not to give way to That, when they come in competition?

You are perſuaded, that the duty to your friend, and the filial duty, may be performed without derogating from either. Your *Mother* thinks otherwiſe. What is the concluſion to be drawn from theſe premiſes?

When your Mother ſees, how much *I* ſuffer in my reputation from the ſtep I have taken, from whom ſhe and all the world expected better things, how much reaſon has ſhe to be watchful over you! One evil draws on another after it; and how knows ſhe, or any-body, where it may ſtop?

Does not the perſon who will vindicate, or ſeek to extenuate, a faulty ſtep, in another [In this light muſt your mother look upon the matter in queſtion between her and you] give an indication either of a culpable will, or a weak judgment? And may not ſhe apprehend, that the cenſorious will think, that ſuch a one might probably have equally failed, under the ſame *inducements* and *provocations*, to *uſe your own words*, as applied to me in a former Letter?

Can there be a ſtronger inſtance in human life than mine has ſo early furniſhed within a few months paſt (not to mention the uncommon provocations to it, which I have met with) of the neceſſity of the continuance of a watchful Parent's care over a Daughter; let that daughter have obtained ever ſo great a reputation for her prudence?

Is not the ſpace from Sixteen to twenty-one, that

which requires this care, more than any time of a young woman's life? For in That period, do we not generally attract the eyes of the other Sex, and become the ſubject of their addreſſes, and not ſeldom of their attempts? And is not That the period in which our conduct or miſconduct gives us a reputation or diſreputation, that almoſt inſeparably accompanies us throughout our whole future lives?

Are we not likewiſe then moſt in danger from *ourſelves*, becauſe of the diſtinction with which we are apt to behold particulars of that Sex?

And when our dangers multiply, both from *within* and *without*, do not our Parents know, that their vigilance ought to be doubled? And ſhall that neceſſary encreaſe of care ſit uneaſy upon us, becauſe we are grown up to Stature and Womanhood?

Will you tell me, if ſo, what is the preciſe Stature and Age, at which a good child ſhall conclude herſelf abſolved from the duty ſhe owes to a Parent?—And at which a Parent, after the example of the dams of the brute creation, is to lay aſide all care and tenderneſs for her offspring?

Is it ſo hard for you, my dear, to be treated like a child? And can you not think it is hard for a good Parent to imagine herſelf under the unhappy *neceſſity* of ſo treating her woman-grown Daughter?

Do you think, if your Mother had been *you*, and you your *Mother*, and *your* Daughter had ſtruggled with you, as you did with her, that you would not have been as apt as your Mother was to have ſlapt your Daughter's hands, to have made her quit her hold, and give up the prohibited Letter?

Your mother told you with great truth, that you *provoked* her to this harſhneſs; and it was a great condeſcenſion in her (and not taken notice of by you as it deſerved) to ſay, that ſhe was *ſorry for it*.

At *every* Age on this ſide Matrimony (for then we come under another ſort of protection, tho' that is far from

from abrogating the Filial duty) it will be found, that the wings of our parents are our moſt neceſſary and moſt effectual ſafeguard from the vulturs, the hawks, the kites, and other villainous birds of prey, that hover over us with a view to ſeize and deſtroy us the firſt time we are caught wandering out of the eye or care of our watchful and natural guardians and protectors.

Hard as you may ſuppoſe it, to be denied the *continuance* of a correſpondence once ſo much approved, even by the venerable denier; yet, if your Mother think my fault to be of ſuch a nature, as that a correſpondence with me will caſt a ſhade upon your reputation; all my own friends have given me up—that hardſhip is to be ſubmitted to. And muſt it not make her the more ſtrenuous to ſupport her own opinion, when ſhe ſees the firſt-fruits of this tenaciouſneſs on your ſide, is to be *glorioufly in the Sullens*; as you call it; and in a diſobedient oppoſition?

I know that you have an humorous meaning in that expreſſion, and that this turn, in moſt caſes, gives a delightful poignancy both to your converſation and correſpondence; but indeed, my dear, *this* caſe will not bear humour.

Will you give me leave to add to this tedious expoſtulation, that I by no means approve of ſome of the things you write, in relation to the manner in which your Father and Mother lived?—at times lived—Only *at times*, I dare ſay; tho' perhaps too often.

Your Mother is anſwerable to *any-body*, rather than to her *child*, for whatever was wrong in her conduct, if any thing *was* wrong, towards Mr. Howe: A gentleman, of whoſe memory I will only ſay, that it *ought* to be revered by you—But yet, ſhould you not examine yourſelf, whether your diſpleaſure at your Mother had no part in your revived reverence for your Father, at the time you wrote?

No one is perfect: And altho' your Mother may

not be ſo right to remember diſagreeableneſſes againſt the departed, yet ſhould you not want to be reminded on *whoſe* account, and on *what* occaſion, ſhe remembred them. You cannot judge, nor ought you to *attempt* to judge, of what might have paſſed between both, to embitter and keep awake diſagreeable remembrances in the ſurvivor.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE. *In Continuation.*

BUT this ſubject muſt not be purſued. Another might, with more pleaſure (tho' not with more approbation) upon one of your lively excurſions. It is upon the high airs you give yourſelf upon the word *approve*.

How comes it about, I wonder, that a young Lady ſo noted for a predominating generoſity, ſhould not be uniformly generous? That your generoſity ſhould fail in an inſtance, where policy, prudence, gratitude, would not permit it to fail? Mr. Hickman (as you confeſs) has indeed a worthy mind. If I had not long ago known that, he would never have found an advocate in me for my Anna Howe's favour to him. Often and often have I been concerned, when I was your happy gueſt, to ſee him, after a converſation in which he had well ſuported his part in your abſence, ſink at once into ſilence the moment you came into company.

I have told you of this before: And I believe I hinted to you once, that the ſuperciliouſneſs you put on *only* to him, was capable of a conſtruction, which at the time would have very little gratified your pride to have had made; ſince it would have been as much in *his* favour, as in *your* diſfavour.

Mr. Hickman, my dear, is a *modeſt* man. I never ſee a modeſt man, but I am ſure (if he has not wanted opportunites) that he has a treaſure in his mind, which requires

requires nothing but the *key of Encouragement* to unlock it, to make him ſhine—While a confident man, who, to *be* confident, muſt think as meanly of his company, as highly of himſelf, enters with magiſterial airs upon any ſubject; and, depending upon his aſſurance to bring himſelf off when found out, talks of more than he is maſter of.

But a *modeſt* man!—O my dear, ſhall not a modeſt woman diſtinguiſh and wiſh to conſort with a modeſt man?—A man, *before* whom, and *to* whom, ſhe may open her lips ſecure of his good opinion of all ſhe ſays, and of his juſt and polite regard for her judgment? and who muſt therefore inſpire her with an agreable ſelf-confidence.

What a lot have I drawn!—We are all indeed apt to turn teachers—But, ſurely, I am better enabled to talk, to write, upon theſe ſubjects, than ever I was!—But I will baniſh *myſelf*, if poſſible, from an addreſs which, when I began to write, I was determined to confine wholly to your own particular.

My deareſt, deareſt friend, how ready are you to tell us what *others* ſhould do, and even what a *Mother* ſhould have done! But indeed you once, I remember, advanced, that, as different attainments required different talents to maſter them, ſo, in the writing way, a perſon might not be a bad Critic upon the works of others, altho' he might himſelf be unable to write with excellence. But will you permit me to account for all this readineſs of finding fault, by placing it to Human Nature, which, being ſenſible of the defects of Human Nature (that is to ſay, of its *own* defects) loves to be *correcting?* But in exerciſing that talent, chuſes rather to turn its eye *outward* than *inward?* In other words, to employ itſelf rather in the *out-door* ſearch, than in the *in-door* examination?

And here give me leave to add (and yet it is with tender reluctance) that altho' you ſay very pretty things of notable wives; and altho' I join with you

in opinion, that huſbands may have as many inconveniencies to encounter *with*, as conveniencies to boaſt *of*, from women of that character; yet Lady Hartley perhaps would have had milder treatment from your pen, had it not been dipt in gall with a Mother in your eye.

As to the Money you ſo generouſly and repeatedly offer, don't be angry with me, if I again ſay, that I am very deſirous that you ſhould be able to averr, without the leaſt qualifying or reſerve, that nothing of that ſort has paſſed between us. I know your Mother's ſtrong way of putting the *queſtion ſhe is intent upon* having anſwered. But yet I promiſe that I will be obliged to nobody but you, when I have occaſion.

LETTER XXXIX.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE. *In Continuation.*

AND now, my dear, a few words, as to the prohibition laid upon you; a ſubject, that I have frequently touched upon, but curſorily, becauſe I was afraid to truſt myſelf with it, knowing that my judgment, if I did, would condemn my practice.

You command me not to attempt to diſſuade you from this correſpondence; and you tell me how kindly Mr. Hickman approves of it; and how obliging he is to me, to permit it to be carried on under cover to him—But this does not quite ſatisfy me.

I am a very bad Caſuiſt; and the pleaſure I take in writing to you, who are the only one to whom I can diſburden my mind, may make me, as I have hinted, very partial to my own wiſhes:—Elſe, if it were not an artful evaſion beneath an open and frank heart to wiſh to be complied with, I would be glad methinks to be permitted ſtill to write to you; and only to have ſuch *occaſional returns* by Mr. Hickman's pen, as well as cover, as might ſet me right when I am wrong; confirm

confirm me, when right; and guide me where I doubt. This would enable me to proceed in the difficult path before me with more aſſuredneſs. For whatever I ſuffer from the cenſures of others, if I can preſerve your good opinion, I ſhall not be altogether unhappy, let what will befal me.

And indeed, my dear, I know not how to *forbear* writing. I have now no other employment or diverſion. And I muſt write on, altho' I were not to ſend it to any-body. You have often heard me own the advantages I have found from writing down everything of moment that befals me; and of all I *think*, and of all I *do*, that may be of future uſe to me: For, beſides that this helps to form on to a ſtyle, and opens and expands the ductile mind, every one will find, that many a good thought evaporates in thinking; many a good reſolution goes off, driven out of memory perhaps by ſome other not ſo good. But when I ſet down what I *will* do, or what I *have* done, on this or that occaſion; the reſolution or action is before me either to be adhered to, withdrawn, or amended; and I have entered into *compact* with myſelf, as I may ſay; having given it under my own hand to *improve*, rather than to go *backward*, as I live longer.

I would willingly therefore write to *you*, if I *might*; the rather as it would be more inſpiriting to have ſome end in view in what I write; ſome friend to pleaſe; beſides merely ſeeking to gratify my paſſion for ſcribbling.

But why, if your Mother will permit our correſpondence on communicating to her all that paſſes in it, and if ſhe will condeſcend to one only condition, may it not be complied with?

Would ſhe not, do you think, my dear, be prevailed upon to have the communication made to her *in confidence?*

If there were any proſpect of a Reconciliation with

my friends, I ſhould not have ſo much regard for my *pride*, as to be afraid of *any body's* knowing how much I have been *outwitted*, as you call it. I would in *that* caſe (when I had left Mr. Lovelace) acquaint your Mother, and all my own friends, with the whole of my ſtory. It would behove me ſo to do, for my own reputation, and for their ſatisfaction.

But if I have no ſuch proſpect, what will the communication of my reluctance to go away with Mr. Lovelace, and of his Arts to frighten me away, avail me? Your Mother has hinted, that my friends would inſiſt upon my returning to them (as a proof of the truth of my plea) to be diſpoſed of, without condition, at their pleaſure. If I ſcrupled this, my Brother would rather triumph over me, than keep my ſecret. Mr. Lovelace, whoſe pride already ſo ill brooks my regrets for meeting him (when he thinks, if I had not, I muſt have been Mr. Solmes's wife) would perhaps treat me with indignity: And thus, deprived of all refuge and protection, I ſhould become the ſcoff of men of intrigue; and be thought, with too great an appearance of reaſon, a diſgrace to my Sex—While that avowed Love, *however indiſcreetly ſhewn*, which is followed by Marriage, will find more excuſes made for it, *than generally it ought to find.*

But if your Mother will receive the communication in confidence, pray ſhew her all that I have written, or ſhall write. If my paſt conduct in that caſe ſhall not be found to deſerve *heavy* blame, I ſhall then perhaps have the benefit of *her* advice, as well as *yours*. And if after a re-eſtabliſhment in her favour, I ſhall wilfully deſerve blame for the time to come, I will be content to be denied yours as well as hers for ever.

As to cramping my ſpirit, as you call it (were I to ſit down to write what I know your Mother muſt ſee) that, my dear, is already cramped. And do not think ſo unhandſomely of your Mother, as to fear that ſhe would make *partial* conſtructions againſt me. Neither you

you nor I can doubt, but that, had ſhe been left unprepoſſeſſedly to herſelf, ſhe would have ſhewn favour to me. And ſo, I dare ſay, would my Uncle Antony. Nay, my dear, I can extend my charity ſtill farther: For I am ſometimes of opinion, that were my Brother and Siſter *abſolutely certain*, that they had ſo far ruined me in the opinion of both my Uncles, as that they need not be apprehenſive of my claſhing with their intereſts; they would not oppoſe a Pardon, altho' they might not wiſh a Reconciliation; eſpecially if I would make a few ſacrifices to them: Which, I aſſure you, I ſhould be inclined to make, were I wholly free, and independent on this man. You know I never valued myſelf upon worldly acquiſitions, but as they enlarged my power to do things I loved to do. And if I were denied the power, I muſt, as I now do, curb my inclination.

Do not however think me guilty of an affectation in what I have ſaid of my Brother and Siſter. Severe enough I am ſure it is, in the moſt favourable ſenſe. And an indifferent perſon will be of opinion, that *they* are much better warranted than ever, for the ſake of the family-honour, to ſeek to ruin me in the favour of all my friends.

But to the former topic—Try, my dear, if your Mother will, upon the condition above-given, permit our correſpondence, on ſeeing all we write. But if ſhe will not, what a Selfiſhneſs would there be in my Love to you, were I to wiſh you to forego your duty for my ſake?

And now, one word, as to the freedom I have treated you with in this tedious expoſtulatory addreſs. I preſume upon your forgiveneſs of it, becauſe few friendſhips are founded on ſuch a baſis as ours:—Which is, 'freely to *give* reproof, and thankfully to *receive* 'it, as occaſions ariſe; that ſo either may have oppor-'tunity to clear up miſtakes, to acknowlege and amend 'errors, as well in behaviour, as in words and deeds;

'and

'and to rectify and confirm each other in the judg-
'ment each ſhall form upon perſons, things, and
'circumſtances.' And all this upon the following conſideration; 'That it is much more eligible, as well
'as honourable, to be corrected with the gentleneſs
'that may be expected from an undoubted friend, than
'by continuing either blind or wilful, to expoſe our-
'ſelves to the cenſures of an envious, and perhaps
'malignant world.'

But it is as needleſs, I dare ſay, to remind you of this, as it is to *repeat* my requeſt, ſo often repeated, that you will not, in your turn, ſpare the follies and the faults of

Your ever affectionate

CL. HARLOWE.

Subjoin'd to the above.

I ſaid, that I would avoid writing any-thing of my own particular affairs in the above addreſs, if I could.

I will write one Letter more, to inform you how I ſtand with this man. But, my dear, you muſt permit that one and your anſwer to it (for I want your advice upon the contents of mine) and the copy of one I have written to my Aunt, to be the laſt that ſhall paſs between us, while the prohibition continues.

I fear, I very much fear, that my unhappy ſituation will draw me in to be guilty of Evaſion, of little Affectations, and of Curvings from the plain ſimple Truth which I was wont to delight in, and prefer to every other conſideration. But allow me to ſay, and this for *your* ſake, and in order to leſſen your Mother's fears of any ill conſequences that ſhe might apprehend from our correſpondence, that if I am at any time guilty of a failure in theſe reſpects, I will not *go on in it*; but endeavour to recover my loſt ground, that I may not bring Error into Habit.

I have deferred going to town, at Mrs. Sorlings's earneſt requeſt. But have fixed my removal to Monday, as I ſhall acquaint you in my next.

I have

I have already made a progreſs in that next; but, having an unexpected opportunity, will ſend this by itſelf.

LETTER XL.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Friday, Morn. April 21.

MY Mother will not comply with your Condition, my dear. I hinted it to her, as from myſelf. But the *Harlowes* (excuſe me) have got her entirely in with them. It is a ſcheme of mine, ſhe told me, formed to draw her into your party againſt your parents. Which, for her own ſake, ſhe is very careful about.

Don't be ſo much concerned about my Mother and me, once more, I beg of you. We ſhall do well enough together—Now a falling-out, now a falling-in. It uſed to be ſo, when *you* were not in the queſtion.

Yet do I give you my ſincere thanks for every line of your reprehenſive Letters; which I intend to read as often as I find my temper riſes.

I will freely own however, that I winced a little at firſt reading them. But I ſee, that on every re-peruſal, I ſhall love and honour you ſtill more, if poſſible, than before.

Yet, I think, I have one advantage over you; and which I will hold thro' this Letter, and thro' all my future Letters; that is, that I will treat you as freely as you treat me; and yet will never think an *apology neceſſary to you for my freedom.*

But that you ſo think with reſpect to me, is the effect of your gentleneſs of temper, with a little ſketch of implied reflection on the warmth of mine. Gentleneſs in a woman you hold to be no fault: Nor do I, a little due or provoked warmth--But what is this, but praiſing on both ſides, what neither of us can help; nor perhaps *wiſh* to help? You can no more go out of your road, than I can go out of mine. It would be a pain to either

to

to do ſo:—What then is it in either's approving of her own natural byaſs, but making a virtue of neceſſity?

But one obſervation I will add, that were *your* character, and *my* character, to be truly drawn, mine would be allowed to be the moſt natural. Shades and Light are equally neceſſary in a fine picture. Yours would be ſurrounded with ſuch a flood of brightneſs, with ſuch a glory, that it would indeed dazzle; but leave one heartleſs to imitate it.

O may you not ſuffer from a baſe world for your gentleneſs; while my temper, by its warmth, keeping all impoſition at diſtance, tho' leſs amiable in general, affords me not reaſon, as I have mentioned heretofore, to wiſh to make an exchange with you!

I ſhould indeed be inexcuſeable to open my lips by way of contradiction to my Mother, had I ſuch a fine ſpirit as yours to deal with. Truth is truth, my dear! Why ſhould narrowneſs run away with the praiſes due to a noble expanſion of heart? If every-body would ſpeak out, as I do (that is to ſay, give praiſe where only praiſe is due; diſpraiſe where due likewiſe) *Shame*, if not *Principle*, would mend the world—Nay, Shame would *introduce* Principle in a generation or two. Very true, my dear. Do you apply. I dare not.—For I *fear* you, almoſt as much as I *love* you.

I will give you an inſtance, nevertheleſs, which will a-new demonſtrate, that none but very generous and noble minded people ought to be implicitly obeyed. You know what I ſaid above, that *truth* is *truth*.

Inconveniencies will ſometimes ariſe from having to do with perſons of modeſty and ſcrupulouſneſs. Mr. Hickman, you ſay, is a *modeſt* man. He put your corrective packet into my hand with a very fine bow. and a ſelf-ſatisfied air [*We'll conſider what you ſay of this honeſt man by-and-by, my dear*]: His Strut was not gone off, when in came my Mother, as I was reading it.

When ſome folks find their anger has made them con-

conſiderable, they will be always angry, or ſeeking occaſions for anger.

Why, now, Mr. Hickman—Why, now, Nancy [as I was huddling in the packet between my Gown and my Stays at her entrance]. You have a Letter brought you this inſtant.—While the *modeſt* man, with his pauſing brayings, Mad-da—Ma-dam, looked as if he knew not whether he had beſt to run, and leave me and my Mother to fight it ought, or to ſtand his ground, and ſee fair play.

It would have been poor to tell a lye for it. She flung away. I went out at the oppoſite door, to read the contents; leaving Mr. Hickman to exerciſe his *white teeth* upon his thumb-nails.

When I had read your Letters, I went to find out my Mother. I told her the generous contents, and that you deſired that the prohibition might be adhered to. I propoſed your condition, as from myſelf; and was rejected, as above.

She ſuppoſed, 'She was finely painted between two 'young creatures, who had more wit than prudence:' And inſtead of being prevailed upon by the generoſity of your ſentiments, made uſe of your opinion only to confirm her own, and renewed her prohibitions, charging me to return no other anſwer, but that ſhe *did* renew them: Adding, that they ſhould ſtand, till your Relations were reconciled to you; hinting, as if ſhe had *engaged for as much*; and expected my compliance.

I thought of your reprehenſions, and was *meek*, tho' not pleaſed. And let me tell you, my dear, that as long as I can ſatisfy my own mind, that Good is intended, and that it is hardly poſſible that Evil ſhould enſue from our correſpondence—As long as I know, that this prohibition proceeds originally from the ſame ſpiteful minds which have been the occaſion of all theſe miſchiefs—As long as I know, that it is not your fault if your Relations are not reconciled to you; and that upon

upon conditions which no reaſonable people would refuſe—You muſt give me leave, with all deference to your judgment, and to your excellent leſſons (*which would reach almoſt every caſe of this kind but the preſent*) to inſiſt upon your writing to me, and that minutely, as if this prohibition had not been laid.

It is not from Humour, from Perverſeneſs, that I inſiſt upon this. I cannot expreſs how much my heart is in your concerns. And you muſt, in ſhort, allow me to think, that if I can do you ſervice by writing, I ſhall be better juſtified in *continuing* to write, than my Mother is in her prohibition.

But yet, to ſatisfy you all I can, I will as ſeldom return anſwers, while the interdict laſts, as may be conſiſtent with my notions of friendſhip, and with the ſervice I owe you, and can do you.

As to your expedient of writing by Hickman [And now, my dear, your *modeſt man* comes in: And as you love modeſty in that Sex, I will do my endeavour, by holding him at a proper diſtance, to keep him in your favour] I know what you mean by it, my ſweet friend. It is to make that man ſignificant with me. As to the correſpondence, THAT *ſhall* go on, I do aſſure you, be as ſcrupulous as you pleaſe—So that *that* will not ſuffer, if I do *not* cloſe with your propoſal as to him.

I muſt tell you, that I think it will be honour enough for him to have his name made uſe of ſo frequently betwixt us. This, of itſelf, is placing a confidence in him, that will make him walk bolt upright, and diſplay his *white hand*, and his *fine diamond ring*; and moſt mightily lay down his Services, *and* his Pride to oblige, *and* his Diligence, *and* his Fidelity, *and* his Contrivances to keep our Secret, *and* his Excuſes, *and* his Evaſions to my Mother, when challenged by her; with fifty *and's* beſide: And will it not moreover give him pretence and excuſe oftener than ever to pad-nag it hither to good Mrs. Howe's fair Daughter?

But to admit him into my company tête-à-tête, and into

into my cloſet, as often as I would wiſh to write to you; I only to dictate to his pen—My Mother all the time ſuppoſing that I was going to be heartily in love with him—To make him maſter of my ſentiments, and of my *heart*, as I may ſay, when I write to you—Indeed, my dear, I *won't*. Nor, were I married to the beſt HE in England, would I honour him with the communication of my correſpondencies.

No, my dear; it is ſufficient, ſurely, for him to parade it in the character of our Letter-conveyer, and to be honoured in a Cover. And never fear but, modeſt as you think him, he will make enough of that.

You are always blaming me for want of generoſity to this man, and for abuſe of power. But I profeſs, my dear, I cannot tell how to help it. Do, dear now, let me ſpread my plumes a little, and now-and-then make myſelf feared. This is my Time, you know, ſince it will be no more to *my* credit, than to *his*, to give myſelf thoſe airs when I am married. He has a joy when I am pleaſed with him, that he would not know, but for the pain my diſpleaſure gives him.

Men, no more than *women*, know how to make a moderate uſe of power. Is not that ſeen every day, from the Prince to the Peaſant? If I do not make Hickman quake now-and-then, he will endeavour to make me fear. All the animals in the creation are more or leſs in a ſtate of hoſtility with each other. The Wolf, that runs away from a Lyon, will devour a Lamb the next moment. I remember, that I was once ſo enraged at a game-chicken that was continually pecking at another (a poor humble one, as I thought him) that I had the offender caught, and without more ado, in a *Pet of Humanity*, wrung his neck off. What followed this execution? Why that other grew inſolent, as ſoon as *his* inſulter was gone, and was continually pecking at one or two under *him*. Peck and be hanged, ſaid I—I might as well have preſerved the firſt; for I ſee it is the *nature of the beaſt*.

Excuſe

Excuſe my flippancies. I wiſh I were with you. I would make you ſmile in the midſt of your graveſt airs, as I uſed to do. O that you had accepted of my offer to attend you! But *nothing that I offer*, will you accept—Take care!—You will make me very angry with you: And when I am, you know I value nobody: For, dearly as I love you, I muſt be, and cannot always help it, *Your ſaucy*

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XLI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Friday, April 21.

MR. Lovelace communicated to me this morning early, from his intelligencer, the news of my Brother's Scheme. I like him the better for making very light of it; and for his treating it with contempt. And indeed, had I not had the hint of it from you, I ſhould have ſuſpected it to be ſome contrivance of his, in order to haſten me to town, where he has long wiſhed to be himſelf.

He read me the paſſage in that Leman's Letter, which is pretty much to the effect of what you wrote to me from Miſs Lloyd; with this addition, that one Singleton, a maſter of a Scots veſſel, is the man, who is to be the principal in this act of violence.

I have ſeen him. He has been twice entertained at Harlowe-Place, as my Brother's friend. He has the air of a very bold and fearleſs man; and I fancy it muſt be *his* project; as my Brother, I ſuppoſe, talks to everybody of the raſh ſtep I have taken; for he did not ſpare me before he had this ſeeming reaſon to cenſure me.

This Singleton lives at Leith; ſo, perhaps, I am to be carried to my Brother's houſe not far from that port.

Putting theſe paſſages together, I am not a little apprehenſive, that the deſign, lightly as Mr. Lovelace, from his fearleſs temper, treats it, may be attempted to be carried into execution; and of the conſequences that may attend it, if it be.

I

I aſked Mr. Lovelace, ſeeing him ſo frank and cool, what he would adviſe me to do?

Shall I aſk *you*, Madam, what are your own thoughts? —Why I return the queſtion ſaid he, is, Becauſe you have been ſo very earneſt that I ſhould leave you as ſoon as you are in London, that I know not what to propoſe, without offending you.

My opinion is, ſaid I, that I ſhould ſtudiouſly conceal myſelf from the knowlege of every-body but Miſs Howe; and that you ſhould leave me out of hand; ſince they will certainly conclude, that where *one* is, the *other* is not far off: And it is eaſier to trace *you* than *me*.

You would not ſurely wiſh, ſaid he, to fall into your Brother's hands by ſuch a violent meaſure as this? I propoſe not to throw myſelf officiouſly in their way; but ſhould they have reaſon to think I avoided them, would not that whet their diligence to find you, and their courage to attempt to carry you off; and ſubject me to inſults that no man of ſpirit can bear?

Lord bleſs me! ſaid I, to what has this one fatal ſtep that I have been betrayed into—

Deareſt Madam, let me beſeech you to forbear this harſh language, when you ſee, by this new ſcheme, how determined they were upon carrying their old ones, had you not been *betrayed*, as you call it. Have I offered to defy the Laws of Society, as this Brother of yours muſt do, if any-thing be intended by this project? I hope you will be pleaſed to obſerve, that there are as violent and as wicked enterpriſers as myſelf—But this is ſo very wild a project, that I think there can be no room for apprehenſions from it. I know your Brother well. When at College, he had always a romantic turn: But never had a head for any-thing but to puzzle and confound himſelf. A half invention, and a whole conceit; but not maſter of talents to do himſelf good, or others harm, but as thoſe others gave him the power by their own folly.

This

This is very volubly run off, Sir!—But violent ſpirits are but too much alike; at leaſt in their methods of reſenting. You will not preſume to make yourſelf a leſs innocent man ſurely, who had determined to brave my whole family in perſon, if my folly had not ſaved *you* the raſhneſs, and *them* the inſult—

Dear Madam!—Still muſt it be *folly*, *raſhneſs!*—It is as impoſſible for you to think tolerably of any-body *out* of your own family, as it is for any one *in it* to *deſerve* your Love! Forgive me, deareſt Creature! If I did not love you as never man loved a woman, I might appear more indifferent to preferences ſo undeſervedly made. But let me aſk you, Madam, What have you borne from *me?* What cauſe have I given you to treat me with ſo much ſeverity, and ſo little confidence? And what have you not borne from *them?* Malice and Ill-will, indeed, ſitting in judgment upon my character, may not give ſentence in my favour: But what *of your own knowlege* have you againſt me?

Spirited queſtions, were they not, my dear?—And they were aſked with as ſpirited an air. I was ſtartled. But I was reſolved not to deſert myſelf.

Is this a *time*, Mr. Lovelace, is this a proper occaſion taken, to give yourſelf theſe high airs to me, a young creature deſtitute of protection? It is a ſurpriſing queſtion you aſk me. Had I aught againſt you *of my own knowlege*—I can tell you, Sir—And away I would have flung.

He ſnatched my hand, and beſought me not to leave him in diſpleaſure. He pleaded his paſſion for me, and my ſeverity to him, and partiality for thoſe from whom I had ſuffered ſo much; and whoſe intended violence, he ſaid, was now the ſubject of our deliberation.

I was forced to hear him.

You condeſcended, deareſt creature, ſaid he, to aſk my advice. It is very eaſy, give me leave to ſay, to adviſe you what to do. I hope I may, on this *new* occaſion, ſpeak without offence, *notwithſtanding your former*

former Injunctions—You ſee that there can be no hope of Reconciliation with your Relations. Can you, Madam, conſent to honour with your hand, a wretch whom you have never yet obliged with one *voluntary* favour!

What a *recriminating*, what a *reproachful way*, my dear, was this, of putting a queſtion of this nature!

I expected not from him, at the time, and juſt as I was very angry with him, either the Queſtion or the Manner. I am aſhamed to recollect the confuſion I was thrown into; all your advice in my head at the moment: Yet his words ſo prohibitory. He confidently ſeemed to enjoy my confuſion [*Indeed, my dear, he knows not what reſpectful Love is!*]; and gazed upon me, as if he would have looked me through.

He was ſtill more declarative afterwards indeed, as I ſhall mention by-and-by: But it was half extorted from him.

My heart ſtruggled violently between reſentment and ſhame, to be thus teazed by one who ſeemed to have all *his* paſſions at command, at a time when I had very little over *mine!* till at laſt I burſt into tears, and was going from him in high diſguſt: When, throwing his arms about me, with an air, however, the moſt tenderly reſpectful, he gave a *ſtupid* turn to the ſubject.

It was far from his heart, he ſaid, to take ſo much *advantage* of the *ſtreight*, which the diſcovery of my Brother's fooliſh project had brought me into, as to renew, *without my permiſſion*, a propoſal which I had hitherto diſcountenanced; and which for *that* reaſon—

And then he came with his *half-ſentences*, apologizing for what he had not ſo much as *half-propoſed*.

Surely, he had not the inſolence to *intend* to teaze me, to ſee if I could be brought to ſpeak what became me not to ſpeak—But, whether he had or not, it *did* teaze me; inſomuch that my very heart was fretted, and I broke out at laſt into freſh tears, and a declaration, that I was very unhappy. And juſt then recollecting how like

like a tame fool I ſtood with his arms about me, I flung from him with indignation. But he ſeized my hand, as I was going out of the room, and upon his knees beſought my ſtay for one moment: And then, in words the moſt clear and explicit, tendered himſelf to my acceptance, as the moſt effectual means to diſappoint my Brother's ſcheme, and ſet all aright.

But what could I ſay to this?—Extorted from him, as it ſeemed to me, rather as the effect of his Compaſſion, than of his Love? What *could* I ſay? I pauſed, I looked ſilly—I am *ſure* I looked very ſilly. He ſuffered me to pauſe, and look ſilly; *waiting for* me *to ſay ſomething:* And at laſt (aſhamed of my confuſion, and aiming to make an *excuſe for it)* I told him, that I deſired he would avoid ſuch meaſures as might add to the uneaſineſs, which it muſt be viſible to him I had, when he reflected upon the irreconcileableneſs of my friends, and upon what might follow from this unaccountable project of my Brother.

He promiſed to be governed by me in every-thing. And again the wretch, inſtead of preſſing his former queſtion, aſked me, *If I forgave him for the humble ſuit he had made to me?* What had I to do, but to try for a palliation of my confuſion, ſince it ſerved me not?

I told him, I had hopes it would not be long before Mr. Morden arrived; and doubted not, that that gentleman would be the readier to engage in my favour, when he found, that I made no other uſe of *his* (Mr. Lovelace's) aſſiſtance, than to free myſelf from the addreſſes of a man ſo diſagreeable to me as Mr. Solmes: I muſt therefore wiſh that every-thing might remain as it was, till I could hear from my Couſin.

This, altho' teazed by him as I was, was not, you ſee, my dear, a *denial.* But he muſt throw himſelf into a heat, rather than try to perſuade; which any other man, in his ſituation, I ſhould think, would have done: And this warmth obliged me to adhere to my ſeeming negative.

This

This was what he ſaid, with a vehemence that muſt harden any woman's mind, who had a ſpirit above being frighted into paſſiveneſs:

Good God! And will you, Madam, ſtill reſolve to ſhew me, that I am to hope for no ſhare in your favour, while any the remoteſt proſpect remains, that you will be received by my bittereſt enemies, at the price of my utter rejection?

This was what I returned, with warmth, and with a ſalving Art *too*—You have ſeen, Mr. Lovelace, how much my Brother's violence can affect me: But you will be miſtaken, if you let looſe yours upon me, with a thought of terrifying me into meaſures, the contrary of which you have acquieſced with.

He only beſought me to ſuffer his *future actions* to ſpeak for him; and, if I ſaw him worthy of any favour, that I would not let him be the *only* perſon within my knowlege who was not entitled to my conſideration.

You refer to a *future time*, Mr. Lovelace; ſo do I, for the *future proof* of a merit you ſeem to think for the *paſt time* wanting: And *juſtly* you think ſo. And I was again going from him.

One word more he begged me to hear—He was determined ſtudiouſly to avoid all miſchief, and every ſtep that might lead to miſchief, let my Brother's proceedings, ſhort of a violence upon my perſon, be what they would: But if any attempt that ſhould extend to that, were to be made, would I have him to be a quiet ſpectator of my being ſeized, or carried back, or on board, by this Singleton; or in caſe of extremity, was he not permitted to ſtand up in my defence?

Stand up in my defence, Mr. Lovelace—I ſhould be very miſerable, were there to be a call for that. But do you think I might not be *ſafe* and *private* in London? By your friend's deſcription of the widow's houſe, I ſhould think I might be ſafe there.

The widow's houſe, he replied as deſcribed by his friend, being a *back-houſe within a front one*, and *look-*

ing to a garden, rather than to a ſtreet, had the *appearance* of privacy: But if, when there, it was not approved, it would be eaſy to find another more to my liking—Tho', as to his part, the method he would adviſe ſhould be, to write to my Uncle Harlowe as one of my Truſtees, and wait the iſſue of it here at Mrs. Sorlings's, fearleſly directing it to be anſwered *hither*. To be afraid of little ſpirits, was but to encourage inſults, he ſaid. The ſubſtance of the Letter ſhould be, 'To demand as a Right, what they would refuſe if 'requeſted as a Courteſy: To acknowlege, that I had 'put myſelf [too well, he ſaid, did their treatment 'juſtify me] into the protection of the *Ladies* of his 'family [by whoſe orders, and Lord M.'s, he himſelf 'would appear to act]: But that upon my own terms; 'which were ſuch, that I was under no obligation to 'thoſe Ladies for the favour; it being no more than 'they would have granted to any one of my Sex, 'equally diſtreſſed.' If I approve not of this method, happy ſhould he think himſelf, he ſaid, if I would honour him with the opportunity of making ſuch a claim in his *own* name—But this was a point [with his *buts* again in the ſame breath!] that *he durſt but juſt touch upon*. He hoped however, that I would think their violence a ſufficient inducement for me to take ſuch a wiſhed-for reſolution.

Inwardly vexed, I told him, That he himſelf had propoſed to leave me when I was in town: That I expected he would: And that, when I was known to be abſolutely independent, I ſhould conſider what to write, and what to do: But that, while he was with me, I neither would nor could.

He would be very ſincere with me, he ſaid: This project of my Brother's had changed the face of things. He muſt, before he left me, ſee whether I ſhould or ſhould not approve of the London widow, and her family, if I choſe to go thither. They might be people whom my Brother might buy. But if he ſaw they were

were perſons of integrity, he then might go for a day or two, or ſo. But he muſt needs ſay, he could not leave me longer at a time.

Do you propoſe, Sir, ſaid I, to take up your lodgings in the houſe where I ſhall lodge?

He did *not*, he ſaid; as he knew the uſe I intended to make of his abſence, and my punctilio—And yet the houſe where he had lodgings was new-fronting, and not in a condition to receive him: But he could go to his friend Belford's, in Soho; or perhaps he might reach to the ſame gentleman's houſe at Edgware, over-night, and return on the mornings, till he had reaſon to think this wild project of my Brother's laid aſide. But to no greater diſtance till then ſhould he care to venture.

The reſult of all was, to ſet out on Monday next for town. I hope it will be in a happy hour.

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XLII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Friday, April 21.

AS it was not probable, that the Lady could give ſo particular an account of her own confuſion, in the affecting ſcene ſhe mentions on Mr. Lovelace's offering himſelf to her acceptance; the following extracts are made from his Letter of the above date.

And now, Belford, what wilt thou ſay, if like the fly buzzing about the bright taper, I had like to have ſinged the ſilken wings of my liberty? Never was man in greater danger of being caught in his own ſnares: All my views anticipated; all my ſchemes untried; the admirable creature not brought to town; nor one effort made to know if ſhe be really Angel or Woman.

I offered myſelf to her acceptance, with a ſuddenneſs, 'tis true, that gave her no time to wrap herſelf in reſerves; and in terms *leſs tender* than *fervent*, tending to upbraid her for her paſt indifference, and to remind

her of her Injunctions: For it was the fear of her Brother, not her Love of me, that had inclined her to diſpenſe with theſe Injunctions.

I never beheld ſo ſweet a confuſion. What a glory to the pencil could it do juſtice to it, and to the mingled impatience which viſibly informed every feature of the moſt meaning and moſt beautiful face in the world! She hemmed twice or thrice: Her look, now ſo charmingly ſilly, then ſo ſweetly ſignificant; till at laſt the lovely teazer, teazed by my heſitating expectation of her anſwer, out of all power of articulate ſpeech, burſt into tears, and was turning from me with precipitation, when, preſuming to fold her in my happy arms—O think not, beſt beloved of my heart, ſaid I, think not, that this motion, which you may believe to be ſo contrary to your *former Injunctions*, proceeds from a deſign to avail myſelf of the cruelty of your relations: If I have *diſobliged* you by it (and you know with what *reſpectful tenderneſs* I have preſumed to hint it) it ſhall be my utmoſt care for the future—There I ſtopt—

Then ſhe ſpoke; but with vexation—I am—I am —*very* unhappy—Tears trickling down her crimſon cheeks; and her ſweet face, as my arms ſtill encircled the fineſt waiſt in the world, ſinking upon my ſhoulder; the dear creature ſo abſent that ſhe knew not the honour ſhe permitted me.

But why, but why unhappy, my deareſt Life? ſaid I:—All the gratitude that ever overflowed the heart of the moſt obliged of men—

Juſtice to myſelf there ſtopt my mouth: For what *gratitude* did I owe her for obligations ſo involuntary?

Then recovering herſelf, and her uſual reſerves, and ſtruggling to free herſelf from my claſping arms, How now, Sir! ſaid ſhe, with a cheek more indignantly glowing, and eyes of a fiercer luſtre.

I gave way to her angry ſtruggle; but, abſolutely overcome by ſo charming a diſplay of innocent confuſion, I caught hold of her hand as ſhe was flying from me;

me; and, kneeling at her feet, O my angel, ſaid I, (quite deſtitute of reſerve, and hardly knowing the tenor of my own ſpeech; and had a parſon been there, I had certainly been a gone man) receive the vows of your faithful Lovelace. Make him yours, and only yours, for ever. This will anſwer every end. Who will dare to form plots and ſtratagems againſt my Wife? That you are not ſo, is the ground of all their fooliſh attempts, and of their inſolent hopes in Solmes's favour.—O be mine!—I beſeech you (thus on my knee I *beſeech* you) to be mine. We ſhall then have all the world with us. And every-body will applaud an event that every-body expects.

Was the devil in me! I no more intended all this ecſtatic nonſenſe, than I thought the ſame moment of flying in the air! All power is with this charming creature. It is I, not ſhe, at this rate, that muſt fail in the arduous trial.

Didſt thou ever before hear of a man uttering ſolemn things by an involuntary impulſe, in defiance of premeditation, and of all his own proud ſchemes? But this ſweet creature is able to make a man forego every purpoſe of his heart that is not favourable to her. And I verily think I ſhould be inclined to ſpare her all further trial [And yet what trial has ſhe had?] were it not for the contention that her vigilance has ſet on foot, *which* ſhall overcome the *other*. Thou knoweſt my generoſity to my uncontending Roſebud—And ſometimes do I qualify my ardent aſpirations after even this very fine creature, by this reflection:—That the moſt charming woman on earth, were ſhe an Empreſs, can excel the meaneſt, in the cuſtomary viſibles only—Such is the equality of the diſpenſation, to the Prince and the Peaſant, in this prime gift, WOMAN.

Well, but what was the reſult of this involuntary impulſe on my part?—Wouldſt thou not think, I was taken at my offer?—An offer ſo ſolemnly made, and on one knee too?

No ſuch thing!—The pretty trifler let me off as eaſily as I could have wiſhed.

Her Brother's project; and to find, that there were no hopes of a Reconciliation for her; and the apprehenſion ſhe had of the miſchiefs that might enſue—Theſe, not *my offer*, nor *love of me*, were the cauſes to which ſhe aſcribed all her ſweet confuſion--An *Aſcription* that is high treaſon againſt my ſovereign pride—To make marriage with *me*, but a ſecond-place refuge; and as good as to tell me, that her confuſion was owing to her concern that there were no hopes that my enemies would accept of her intended offer to renounce a man who had ventured his life for her, and was ſtill ready to run the ſame riſk in her behalf?

I re-urged her to make me happy—But I was to be poſtponed to her Couſin Morden's arrival. On him are now placed all her hopes.

I raved; but to no purpoſe.

Another Letter was to be ſent, or had been ſent, to her Aunt Hervey; to which ſhe hoped an Anſwer.

Yet ſometimes I think that fainter and fainter would have been her procraſtinations, had I been a man of courage.—*But ſo fearful was I of offending!*

A confounded thing! The Man to be ſo baſhful; the Woman to want ſo much courting!—How ſhall two ſuch come together; no kind mediatreſs in the way?

But I muſt be contented. 'Tis ſeldom, however, that a Love *ſo ardent* as mine meets with a Spirit *ſo reſigned* in the *ſame perſon*. But true Love, I am now convicted, only wiſhes: Nor has it any active will but that of the adored object.

But, O the charming creature, again of herſelf to mention London! Had Singleton's plot been of *my own contriving*, a more happy expedient could not have been thought of to induce her to reſume her purpoſe of going thither; nor can I divine what could be her reaſon for poſtponing it.

I incloſe the Letter from Joſeph Leman, which I men-

mentioned to thee in mine of Monday laſt *(a)*, with my Anſwer to it. I cannot reſiſt the vanity that urges me to the communication. Otherwiſe, it were better, perhaps, that I ſuffer thee to imagine, that this Lady's Stars fight againſt her, and diſpenſe the opportunities in my favour which are only the conſequences of my own ſuperlative invention.

LETTER XLIII.

To ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq*; *His Honner.*

May it pleaſe your Honner, *Sat. April* 15.

THIS is to let your Honner kno', as how I have been emploied in a biſneſs I would have been excuſed from, if ſo be I could. For it is to gitt evidenſe from a young man, who has of late com'd out to be my Cuzzen by my Grandmother's ſide; and but lately come to live in theſe partes, about a very vile thing, as younge maſter calls it, relating to your Honner. God forbid I ſhould call it ſo without your leaſe. It is not for ſo plane a man as I be, to tacks my betters. It is conſarning one Miſs Batirton, of Notingham; a very pritty creature, belike.

Your Honner got her away, it ſeems, by a falſe Letter to her, macking believe as howe her Shecuzzen that ſhe derely loved, was coming to ſee her; and was tacken ill upon the rode: And ſo Miſs Batirton ſet out in a Shaſe, and one ſervant, to fet her Cuzzen from the Inne where ſhe laid ſick, as ſhe thote: And the ſervant was tricked, and braute back the Shaſe; but Miſs Batirton was not harde of for a month, or ſo. And when it came to paſſe, that her frends found her oute, and would have proſſekutid your Honner, your Honner was gone abroad: And ſo ſhe was broute to bed, as one may ſay, before your Honner's return: And ſhe got colde in her lyin-inn, and lanquitched, and ſoon died: And the

(a) See p. 168, 169.

child is living; but your Honner never troubles your Honner's hedd about it in the leaſt. And this and ſome ſuch other matters of verry bad reporte, Squier Solmes was to tell my young Lady of, if ſo be ſhe would have harde him ſpeke, before we loſt her ſweet company, as I may ſay, from heere (*a*).

I hope your Honner will excuſe me: But I was forſed to tell all I harde, becauſe they had my Cuzzen in to them, and he would have ſaid he had tolde me: So could not be melely mouthed, for fere to be blone up, and pleſe your Honner.

Your Honner helped me to a many ugly ſtories to tell againſt your Honner to my younge Maſter, and younge Miſtriſs; butt did not tell me about this.

I moſt humbelly beſeche your Honner to be good and kinde and ſethful to my deareſt younge Lady, now you have her; or I ſhall brake my harte for having done ſome dedes that have helped to bring things to this paſſe. Pray youre dere good Honner, be juſt! Prayey do!—As God ſhall love ye! prayey do!—I cannot write no more for this preſſent, for very fear and grief—

But now I am cumm'd to my writing agen, will youre Honner be pleaſed to tell me, if as how there be any danger to your Honner's life from this biſneſs? for my Cuzzen is actlie hier'd to go down to Miſs Batirton's frendes to ſeeif they will ſtir in it; For you muſt kno' your Honner, as how he lived in the Batirton family at the time, and could be a good evidenſe, and all that.

I hope it was not ſo verry bad, as Titus ſays it was; for he ſes as how there was a Rape in the caſe betwixt you *at furſte*, and pleſe your Honner; and my Cuzzen Titus is a very honiſt younge man as ever brocke bred. This is his carackter; and this made me willinger to owne him for my Relation, when we came to talck.

If

(*a*) See Vol. II. p. 85——87.

If there ſhould be danger of your Honner's life, I hope your Honner will not be hanged like as one of us common men: Only have your hedd cut off, or ſo: And yet it is pity ſuch a hedd ſhould be loſſed: But if as how it ſhoulde be proſſekutid to that furr, which God forbid, be pleſed natheleſs to thinck of youre fethful Joſeph Leman before your hedd be condemned; for after condemnation, as I have been told, all will be the King's, or the Shreeve's.

I thote as how it was beſt to acquent your Honner of this; and for you to let me kno' if I could do anything to ſarve your Honner, and prevent miſchef with my Cuzzen Titus, on his coming back from Nottingam, before he mackes his reporte.

I have gin him a hint already: For what, as I ſed to him, Cuzzen Titus, ſignifies ſtirring up the coles, and macking of ſtrief, to make rich gentilfolkes live at varience, and to be cutting of throtes, and ſuch like?

Verry trewe, ſed little Titus. And this and pleſe your Honner gis me hopes of him, if ſo be your Honner gis me directions; ſen', as God kno'es, I have a poor, a very poor invenſhon; only a willing mind to prevent miſchef, that is the chief of my aim, and always was, I bleſs my God!—Els I could have made much miſchef in my time; as indeed any ſarvant may. Your Honner natheleſs praiſes my invenſhon every now-and-then: Alas! and pleſe your Honner, what invenſhon ſhould ſuche a plane man as I have?—But when your Honner ſets me agoing by *your* fine invenſhon, I can do well enuff. And I am ſure I have a hearty good will to deſerve your Honner's faver, if I mought.

Two days, as I may ſay, off and on, have I been writing this long Letter. And yet I have not ſed all I would ſay. For, be it knone unto your Honner, as how I do not like that Capten Singelton, which I told you of *in my two laſt Letters*. He is always lay-

ing his hedd and my young Maſter's hedd together; and I ſuſpect much if ſo be ſome miſchef is not going on between them: And ſtill the more, as becauſe my eldeſt young Lady ſemes to be joined to them ſometimes.

Laſt week my young Maſter ſed before my faſe, *My harte's blood boiles over, Capten Singelton, for revenge upon this*—And he called your Honner by a name it is not for ſuch a won as me to ſay what. Capten Singelton whiſpred my young Maſter, being I was by. So younge Maſter ſed, *You may ſay anything before Joſeph; for althoff he looks ſo ſeellie, he has as good a harte, and as good a hedd, as any ſervante in the worlde nede to have.* My conſcience touched me juſt then. But why ſhoulde it? when all I do, is to prevente miſcheff; and ſeing your Honner has ſo much patience, which younge Maſter has not; ſo am not affeard of telling your Honner any-thing whatſomever.

And furthermore, I have ſuche a deſire to deſarve your Honner's bounty to me, as mackes me let nothing paſs I can tell you of, to prevent harm: And too beſides your Honner's goodneſs about the Blew Bore; which I have ſo good an accounte of!—I am ſure I ſhall be bounden to bleſs your Honner the longeſt day I have to live.

And then the Blew Bore is not all neither; ſen', and pleſe your Honner, the pretty Sowe (God forgive me for geſting in ſo ſerus a matter) runs in my hedd likewiſe. I believe I ſhall love her mayhap more than your Honner would have me; for ſhe begins to be kind and good-humered, and liſtens, and pleſe your Honner, licke as *if ſhe was among beams*, when I talke about the Blew Bore, and all that.

Prayey your Honner forgive the geſting of a poor plane man. We common fokes have our joys, and pleſe your Honner, lick as our betters have; and if we be ſometimes ſnubbed, we can find our underlings to

ſnub

ſnub them agen: And if not, we can get a Wife mayhap, and ſnub her: So are Maſters ſome how or other ourſells.

But how I try your Honner's patience!—Sarvants will ſhew their joyful hartes, tho'off but in partinens, when encouredg'd.

Be pleaſed from the prems's to let me kno' if as how I can be put upon any ſarvice to ſarve your Honner, and to ſarve my deereſt younge Lady; which God grant! For I begin to be affearde for her, hearing what pepel talck—To be ſure your Honner will not do her no *harme*, as a man may ſay. But I kno' your Honner muſt be good to ſo wonderous a younge Lady. How can you help it?—But heere my conſcience ſmites me, that *but for ſome of my ſtories, which your Honner taute me, my old Maſter and my old Lady, and the two old Squiers, would not have been abell to be half ſo hard-harted as they be, for all what my young Maſter and young Miſtreſs ſayes.*

And here is the ſad thing; they cannot come to clere up matters with my deereſt young Lady, becauſe, as *your Honner has ordered it*, they have theſe ſtories as if bribed by me out of your Honner's ſarvant; which muſt not be known for fere you ſhould kill'n and me too, and blacken the briber!—Ah! your Honner!—I doute as that I am a very vild fellow (Lord bleſs my ſoul, I pray God) and did not intend it.

But if my deereſt younge Lady ſhould come to harm, and pleſe your Honner, the horſepond at the Blew Bore—But Lord preſerve us all from all bad miſcheff, and all bad endes, I pray the Lord!—For tho'ff your Honner is kinde to me in worldly pelff, yet *what ſhall a man get to loos his ſoul*, as holy Skrittuer ſays, and pleſe your Honner?

But natheleſs I am in hope of reppentence hereafter, being but a younge man, if I do wrong thro' ignorrens; your Honner being a grate man, and a grate wit; and I a poor crature, not worthy notice; and

your Honner able to anſwer for all. But howſomever I am

Your Honner's fethful Sarvant in all dewtie,
JOSEPH LEMAN.

April 15. *and* 16.

LETTER LXIV.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOSEPH LEMAN.

Honeſt Joſeph, *Monday, Apr.* 17.

YOU have a worſe opinion of your invention than you ought to have. I muſt praiſe it again. Of a plain man's head I have not known many better than yours. How often have your forecaſt and diſcretion anſwered my wiſhes in caſes which I could not foreſee, not knowing how my general directions would ſucced, or what might happen in the execution of them! You are too doubtful of your own abilities, honeſt Joſeph; that's your fault. But it being a fault that is owing to natural *modeſty*, you ought rather to be *pitied* for it than *blamed*.

The affair of Miſs Betterton was a youthful frolick. I love dearly to exerciſe my invention. I do aſſure you, Joſeph, that I have ever had more pleaſure in my Contrivances, than in the End of them. I am no ſenſual man; but a man of ſpirit—One woman is like another——*You underſtand me, Joſeph*——In Courſing all the ſport is made by the winding Hare. A barn-door Chick is better eating. *Now you take me, Joſeph.*

Miſs Betterton was but a Tradeſman's daughter. The family indeed were grown rich, and aimed at a new Line of Gentry; and were unreaſonable enough to expect a man of my family would marry her. I was honeſt. I gave the young Lady no hope of that; for ſhe put it to me. She reſented: Kept up, and was kept up. A little innocent Contrivance was neceſſary to get her out—But no Rape in the caſe,

caſe, I aſſure you, Joſeph—She loved me: I loved her. Indeed, when I got her to the Inn, I aſked her no Queſtions. It is cruel to aſk a modeſt woman for her conſent. It is creating difficulties to both. Had not her friends been officious, I had been conſtant and faithful to her to this day, as far as I know —For then I had not known my Angel.

I went not abroad upon *her* account. She loved me too well, to have appeared againſt me. She refuſed to ſign a paper they had drawn up for her, to found a proſecution upon: And the brutal creatures would not permit the midwife's aſſiſtance, till her life was in danger; and I believe to This her death was owing.

I went into mourning for her, tho' abroad at the time. A diſtinction I have ever paid to thoſe worthy creatures who died in Childbed by me.

I was ever nice in my loves. Theſe were the rules I laid down to myſelf on my entrance into active life: To ſet the mother above want, if her friends were cruel, and if I could not get her an huſband worthy of her: To ſhun common women: A piece of juſtice I owed to innocent Ladies, as well as to myſelf: To marry off a former miſtreſs, if poſſible, before I took to a new one: To maintain a Lady handſomely in her lying-in: To provide for the Little one, if it lived, according to the degree of its mother. To go into mourning for the mother, if ſhe died. And the promiſe of this was a great comfort to the pretty dears, as they grew near their times.

All my errors, all my expences, have been with and upon women. So I could acquit my conſcience (acting thus honourably by them) as well as my diſcretion as to point of fortune.

All men love women: And find me a man of more honour in theſe points, if you can, Joſeph.

No wonder the Sex love me as they do!

But *now* I am ſtrictly virtuous. I am reformed.

So

So I have been for a long, long time: Reſolving to marry, as ſoon as I can prevail upon the moſt admirable of women to have me. I think of no-bodyelſe. It is impoſſible I ſhould. I have ſpared very pretty girls for her ſake. Very true, Joſeph! So ſet your honeſt heart at reſt—You ſee the pains I take to ſatisfy your qualms.

But as to Miſs Betterton—No Rape in the caſe, I repeat: Rapes are unnatural things: And more *rare* than are imagined, Joſeph.—I ſhould be loth to be put to ſuch a ſtreight. I never was. Miſs Betterton was taken from me againſt her own will. In that caſe, her friends, not I, committed the Rape.

I have contrived to ſee the Boy twice, unknown to the Aunt, who takes care of him; loves him; and would not now part with him, on any conſideration. The Boy is a fine Boy, I thank God. No Father need be aſhamed of him. He will be well provided for. If not, I would take care of him. He will have his Mother's fortune. They curſe the Father, ungratful wretches! but bleſs the Boy—Upon the whole, there is nothing vile in this matter on my ſide; a great deal on the Bettertons.

Wherefore, Joſeph, be not thou in pain, either for *my* head, or for *thy own* neck; nor for the Blue Boar; nor for the pretty Sow.—

I love your jeſting. Jeſting better becomes a poor man, than qualms.—I love to have you jeſt. All we ſay, all we do, all we wiſh for, is a jeſt. He that makes life itſelf not ſo, is a ſad fellow, and has the worſt of it.

I doubt not, Joſeph, but you have had your joys, as you ſay, as well as your betters. May you have more and more, honeſt Joſeph!—He that grudges a poor man joy, ought to have none himſelf. Jeſt on therefore: Jeſting, I repeat, better becomes thee than qualms.

I had no *need* to tell you of Miſs Betterton: Did I not furniſh you with ſtories enough without hers, againſt

againſt myſelf, to augment your credit with your cunning maſters? Beſides, I was loth to mention Miſs Betterton, her friends being all living, and in credit. I loved her too; for ſhe was taken from me by her cruel friends while our joys were young.

But enough of dear Miſs Betterton. *Dear*, I ſay; for death *endears*.—Reſt to her worthy ſoul!—There, Joſeph, off went a deep ſigh to the memory of Miſs Betterton!

As to the journey of little Titus [I now recollect the fellow by his name] Let that take its courſe: A Lady dying in childbed eighteen months ago; no proceſs begun in her life-time; refuſing herſelf to give evidence againſt me while ſhe lived—Pretty circumſtances to found an indictment for a Rape upon!

As to your young Lady, the ever-adorable Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe, I always courted her for a Wife. Others rather expected marriage from the vanity of their own hearts, than from my promiſes. For I was always careful of what I promiſed. You know, Joſeph, that I have gone beyond my promiſes to *you*. I do to every-body: And why? Becauſe it is the beſt way of ſhewing, that I have no grudging or narrow ſpirit. A promiſe is an obligation. *A juſt man will keep his promiſe: A generous man will go beyond it*. This is my rule.

If you doubt my honour to your young Lady, it is more than ſhe does. She would not ſtay with me an hour if ſhe did. Mine is the ſteadieſt heart in the world. Haſt thou not reaſon to think it ſo?—Why this ſqueamiſhneſs then, honeſt Joſeph?

But it is becauſe thou *art* honeſt: So I forgive thee. Whoever loves my divine Clariſſa, loves me.

Let James Harlowe call me what names he will. For his Siſter's ſake I will bear them. Do not be concerned for me. Her favour will make me rich amends. His own vilely malicious heart will make his blood *boil over* at any time: And when it does, thinkeſt

thinkeſt thou that I will let it touch my conſcience! —And if not *mine*, why ſhould it touch *thine?* Ah! Joſeph, Joſeph! What a fooliſh teazer is thy conſcience!—Such a conſcience, as gives a plain man trouble, when he intends to do for the beſt, is weakneſs, not conſcience.

But ſay what thou wilt, write all thou knoweſt or heareſt of, to me: I'll have patience with every-body. Why ſhould I not, when it is as much the deſire of my heart, as it is of thine, to prevent miſchief?

So now, Joſeph, having taken all this pains to ſatisfy thy conſcience, and anſwer all thy doubts, and to baniſh all thy fears; let me come to a *new point*.

Your endeavours and mine, which were deſigned, *by round-about ways*, to reconcile all, even againſt the wills of the moſt obſtinate, have not, we ſee, anſwered the end we hoped they would anſwer; but, on the contrary, have widened the unhappy differences between our families. But this has not been either your fault or mine: It is owing to the black pitch-like blood of your venemous-hearted young Maſter, *boiling over*, as he owns, that our honeſt wiſhes have hitherto been fruſtrated.

Yet we muſt proceed in the ſame courſe: We ſhall tire them out in time, and they will propoſe terms; and when they do, they ſhall find how reaſonable mine ſhall be, little as they deſerve from me.

Perſevere therefore, Joſeph; honeſt Joſeph, perſevere; and, unlikely as you may imagine the means, our deſires will be at laſt obtained.

We have nothing for it now, but to go thro' with our work in the way we have begun. For ſince (as I told you in my laſt) my Beloved miſtruſts you, ſhe will blow you up, if ſhe be *not* mine. If ſhe *be*, I can and will protect you; and as, if there will be any fault, in her opinion, it will be rather mine than yours, ſhe *muſt* forgive you, and keep her huſband's ſecrets, for the ſake of his reputation: Elſe

ſhe

ſhe will be guilty of a great failure in her duty. So, now have you ſet your hand to the Plough, Joſeph, there is no looking back.

And what is the conſequence of all this? One labour more, and that will be all that will fall to your lot; at leaſt, of conſequence.

My Beloved is reſolved not to think of Marriage till ſhe has tried to move her friends to a Reconciliation with her. You know they are determined not to be reconciled. She has it in her head, I doubt not, to make me ſubmit to the people I hate; and if I did, they would rather inſult me, than receive my condeſcenſion as they ought. She even owns, that ſhe will renounce me, if they inſiſt upon it, provided they will give up Solmes. So, to all appearance, I am ſtill as far as ever from the happineſs of calling her mine: Indeed I am more likely than ever to loſe her (if I cannot contrive ſome way to avail myſelf of the preſent critical ſituation); and then, Joſeph, all I have been ſtudying, and all you have been doing, will ſignify nothing.

At the place where we are, we cannot long be private. The lodgings are inconvenient for us, while both together, and while ſhe refuſes to marry. She wants to get me at a diſtance from her. There are extraordinary convenient lodgings, in my eye in London, where we could be private, and all miſchief avoided. When *there* (if I *get* her thither) ſhe will inſiſt, that I ſhall leave her. Miſs Howe is for ever putting her upon contrivances. That, you know, is the reaſon I have been obliged, by your means, to play the family off at Harlowe-Place upon Mrs. Howe, and Mrs. Howe upon her Daughter—Ah! Joſeph! —Little need for your fears for my Angel: *I* only am in danger—But were I the free liver I am reported to be, all this could I get over with a wet finger, as the ſaying is.

But

But, by the help of one of your hints, I have thought of an Expedient which will do every-thing; and raiſe your reputation, tho' already ſo high, higher ſtill. This Singleton, I hear, is a fellow who loves enterpriſing: The view he has to get James Harlowe to be his principal owner in a larger veſſel which he wants to be put into the command of, may be the ſubject of their preſent cloſe converſation. But ſince he is taught to have ſo good an opinion of you, Joſeph, cannot you (ſtill pretending an abhorrence of me, and of my contrivances) propoſe to Singleton to propoſe to James Harlowe (who ſo much thirſts for revenge upon me) to aſſiſt him with his whole ſhip's crew, upon occaſion, to cary off his Siſter to Leith, where both have houſes, or elſewhere?

You may tell them, that if this can be effected, it will make me raving mad; and bring your young Lady into all their meaſures.

You can inform them, *as from my ſervant*, of the diſtance ſhe keeps me at, in hopes of procuring her Father's forgiveneſs, by cruelly giving me up, if inſiſted upon.

You can tell them, that as the only ſecret my ſervant has kept from you, is, the place we are in, you make no doubt, that a two-guinea bribe will bring that out, and alſo an information when I ſhall be at a diſtance from her, that the enterprize may be conducted with ſafety.

You may tell them (ſtill as from my ſervant) that we are about removing from inconvenient lodgings to others more covenient (which is true); and that I muſt be often abſent from her.

If they liſten to your propoſal, you will promote your Intereſt with Betty, by telling it to her as a Secret. Betty will tell Arabella of it. Arrabella will be overjoyed at any-thing that will help forward her revenge upon me; and will reveal it (if her Brother do not) to her Uncle Antony. He probably will whiſper it

it to Mrs. Howe. She can keep nothing from her Daughter, though they are always jangling. Her Daughter will acquaint my Beloved with it. And if it will not, or if it will, come to my ears from ſome of thoſe, you can write it to me, as in confidence, by way of preventing miſchief; which is the ſtudy of us both.

I can then ſhew it to my Beloved. Then will ſhe be for placing a greater confidence in me. That will convince me of her Love, which now I am ſometimes ready to doubt. She will be for haſtening to the ſafer lodgings. I ſhall have a pretence to ſtay about her perſon, as a guard. She will be convinced, that there is no expectation to be had of a Reconciliation. You can give James Harlowe and Singleton continual falſe ſcents, as I ſhall direct you; ſo that no miſchief can poſſibly happen.

And what will be the happy, happy, thrice happy conſequence?—The Lady will be mine in an honourable way. We ſhall all be friends in good time. The two guineas will be an agreeable addition *to the many gratuities I have helped you to by like contrivances from this ſtingy family.* Your reputation, both for head and heart, as I hinted before, will be heightened. The Blue Boar will alſo be yours. Nor ſhall you have the leaſt difficulty about raiſing money to buy the ſtock, if it be worth your while to have it.

Betty will likewiſe then be yours. You have both ſaved money, it ſeems. The whole Harlowe family, whom you have ſo faithfully ſerved ['Tis ſerving them ſurely, to prevent the miſchief which their violent Son would have brought upon them] will throw you in ſomewhat towards houſekeeping. I will ſtill add to your Store. So nothing but happineſs before you!

Crow, Joſeph, crow! A dunghill of thy own in view: Servants to ſnub at thy pleaſure: A Wife to quarrel with, or to love, as thy humour leads thee: *Landlord* and *Landlady* at every word: To be paid, inſtead

inſtead of paying, for thy eating and drinking. But not thus happy only in thyſelf; happy in promoting Peace and Reconciliation between two good families, in the long run; without hurting any Chriſtian ſoul. O Joſeph, honeſt Joſeph! what envy wilt thou raiſe! —And who would be ſqueamiſh with ſuch proſpects before him!

This one labour, I repeat, crowns the work. If you can get but ſuch a deſign entertained by them, whether they proſecute it or not, it will be equally to the purpoſe of

Your loving Friend,

R. LOVELACE.

LETTER XLV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Mrs.* HERVEY.

[*Incloſed in her laſt to Miſs* HOWE.]

Honoured Madam, *Thurſday, April* 20.

HAVING not had the favour of an Anſwer to a Letter I took the Liberty to write to you on the 14th, I am in ſome hopes that it may have miſcarried; for I had much rather it ſhould, than to have the mortification to think that my Aunt Hervey deemed me unworthy the honour of her notice.

In this hope, having kept a copy of it, and not being able to expreſs myſelf in terms better ſuited to the unhappy circumſtance of things, I tranſcribe and incloſe what I then wrote *(a)*. And I humbly beſeech you to favour the contents of it with your intereſt.

Hitherto it is in my power to perform what I undertake for in this Letter; and it would be very grievous to me to be precipitated upon meaſures, which may render the deſirable Reconciliation more difficult.

If, Madam, I were permitted to write to you with

(a) The contents of the Letter referred to are given p. 115, 116.

the

the hopes of being anſwered, I could clear my intention with regard to the ſtep I have taken, altho' I could not perhaps acquit myſelf to ſome of my ſevereſt judges, of an imprudence previous to it. You, I am ſure, would pity me, if you knew all I could ſay, and how miſerable I am in the forfeiture of the good opinion of all my friends.

I flatter myſelf, that *their* favour is yet retrievable. But whatever be the determination at Harlowe-Place, do not *you*, my deareſt Aunt, deny me the favour of a few lines, to inform me if there can be any hope of a Reconciliation upon terms leſs ſhocking than thoſe heretofore endeavoured to be impoſed upon me; or if (which God forbid!) I am to be for ever reprobated.

At leaſt, my dear Aunt, procure for me the juſtice of my wearing apparel, and the little money and other things which I wrote to my Siſter for, and mention in the incloſed to you; that I may not be deſtitute of common conveniencies, or be under a neceſſity to owe an obligation for ſuch, where (at preſent, however) I would leaſt of all owe it.

Allow me to ſay, that had I *deſigned* what happened, I might (as to the money and jewels at leaſt) have ſaved myſelf ſome of the mortifications which I have ſuffered, and which I ſtill further apprehend, if my requeſt be not complied with.

If you are permitted to encourage an eclairciſſement of what I hint, I will open my whole heart to you, and inform you of every-thing.

If it be any pleaſure to have me mortified, be pleaſed to let it be known, that I am extremely mortified: And yet it is entirely from my own reflections that I am ſo; having nothing to find fault with, in the behaviour of the perſon from whom every evil was apprehended.

The bearer having buſineſs your way, will bring me your Anſwer on Saturday morning, if you favour me accord-

according to my hopes. I knew not that I ſhould have this opportunity till I had written the above.

I am, my deareſt Aunt,

Your ever dutiful

CL. HARLOWE.

Be pleaſed to direct for me, if I am to be favoured with a few lines, to be left at Mr. Oſgood's near Soho-ſquare; and nobody ſhall ever know of your goodneſs to me, if you deſire it to be kept a ſecret.

LETTER XLVI.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Saturday, April 22.

I Cannot for my life account for your wretch's teazing ways. But he certainly doubts your Love of him. In this *He* is a *modeſt* man, as well as *ſomebody* elſe; and tacitly confeſſes, that he does not deſerve it.

Your Iſraelitiſh hankerings after the Egyptian onions (teſtified ſtill more in your Letter to your Aunt); Your often-repeated regrets for meeting him; for being betrayed away by him—Theſe he cannot bear.

I have been looking back on the whole of his conduct, and comparing it with his general character; and find, that he is more *conſiſtently*, more *uniformly*, mean, revengeful, and proud, than either of us once imagined.

From his cradle, as I may ſay, as an *only child*, and a *boy*, humourſome, ſpoiled, miſchievous; the governor of his governors.

A Libertine in his riper years, hardly regardful of appearances; and deſpiſing the Sex in general, for the faults of particulars of it, who made themſelves too cheap to him.

What has been his behaviour in your family, a CLARISSA in view (from the time your fooliſh Brother was obliged to take a life from him) but defiance for defiances?—Getting you into his power by terror,

by

by artifice. What politeneſs can be expected from ſuch a man?

Well, but what in ſuch a ſituation is to be done? Why, you muſt deſpiſe him: You muſt hate him—if you can—and run away from him—But whither? Whither indeed, now that your Brother is laying fooliſh plots to put you in a ſtill worſe condition, as it may happen?

But if you cannot deſpiſe and hate him; if you care not to break with him; you muſt part with ſome punctilio's: And if the ſo doing bring not on the Solemnity, you muſt put yourſelf into the protection of the Ladies of his family.

Their reſpect for you is of itſelf a ſecurity for his honour to you, if there could be any room for doubt. And at leaſt you ſhould remind him of his offer to bring one of the Miſs Montague's to attend you at your new lodgings in town, and accompany you, till all is happily over.

This, you'll ſay, will be as good as *declaring* yourſelf to be his. *And ſo let it.* You ought not now to think of any-thing elſe but to be *his.* Does not your Brother's project convince you more and more of this?

Give over then, my deareſt friend, any thoughts of this hopeleſs Reconciliation, *which has kept you balancing thus long.* You own, in the Letter before me, that he made very explicit offers, tho' you give me not the very words. And he gave his reaſons, I perceive, with his wiſhes, that you ſhould accept them: Which very few of the ſorry fellows do; whoſe plea is generally but a compliment to our Self-love—*That we muſt love them,* however preſumptuous and unworthy, *becauſe they love us.*

Were I in *your place,* and had *your* charming delicacies, I ſhould, perhaps, do as you do. No doubt but I ſhould expect that the man ſhould urge me with reſpectful warmth; that he ſhould ſupplicate with conſtancy, and that all his words and actions ſhould tend to the

the one principal point—Nevertheleſs, if I ſuſpected art or delay, founded upon his doubts of my Love, I would either condeſcend to clear up his doubts, or renounce him for ever.

And in this laſt caſe, I, your Anna Howe, would exert myſelf, and either find you a private refuge, or reſolve to ſhare fortunes with you.

What a wretch, to be ſo eaſily anſwered by your reference to the arrival of your Couſin Morden! But I am afraid that you was too ſcrupulous:—For did he not reſent that reference?

Could we have *his* account of the matter, I fanſy, my dear, I ſhould think you over-nice, over-delicate(*a*). Had you laid hold of his *acknowleged* explicitneſs, he would have been as much in *your* power, as now you ſeem to be in *his*—You wanted not to be told, that the perſon who had been tricked into ſuch a ſtep as you had taken, muſt of neceſſity ſubmit to many mortifications.

But were it to *me*, a girl of ſpirit as I am thought to be, I do aſſure you, I would in a quarter of an hour (all the time I would allow to punctilio in ſuch a caſe as yours) know what he drives at: Since either he muſt mean *well* or *ill*. If *ill*, the ſooner you know it, the better. If *well*, whoſe modeſty is it he diſtreſſes, but that of his own wife?

And methinks you ſhould endeavour to avoid all exaſperating recriminations, as to what you have heard of his failure in morals; eſpecially while you are ſo happy, as not to have occaſion to ſpeak of them by experience.

I grant, that it gives a worthy mind ſome ſatisfaction in having borne its teſtimony againſt the immoralities of a bad one. But that correction which is unſeaſonably

(*a*) The Reader who has ſeen his account, which Miſs Howe could not have ſeen, when ſhe wrote thus, will obſerve, that it was not poſſible for a perſon of her true delicacy of mind to act otherwiſe than ſhe did, to a man ſo cruelly and ſo inſolently artful.

given

given, is more likely either to harden or make an hypocrite, than to reclaim.

I am pleaſed, however, as well as you, with his making light of your Brother's *wiſe* Project.—Poor creature! and muſt Maſter Jemmy Harlowe, with his half-wit, pretend to plot, and contrive miſchief, yet rail at Lovelace for the ſame things?—A witty villain deſerves hanging at once (and without ceremony, if you pleaſe); but a half-witted one deſerves broken bones firſt, and hanging afterwards. I think Lovelace has given his character in few words *(a)*.

Be angry at me, if you pleaſe; but as ſure as you are alive, now that this poor creature, whom ſome call your Brother, finds he has ſucceeded in making you fly your Father's houſe, and that he has nothing to fear but your getting into your *own*, and into an independence of him, he thinks himſelf equal to any-thing, and ſo has a mind to fight Lovelace with his own weapons.

Don't you remember his pragmatical triumph, as told you by your Aunt, and prided in by that ſaucy Betty Barnes, from his own fooliſh mouth *(b)*.

I expect nothing from your Letter to your Aunt. I hope Lovelace will never know the contents of it. In every one of yours, I ſee that he as warmly reſents as he dares, the little confidence you have in him. I ſhould reſent it too, were I he; and knew I deſerved better.

Don't be ſcrupulous about cloaths, if you think of putting yourſelf into the protection of the Ladies of his family. They know how matters ſtand between you and your relations, and love you never the worſe for the ſilly people's cruelty.

I know you won't demand poſſeſſion of your Eſtate. But give *him* a right to demand it for you; and that will be ſtill better.

(a) See p. 213. *(b)* See Vol. II. p. 309, 310, 314.

Adieu, my dear! May Heaven guide and direct you in all your ſteps, is the daily prayer of

Your ever-affectionate and faithful

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XLVII.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq;*

Friday, April 21.

THOU, Lovelace, haſt been long the *Entertainer*; I the *Entertained*. Nor have I been ſolicitous to animadvert, as thou wenteſt along, upon thy inventions, and their tendency. For I believed, that with all thy airs, the unequalled perfections and fine qualities of this Lady would always be her protection and ſecurity. But now, that I find, thou haſt ſo far ſucceeded, as to induce her to come to town, and to chuſe her lodgings in a houſe, the people of which will too probably damp and ſuppreſs any honourable motions which may ariſe in thy mind in her favour, I cannot help writing: And that profeſſedly in her behalf.

My inducements to this are not owing to virtue: But if they *were*, what hope could I have of affecting thee, by pleas ariſing from it?

Nor would ſuch a man as thou art be deterred, were I to remind thee of the vengeance which thou mayeſt one day expect, if thou inſulteſt a woman of her character, family, and fortune.

Neither are gratitude and honour motives to be mentioned in a woman's favour, to men, ſuch as we are, who conſider all thoſe of the Sex as fair prize, over whom we can obtain a power. For *our honour*, and *honour* in the *general acceptation* of the word, are two things.

What then is my motive?—What, but the true friendſhip that I bear thee, Lovelace; which makes me plead *Thy own ſake*, and *Thy family's ſake*, in the juſtice thou oweſt to this incomparable creature; who, how-

however, ſo well deſerves to have *her ſake* to be mentioned as the principal conſideration?

Laſt time I was at M. Hall, thy noble Uncle ſo earneſtly preſſed me to uſe my intereſt to perſuade thee to enter the pale, and gave me ſo many family reaſons for it, that I could not help engaging myſelf heartily on his ſide of the queſtion; and the rather, as I knew, that thy own intentions with regard to this fine woman, were then worthy of *her*. And of this I aſſured his Lordſhip; who was half afraid of thee, becauſe of the ill uſage thou receivedſt from her family. But now, that the caſe is altered, let me preſs the matter home to thee from other conſiderations.

By what I have heard of this Lady's perfections from every mouth, as well as from thine, and from every Letter thou haſt written, where wilt thou find ſuch another woman? And why ſhouldſt thou tempt her virtue?—Why ſhouldſt thou wiſh to try, where there is no reaſon to doubt?

Were I in thy caſe, and deſigned to marry, and if I preferred a woman, as I know thou doſt This, to all the women in the world, I ſhould dread to make further trial, knowing what *we* know of the Sex, for *fear* of ſucceeding; and eſpecially if I doubted not, that if there were a woman in the world virtuous at heart, it is ſhe.

And let me tell thee, Lovelace, that in this Lady's ſituation, the trial is not a fair trial. Conſidering the depth of thy plots and contrivances: Conſidering the opportunities which I ſee thou muſt have with her, in ſpite of her own heart; all her Relations follies acting in concert, though unknown to themſelves, with thy wicked ſcheming head: Conſidering how deſtitute of protection ſhe is: Conſidering the houſe ſhe is to be in, where ſhe will be ſurrounded with thy implements; *ſpecious*, *well-bred* and *genteel* creatures, not eaſily to be detected when they are diſpoſed to preſerve appearances, eſpecially by a young, unexperienced Lady

wholly unacquainted with the town: Conſidering all theſe things, I ſay, what glory, what cauſe of triumph, wilt thou have, if ſhe ſhould be overcome?—Thou, too, a man born for intrigue, full of invention, intrepid, remorſeleſs, able patiently to watch for thy opportunity; not hurried, as moſt men, by guſts of violent paſſion, which often nip a project in the bud, and make the ſnail that was juſt putting out its horns to meet the inviter, withdraw into its ſhell—A man who has no regard to his word or oath to the Sex; the Lady ſcrupulouſly ſtrict to *her* word, incapable of art or deſign; apt therefore to believe well of others--It would be a miracle if ſhe ſtood ſuch an attempter, ſuch attempts, and ſuch Snares, as I ſee will be laid for her. And after all, I ſee not when men are ſo frail *without* importunity, that ſo much ſhould be expected from women, daughters of the ſame fathers and mothers, and made up of the ſame brittle compounds (Education all the difference) nor where the triumph is in ſubduing them.

May there not be other Lovelaces, thou aſkeſt, who, attracted by her beauty, may endeavour to prevail with her (*a*).

No; there cannot, I anſwer, be ſuch another man, perſon, mind, fortune, and thy character, as above given, taken in. If thou imagineſt there could, ſuch is thy pride, that thou wouldſt think the worſe of thyſelf.

But let me touch upon thy predominant paſſion, *Revenge*; for *Love* is but ſecond to that, as I have often told thee, tho' it has ſet thee into raving at me: What poor pretences for Revenge are the difficulties thou hadſt in getting her off; allowing that ſhe had run a riſque of being Solmes's wife, had ſhe ſtaid? If theſe are other than pretences, why thankeſt thou not thoſe who, by their perſecutions of her, anſwered thy hopes, and threw her into thy power?—Beſides, are not the pretences thou makeſt for further trial, moſt ingrate-

fully,

(*a*) See p. 83, 84.

fully, as well as *contradictorily*, founded upon the ſuppoſition of error in her, occaſioned by her *favour* to thee?

And let me, for the utter confuſion of thy poor pleas of this nature, aſk thee—Would ſhe, in thy opinion, had ſhe *willingly gone off with thee*, have been entitled to *better* quarter?—For a *miſtreſs* indeed ſhe might: But wouldſt thou for a *wife* have had cauſe to like her half ſo well, as now?

Has ſhe not demonſtrated, that even the higheſt provocations were not ſufficient to warp her from her duty to her parents, tho' a *native*, and, as I may ſay, an originally *involuntary* duty, becauſe *native*? And is not this a charming earneſt that ſhe will ſacredly obſerve a ſtill higher duty into which ſhe propoſes to enter, when ſhe does enter, by *plighted* vows, and entirely as a *volunteer*?

That ſhe loves thee, wicked as thou art, and cruel as a panther, there is no reaſon to doubt. Yet, what a command has ſhe over herſelf, that ſuch a penetrating ſelf-flatterer as thyſelf, is ſometimes ready to doubt it! Tho' perſecuted on the one hand, as ſhe was, by her own family, and attracted on the other, by the ſplendor of thine; every one of whom courts her to rank herſelf among them?

Thou wilt perhaps think, that I have departed from my propoſition, and pleaded the *Lady's ſake* more than *thine* in the above—But no ſuch thing. All that I have written, is more in *thy* behalf than in *hers*; ſince ſhe may make *thee* happy; but it is next to impoſſible, I ſhould think, if ſhe preſerve her delicacy, that thou canſt make *her* ſo. What is the Love of a Rakiſh Heart? There cannot be *peculiarity* in it. But I need not give my further reaſons. Thou wilt have ingenuouſneſs enough, I dare ſay, were there occaſions for it, to ſubſcibe to my opinion.

I plead not for the State from any great liking to it myſelf. Nor have I, at preſent, thoughts of entering

into it. But as thou art the laſt of thy name; as thy family is of note and figure in thy country; and as thou thyſelf thinkeſt that thou ſhalt one day marry; is it poſſible, let me aſk thee, that thou canſt have ſuch another opportunity as thou now haſt, if thou letteſt this ſlip? A woman, in her family and fortune not unworthy of thine own (though thou art ſo apt, from pride of Anceſtry, and pride of Heart, to ſpeak ſlightly of the families thou diſlikeſt); ſo celebrated for beauty; and ſo noted at the ſame time for prudence, for *Soul* (I will ſay, inſtead of *ſenſe*) and for virtue?

If thou art not ſo narrow-minded an elf, as to prefer thine own *ſingle* ſatisfaction to *poſterity*, thou, who ſhouldſt wiſh to beget children for duration, wilt not poſtpone till the Rake's uſual time; that is to ſay, till diſeaſes or years, or both, lay hold of thee; ſince in that caſe thou wouldſt entitle thyſelf to the curſes of thy legitimate progeny for giving them a Being altogether miſerable: A Being, which they will be obliged to hold upon a worſe tenure than that *Tenant-courteſy*, which thou calleſt the *worſt* (*a*); to wit, upon the *Doctor's courteſy*; thy deſcendents alſo propagating (if they ſhall live, and be able to propagate) a wretched Race, that ſhall entail the curſe, or the *reaſon* for it, upon remote generations.

Wicked as the ſober world accounts you and me, we have not yet, it is to be hoped, got over all compunction. Altho' we find Religion againſt us, we have not yet preſumed to make a Religion to ſuit our practices. We deſpiſe thoſe who do. And we know better than to be even *doubters*. In ſhort we believe a future State of Rewards and Puniſhments. But as we have ſo much youth and health in hand, we hope to have time for repentance. That is to ſay, in plain Engliſh [Nor think thou me too grave, Lovelace: *Thou* art grave ſometimes, tho' not often] we hope to live to Senſe, as long as Senſe can reliſh, and purpoſe to reform when we can ſin no longer. And

(*a*) See p. 122.

And ſhall this admirable woman ſuffer for her generous endeavours to ſet on foot thy Reformation; and for inſiſting upon proofs of the ſincerity of thy profeſſions before ſhe will be thine?

Upon the whole matter, let me wiſh thee to conſider well what thou art about, before thou goeſt a ſtep farther in the path which thou haſt chalked out for thyſelf to tread, and art juſt going to enter upon. Hitherto all is ſo far right, that if the Lady *miſtruſts* thy honour, ſhe has no *proofs*. Be honeſt to her, then, in *her* ſenſe of the word. None of thy companions, thou knoweſt, will offer to laugh at what *thou* doſt. And if they *ſhould* (on thy entering into a State which has been ſo much ridiculed by thee, and by all of us) thou haſt one advatage— It is this; That thou can'ſt not be aſhamed.

Deferring to the poſt-day to cloſe my Letter, I find one left at my couſin Oſgood's, with directions to be forwarded to the Lady. It was brought within theſe two hours by a *particular* hand, and has a Harlowe-ſeal upon it. As it may therefore be of importance, I diſpatch it with my own, by my ſervant, poſt-haſte (*a*).

I ſuppoſe you will ſoon be in town. Without the Lady, I hope. Farewel.

Be Honeſt, and be Happy.

Sat. Apr. 22. J. BELFORD.

LETTER XLVIII.

Mrs. HERVEY, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[*In Anſwer to Letter* xlv.]

Dear Niece,

IT would be hard not to write a few lines, ſo much preſſed to write, to one I ever loved. Your former Letter I received; yet was not at liberty to anſwer it. I break my word to anſwer you now.

Strange informations are every day received about you. The wretch you are with, we are told, is every

(*a*) This Letter was from Miſs Arabella Harlowe. *See Let.* li.

hour triumphing and defying--Muſt not theſe informations aggravate? You know the uncontroulableneſs of the man. He loves his own humour better than he loves you—tho' ſo fine a creature as you are! I warned you over and over: No young Lady was ever more warned!—Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe to do ſuch a thing!

You might have given your friends the meeting. If you had *held* your averſion, it would have been complied with. As ſoon as I was entruſted myſelf with their *intention* to give up the point, I gave you a hint —a dark one perhaps (*a*)—But who would have thought—O Miſs!—Such an *artful* flight!—Such *cunning* preparation!

But you want to clear up things—*What* can you clear up? Are you not gone off?—With a Lovelace too?—*What*, my dear, would you clear up?

You did not *deſign* to go you ſay. Why did you meet him then, chariot-and-ſix, horſemen, all prepared by him? O, my dear, how Art produces Art! —Will it be believed?—If it *would*, what power will he be thought to have had over you!—He—Who? *Lovelace!*—The vileſt of Libertines!—Over whom? —A *Clariſſa!*—Was your Love for ſuch a man above your reaſon? Above your reſolution? What credit would a belief of this, *if* believed, bring you?—How mend the matter?—Oh! that you had ſtood the next meeting!

I'll tell you all that was intended if you had.

It was indeed imagined, that you would not have been able to reſiſt your Father's entreaties and commands. He was reſolved to be all condeſcenſion, if anew you had not provoked him. *I love my Clary Harlowe*, ſaid he, but an hour before the killing tidings were brought him; *I love her as my life: I will kneel to her, if nothing elſe will do, to prevail upon her to oblige me!*

Your

(*a*) See Vol. II. p. 311, 312.

Your Father and Mother (the reverſe of what ſhould have been!) would have humbled themſelves to *you*: And if you *could* have denied them, and refuſed to ſign the Settlements previous to the meeting, they would have yielded, although with regret.

But it was preſumed, ſo naturally ſweet your temper, ſo ſelf-denying, as they thought you, that you could *not* have withſtood them, notwithſtanding all your diſlike of the *one* man, without a greater degree of head-ſtrong paſſion for the *other*, than you had given any of us reaſon to expect from you.

If you *had*, the meeting on Wedneſday would have been a lighter trial to you. You would have been preſented to all your aſſembled friends, with a ſhort ſpeech only, 'That this was the young creature, till very 'lately faultleſs, condeſcending, and obliging; now 'having cauſe to glory in a triumph over the wills of 'Father, Mother, Uncles, the moſt indulgent; over 'family-intereſts, family-views; and preferring her 'own will to every-body's; and this for a tranſitory 'preference to *Perſon* only; there being no compa-'riſon between the men as to their *Morals*.'

Thus complied with, and perhaps bleſſed, by your Father and Mother, and the conſequences of your diſobedience deprecated in the ſolemneſt manner by your inimitable Mother, your *generoſity* would have been appealed to, ſince your *duty* would have been found too weak an inducement, and you would have been bid to withdraw for one half-hour's conſideration: Then would the Settlements have been again tendered for your ſigning, by the perſon leaſt diſobliging to you; by your good Norton perhaps; ſhe perhaps ſeconded by your Father again: And if again refuſed, you would again have been led in, to declare ſuch your refuſal. Some reſtrictions which you yourſelf had propoſed, would have been inſiſted upon. You would have been permitted to go home with me, or with your Uncle

Antony (with *which* of us was not agreed upon, becauſe they hoped you might be perſuaded) there to ſtay till the arrival of your Couſin Morden; or till your Father could have borne to ſee you; or till aſſured, that the views of Lovelace were at an end.

This the intention, your Father ſo ſet upon your compliance, ſo much in hopes that you would have yielded, that you would have been prevailed upon by methods ſo condeſcending and ſo gentle; no wonder that *he*, in particular, was like a diſtracted man, when he heard of your flight—of your flight ſo *premeditated*; —with your Ivy Summer-houſe dinings, your arts to blind me, and all of us!—naughty, naughty young creature!

I, for my part, would not believe it, when told of it. Your Uncle Hervey would not believe it. We rather expected, we rather feared, a ſtill more deſperate adventure. There could be but one more deſperate; and I was readier to have the caſcade firſt reſorted to, than the garden back-door.—Your Mother fainted away, while her heart was torn between the two apprehenſions.—Your Father, poor man! your Father was beſide himſelf for near an hour—What imprecations!—What dreadful imprecations!—To this day he can hardly bear your name: Yet can think of nobody elſe. Your merits, my dear, but aggravate your fault.—Something of freſh aggravation almoſt every hour.—How can any favour be expected?

I am ſorry for it; but am afraid, nothing you aſk will be complied with.

Why mention you, my dear, the ſaving you from mortifications, who have gone off with a man? What a poor pride is it to ſtand upon any-thing elſe?

I dare not open my lips in your favour. Nobody dare. Your Letter muſt ſtand by itſelf. This has cauſed me to ſend it to Harlowe-Place. Expect therefore great ſeverity. May you be enabled to ſupport the lot you have drawn! O my dear! how unhappy have you

you made every-body! Can *you* expect to be happy? Your Father wiſhes you had never been born. Your poor Mother—But why ſhould I afflict you? There is now no help!—You muſt be changed indeed, if you are not very unhappy yourſelf in the reflections your thoughtful mind muſt ſuggeſt to you.

You muſt now make the beſt of your lot. Yet *not* married, it ſeems!

It is in your power, you ſay, to perform whatever you ſhall undertake to do. You may deceive yourſelf: You hope that your reputation and the favour of your friends may be retrieved. Never, never, both, I doubt; if either. Every offended perſon (and that is all who loved you, and are related to you) muſt *join* to reſtore you: When can theſe be of *one* mind in a caſe ſo notoriouſly wrong?

It would be very grievous, you ſay, to be precipitated upon meaſures, that may make the deſirable Reconciliation more difficult. Is it *now*, my dear, a time for you to be afraid of being *precipitated?* At *preſent*, if *ever*, there can be no thought of Reconciliation. The *upſhot* of your precipitation muſt firſt be ſeen. There may be murder yet, as far as we know. Will the man you are with part willingly with you? If *not*, what may be the conſequence? If he *will*—Lord bleſs me! what ſhall we think of his reaſons for it?—I will fly this thought. I know your purity—But, my dear, are you not out of all protection?—Are you not unmarried?—Have you not (making your daily prayers uſeleſs) thrown yourſelf into temptation? And is not the man the moſt wicked of plotters?

You have hitherto, you ſay (and I think, my dear, with an air unbecoming your declared penitence) *no fault to find with the behaviour of a man from whom every evil was apprehended:* Like Cæſar to the Roman augur, which I heard you tell of, who had bid him *Beware of the Ides of March: The Ides of March*, ſaid Cæſar, ſeeing the augur among the crowd, as he marched

in ſtate to the Senate-houſe, from which he never was to return alive, *The Ides of March are come. But they are not paſt*, the augur replied. Make the application, my dear: May you be able to make this reflection upon his good behaviour to the laſt of your knowlege of him! May he behave himſelf better to you, than he ever did to any-body elſe over whom he had power! Amen!

No anſwer, I beſeech you. I hope your meſſenger will not tell any-body that I have written to you. And I dare ſay you will not ſhew what I have written to Mr. Lovelace.—For I have written with the leſs reſerve, depending upon your prudence.

You have my prayers.

My Dolly knows not that I write. No-body does (*a*): Not even Mr. Hervey.

Dolly would have ſeveral times written: But having defended your fault with heat, and with a partiality that alarmed us [Such a fall as yours, my dear, muſt be alarming to all parents] ſhe has been forbidden, on pain of loſing our favour for ever: And this at your family's requeſt, as well as by her Father's commands.

You have the poor girl's hourly prayers, I will, however, tell you, tho' ſhe knows not that I do, as well as thoſe of

Your truly afflicted Aunt,

Friday, April 21. D. HERVEY.

LETTER XLIX.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

With the preceding.

Sat. Morn. April 22.

I Have juſt now received the incloſed from my Aunt Hervey. Be pleaſed, my dear, to keep the ſecret of having written to the unhappy wretch her Niece.

(*a*) Notwithſtanding what Mrs. Hervey here ſays, it will be hereafter ſeen that this ſevere Letter of hers was written in private concert with the implacable Arabella.

I may go to London, I ſee, or where I will. No matter what becomes of me.

I was the willinger to ſuſpend my journey thither, till I heard from Harlowe-Place. I thought if I could be encouraged to hope for a Reconciliation, I would let this man ſee, that he ſhould not have me in his power, but upon my own terms, if at all.

But I find I muſt be *his*, whether I will or not; and perhaps thro' ſtill greater mortifications than thoſe great ones which I have already met with — And muſt I be ſo abſolutely thrown upon a man, with whom I am not at all ſatisfied!

My Letter is ſent, you ſee, to Harlowe-Place. My heart akes for the reception it may meet with there.

One comfort only ariſes to me from its being ſent; That my Aunt will clear *herſelf* by the communication, from the ſuppoſition of having correſponded with the poor creature whom they have all determined to reprobate. It is no ſmall part of my misfortune that I have weakened the confidence one dear friend has in another, and made one look cool upon another. My poor Couſin Dolly, you ſee, has reaſon for regret on this account, as well as my Aunt. Miſs Howe, my dear Miſs Howe, is but too ſenſible of the effects of my fault, having had more words with her Mother on my account, than ever ſhe had on any other. Yet the man who has drawn me into all this evil, I muſt be thrown upon!—Much did I conſider, much did I apprehend, *before* my fault, ſuppoſing I *were* to be guilty of it: But I ſaw it not in all its ſhocking lights.

And now, to know that my Father, an hour before he received the tidings of my ſuppoſed flight, owned that he loved me as his life: That he would have been all condeſcenſion: That he would—Oh! my dear, how tender, how mortifyingly tender, now in him! My Aunt need not have been afraid, that it ſhould be known that ſhe has ſent me ſuch a Letter as this!—A Father to KNEEL to his child!—There would not indeed

deed have been any bearing of that!—What I ſhould have done in ſuch a caſe, I know not. Death would have been much more welcome to me than ſuch a ſight, on ſuch an occaſion, in behalf of a man ſo very, very diſguſtful to me!—But I had deſerved annihilation, had I ſuffered my Father to kneel in vain.

Yet, had but the ſacrifice of *inclination* and *perſonal preference* been *all*, leſs than KNEELING ſhould have done. My *duty* ſhould have been the conqueror of my *inclination*. But an averſion—an averſion ſo *very* ſincere!—The triumph of a cruel and ambitious Brother, ever ſo uncontroulable, joined with the inſults of an envious Siſter, bringing wills to *theirs*, which otherwiſe would have been favourable to *me*: The Marriage-duties, ſo abſolutely indiſpenſable, ſo ſolemnly to be engaged for: The Marriage-intimacies [Permit me to ſay to you, my friend, what the pureſt, altho' with apprehenſion, muſt think of] ſo *very* intimate: Myſelf one, who never looked upon any duty, much leſs a voluntary-vowed one, with indifference; could it have been honeſt in me to have given my hand to an odious hand, and to have conſented to ſuch a more than reluctant, ſuch an *immiſcible* union, if I may ſo call it?--For Life too!—Did I not *think* more and deeper than moſt young creatures think; did I not *weigh*, did I not *reflect*; I might perhaps have been leſs obſtinate.—*Delicacy* (may I preſume to call it?) *Thinking*, *Weighing*, *Reflection*, are not bleſſings (I have not found them ſuch) in the degree I have them. I wiſh I had been able, in ſome very nice caſes, to have known what *Indifference* was; yet not to have my *Ignorance* imputable to me as a fault. Oh! my dear! the finer Senſibilities, if I may ſuppoſe mine to be ſuch, make not happy.

What a method had my friends intended to take with me! This, I dare ſay, was a method chalked out by my Brother. *He*, I ſuppoſe, was to have preſented me to all my aſſembled friends, as the daughter capable of preferring her own will to the wills of them all.

all. It would have been a ſore trial, no doubt. Would to Heaven, however, I had ſtood it—Let the iſſue have been what it would, would to Heaven I had ſtood it!

There may be murder, my Aunt ſays. This looks as if ſhe knew of Singleton's raſh plot. Such an *upſhot*, as *ſhe* calls it, of this unhappy affair, Heaven avert!

She flies a thought, that I can *leſs* dwell upon—A *cruel* thought—But ſhe has a poor opinion of the purity ſhe compliments me with, if ſhe thinks that I am not, by GOD's grace, above temptation, from this Sex. Altho' I never ſaw a man, whoſe *perſon* I could like, before this man; yet his faulty character allowed me but little merit from the Indifference I pretended to on his account. But, now I ſee him *in nearer lights*, I like him leſs than ever. Unpolite, cruel, inſolent!—Unwiſe!—A trifler with his own happineſs; the deſtroyer of mine!—His laſt treatment—*My fate too viſibly in his power—Maſter of his own wiſhes* [Shame to ſay it!] *if he knew what to wiſh for.*—Indeed, I never liked him ſo little as now. Upon my word, I think I could hate him (if I do not already hate him) ſooner than any man I ever thought tolerably of—A good reaſon why: Becauſe I have been more diſappointed in my expectations of him; altho' they never were ſo high, *as to have made him my choice in preference to the Single Life, had that been permitted me.* Still, if the giving him up for ever will make my path to Reconciliation eaſy, and if they will ſignify as much to me, they ſhall ſee that I never will be *his:* For I have the vanity to think my ſoul his ſoul's ſuperior.

You will ſay I rave: Forbidden to write to my Aunt, and taught to deſpair of Reconciliation, You, my dear, muſt be troubled with my paſſionate reſentments. What a wretch was I to give him a meeting, ſince by that I put it out of my power to meet my aſſembled friends!—All would now, if I had met them, have been over; and who can tell when my preſent diſtreſſes will?—Rid

of

of both men, I had been now perhaps at my Aunt Hervey's, or at my Uncle Antony's; wiſhing for my Couſin Morden's arrival; who might have accommodated all.

I *intended*, indeed, to have ſtood it; and, if I had, how know I by whoſe name I might now have been called? For how ſhould I have reſiſted a condeſcending, a *kneeling* Father, had he been able to have kept his temper with me?

Yet my Aunt ſays, *he* would have relented, if *I* had not. Perhaps he would have been moved by my humility, before he could have ſhewn ſuch *undue* condeſcenſion. Such temper as he would have received me with, might have been improved upon in my favour. And that he had deſigned *ultimately* to relent, how it clears my friends (at leaſt to themſelves) and condemns me! O why were my Aunt's hints [I remember them now] ſo very dark?—Yet I intended to have returned after the Interview; and then perhaps ſhe would have explained herſelf.—O this artful, this deſigning Lovelace!—Yet I muſt repeat, that moſt ought I to blame myſelf for meeting him.

But far, far, be baniſhed from me fruitleſs recrimination! Far baniſhed, *becauſe* fruitleſs! Let me wrap myſelf about in the mantle of my own Integrity, and take comfort in my unfaulty intention! Since it is now too late to look back, let me collect all my Fortitude, and endeavour to ſtand thoſe ſhafts of angry Providence, which it will not permit me to ſhun. That, whatever the trials may be, which I am deſtined to undergo, I may not behave unworthily in them; and may come out amended by them.

Join with me in this prayer, my beloved friend; for your own honour's ſake, as well as for Love's ſake, join with me in it: Leſt a deviation on my ſide ſhould, with the cenſorious, caſt a ſhade upon a friendſhip, which has no Levity in it; and the baſis of which is improvement, as well in the greater as leſſer duties.

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER L.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Saturday Afternoon, April 22.

O My beſt, my *only* friend! Now indeed is my heart broken! It has received a blow it never will recover. Think not of correſponding with a wretch who now ſeems abſolutely devoted. How can it be otherwiſe, if a parent's curſes have the weight I always attributed to them, and have heard ſo many inſtances in confirmation of that weight!—Yes, my dear Miſs Howe, ſuperadded to all my afflictions, I have the conſequences of a Father's Curſe to ſtruggle with! How ſhall I ſupport this reflection!—My paſt and my preſent ſituation ſo much authorizing my apprehenſions!

I have, at laſt, a Letter from my unrelenting Siſter. Would to Heaven I had not provoked it by my ſecond Letter to my Aunt Hervey! It lay ready for me, it ſeems. The thunder ſlept, till I awakened it. I incloſe the Letter itſelf. Tranſcribe it I cannot. There is no bearing the thoughts of it: For [Shocking reflection] the Curſe extends to the life beyond This.

I am in the depth of vapouriſh deſpondency. I can only repeat, Shun, fly, correſpond not with a wretch ſo devoted, as

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LI.

To Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE.

To be left at Mr. Oſgood's, *near* Soho-Square.

Friday, April 21.

IT was *expected* you would ſend again to me, or to my Aunt Hervey. The incloſed has lain ready for you therefore by direction. You will have no Anſwer from any-body, write to *whom* you will, and as *often* as you will, and *what* you will.

It

It was deſigned to bring you back by proper authority, or to ſend you whither the diſgraces you have brought upon us all, ſhould be in the likelieſt way, after a while to be forgotten. But I believe that deſign is over: So you may *range* ſecurely—Nobody will think it worth while to give themſelves any trouble about you. Yet my Mother has obtained leave to ſend you your cloaths of all ſorts: But your cloaths only. This a favour you'll ſee by the within Letter not *deſigned* you: And *now* not granted for *your* ſake, but becauſe my poor Mother cannot bear in her ſight any thing you uſed to wear. Read the incloſed, and tremble.

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

To the moſt ungrateful and undutiful of Daughters.

Harlowe-Place, April 15.

Siſter that was!

FOR I know not what name you are *permitted*, or *chuſe* to go by.

You have filled us all with diſtraction. My Father, in the firſt agitations of his mind, on diſcovering your wicked, your ſhameful Elopement, imprecated, on his knees, a fearful Curſe upon you. Tremble at the recital of it!—No leſs, than 'that you may meet your 'puniſhment both *here* and *hereafter*, by means of 'the very wretch, in whom you have choſen to place 'your wicked confidence.'

Your cloaths will not be ſent you. You ſeem, by leaving them behind you, to have been ſecure of them, whenever you demanded them. But perhaps you could think of nothing but meeting your fellow:—Nothing but how to get off your forward ſelf!—For every-thing ſeems to have been forgotten but what was to contribute to your wicked flight—Yet you judged right, perhaps, that you would have been detected, had you endeavoured to get away your cloaths. Cunning creature! not to make *one* ſtep that we could gueſs at you by! Cunning to effect your own ruin, and the diſgrace of all the family!

But

But does the wretch put you upon writing for your things, for fear you ſhould be too expenſive to him?—That's it, I ſuppoſe.

Was there ever a giddier creature?—Yet this is the celebrated, the blazing Clariſſa—Clariſſa, *what? Harlowe*, no doubt!—And Harlowe it will be, to the diſgrace of us all!

Your drawings and your pieces are all taken down; as is alſo your own whole-length picture, in the Vandyke taſte, from your late parlour: They are taken down, and thrown into your cloſet, which will be nailed up, as if it were not a part of the houſe; there to periſh together: For who can bear to ſee them? Yet, how did they uſe to be ſhewn to every-body; the former, for the magnifying of your dainty finger-works; the latter, for the imputed dignity (dignity now in the duſt!) of your boaſted figure; and this by thoſe fond parents from whom you have run away with ſo *much*, yet with ſo little contrivance!

My Brother vows revenge upon your Libertine—For the *family's* ſake he vows it—Not for *yours!*—For he will treat you, he declares, like a common creature, if ever he ſees you: And doubts not, that this will be your fate.

My Uncle Harlowe renounces you for ever.

So does my Uncle Antony.

So does my Aunt Hervey.

So do *I*, baſe unworthy creature! the diſgrace of a good family, and the property of an infamous Rake, as queſtionleſs you will ſoon find yourſelf, if you are not already.

Your books, ſince they have not taught you what belongs to your family, to your Sex, and to your Education, will not be ſent you. Your Money neither. Nor yet the Jewels ſo undeſervedly made yours. For it is wiſhed you may be ſeen a beggar along London-ſtreets.

If all this is heavy, lay your hand to your heart, and aſk yourſelf, Why you have deſerved it?

Every Man whom your pride taught you to reject with ſcorn (Mr. Solmes excepted, who, however, has reaſon to rejoice that he miſſed you) triumphs in your ſhameful Elopement; and now knows how to account for his being refuſed.

Your worthy Norton is aſhamed of you, and mingles her tears with your Mother's; both reproaching themſelves for their ſhares in you, and in ſo fruitleſs an education.

Every-body, in ſhort, is aſhamed of you: But none more than ARABELLA HARLOWE.

LETTER LII.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Tueſday, April 25.

BE comforted; be not dejected; do not deſpond, my deareſt and beſt-beloved friend. God Almighty is juſt and gracious, and gives not his aſſent to raſh and inhuman curſes. Can you think that Heaven will ſeal to the black paſſions of its depraved Creatures? If it did, Malice, Envy, and Revenge would triumph; and the beſt of the human race, blaſted by the malignity of the worſt, would be miſerable in both worlds.

This Outrageouſneſs ſhews only what manner of Spirit they are of, and how much their ſordid Views exceed their parental Love. 'Tis all owing to Rage and Diſappointment—Diſappointment in deſigns proper to be fruſtrated.

If you conſider this Malediction as it ought to be conſidered, a perſon of your piety muſt and will rather pity and pray for your *raſh Father*, than terrify *yourſelf* on the occaſion. None but God can curſe. Parents, or others, whoever they be, can only pray to Him to curſe: And ſuch Prayers can have no weight with a juſt and all-perfect Being, the motives to

to which are unreaſonable, and the end propoſed by them cruel.

Has not God commanded us *to bleſs and curſe not?* Pray for your Father then, I repeat, that he incur not the Malediction he has announced on you; ſince he has broken, as you ſee, a command truly divine; while you, by obeying that other precept which enjoins us *to pray for them that perſecute and curſe us*, will turn the Curſe into a Bleſſing.

My Mother blames them for this wicked Letter of your Siſter; and ſhe pities you; and, of her own accord, wiſhed me to write to comfort you, for this once: For ſhe ſays, It is pity your heart, which was ſo noble (and when the ſenſe of your fault, and the weight of a Parent's curſe, are ſo ſtrong upon you) ſhould be quite broken.

Lord bleſs me, how your Aunt writes!—Can there be two rights and two wrongs in palpable caſes!—But, my dear, ſhe *muſt* be wrong: So they all have been, juſtify themſelves now as they will. They can only juſtify themſelves *to* themſelves from ſelfiſh principles, reſolving to *acquit*, not fairly to *try* themſelves. Did your unkind Aunt, in all the tedious progreſs of your contentions with them, give you the leaſt hope of their relenting?—Her dark hints now I recollect, as well as you. But why was any-thing good or hopeful to be darkly hinted?—How eaſy was it for *her*, who pretended always to love you; for *her*, who can give ſuch flowing licence to her pen for your hurt; to have given you one word, one line (in confidence) of their pretended change of meaſures!

But do not mind their after-pretences, my dear—All of them ſerve but for tacit confeſſions of their vile uſage of you. I will keep your Aunt's Secret, never fear. I would not, on any conſideration, that my Mother ſhould ſee her Letter.

You will now ſee, that you have nothing left, but to overcome all ſcrupulouſneſs, and marry as ſoon as you have opportunity. Determine ſo to do, my dear.

I will

I will give you a motive for it, regarding myſelf. For this I have reſolved, and this I have vowed [O friend, the beſt beloved of my heart, be not angry with me for it!] 'That ſo long as your happineſs is in ſuſ-'penſe, I will never think of marrying.' In juſtice to the man I ſhall have, I have vowed this: For, my dear, muſt I not be miſerable, if you are ſo? And what an unworthy wife muſt I be to any man who cannot have intereſt enough in my heart to make his obligingneſs a balance for an affliction he has not cauſed?

I would ſhew Lovelace your Siſter's abominable Letter, were it to me. I incloſe it. It ſhall not have a place in this houſe. This will enter him of courſe into the ſubject which now you ought to have moſt in view. Let him ſee what you ſuffer for him. He cannot prove baſe to ſuch an excellence. I ſhould never enjoy my head or my ſenſes, ſhould this man prove a villain to you!—With a merit ſo exalted, you may have puniſhment more than enough for your involuntary fault, in that huſband.

I would not have you be too ſure, that their project to ſeize you is over. The words intimating, that it *is* over, in the Letter of that abominable Arrabella, ſeem calculated to give you ſecurity.—She only ſays, ſhe *believes* that deſign is over.—And I do not yet find from Miſs Lloyd, that it is diſavowed. So it will be beſt, when you are in London, to be private, and, for fear of the worſt, to let every direction be to a *third place*; for I would not, for the world, have you fall into the hands of ſuch flaming and malevolent ſpirits, by ſurprize.

I will myſelf be content to direct to you at *ſome third place*; and I ſhall then be able to averr to my Mother, or to any other, if occaſion be, *that I know not where you are.*

Beſides, this meaſure will make you leſs apprehenſive of the conſequences of their violence, ſhould they reſolve to attempt to carry you off in ſpite of Lovelace.

I would have you direct to Mr. Hickman, even your Anſwer to this. I have a reaſon for it. Beſides, my Mother,

Mother, notwithſtanding this particular indulgence, is very poſitive. They have prevailed upon her, I know, to give her word to this purpoſe — Spiteful poor wretches! How I hate in particular your fooliſh Uncle Antony.

I would not have your thoughts dwell on the contents of your Siſter's ſhocking Letter; but purſue other ſubjects—The ſubjects before you. And let me know your progreſs with Lovelace, and what he ſays to this diabolical Curſe. So far you may enter into this hateful ſubject. I expect that this will aptly introduce the grand topic between you, without needing a mediator.

Come, my dear, when things are at worſt, they will mend. Good often comes, when evil is expected. —But if you deſpond, there can be no hopes of cure. Don't let them break your heart; for that, it is plain to me, is now what ſome people have in view to do.

How poor, to with-hold from you your books, your jewels, and your money! As money is all you can at preſent want, ſince they will vouchſafe to ſend your cloaths, I ſend fifty guineas by the bearer, incloſed in ſingle papers in my *Norris's Miſcellanies*. I charge you, as you love me, return them not.

I have more at your ſervice. So if you like not your lodgings or his behaviour when you get to town, leave both them and him out of hand.

I would adviſe you to write to Mr. Morden without delay. If he intends for England, it may haſten him. And you will do very well till he can come. But ſurely Lovelace will be infatuated, if he ſecure not his happineſs by *your conſent*, before that of Mr. Morden's is made needful on his arrival.

Once more, my dear, let me beg of you to be comforted. Manage with your uſual prudence the Stake before you, and all will ſtill be happy. Suppoſe yourſelf to be *me*, and me to be *you* [You *may*—for your diſtreſs

is

is mine]; and then you will add full day to theſe but glimmering lights which are held out to you by

Your ever-affectionate and faithful

ANNA HOWE.

I hurry this away by Robert. I will inquire into the truth of your Aunt's pretenees about the change of meaſures which ſhe ſays they intended, in caſe you had not gone away.

LETTER LIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Wedneſday Morning, April 26.

YOUR Letter, my beloved Miſs Howe, gives me great comfort. How ſweetly do I experience the truth of the wiſe man's obſervation, *That a faithful friend is the medicine of life!*

Your meſſenger finds me juſt ſetting out for London: The chaiſe at the door. Already I have taken leave of the good Widow, who has obliged me with the company of her eldeſt Daughter, at Mr. Lovelace's requeſt, while he rides by us. The young gentlewoman is to return in two or three days with the chaiſe, in its way to my Lord M.'s Hertfordſhire Seat.

I received my Siſter's dreadful Letter on Sunday, when Mr. Lovelace was out. He ſaw, on his return, my *extreme anguiſh and dejection*; and he was told *how much worſe I had been:* For I had fainted away more than once.

I think the contents of it have touched my head as well as my heart.

He would fain have ſeen it. But I would not permit that, becauſe of the threatenings he would have found in it againſt himſelf. As it *was*, the effect it had upon me, made him break out into execrations and menaces. I was ſo ill, that he himſelf adviſed me to delay going to town on Monday, as I propoſed to do.

He

He is extremely regardful and tender of me. All that you ſuppoſed *would* follow this violent Letter, from him, *has* followed it. He has offered himſelf to my acceptance, in ſo unreſerved a manner, that I am concerned I have written ſo freely and ſo diffidently of him. Pray, my deareſt friend, keep to yourſelf everything that may appear diſreputable of him from me.

I muſt acquaint you, that this kind behaviour, and my low-ſpiritedneſs, co-operating with your former advice, and my unhappy ſituation, made me that very Sunday evening *receive unreſervedly his declarations:* And now indeed I am more in his power than ever.

He preſſes me every hour [Indeed as *needleſly*, as *unkindly*] for freſh tokens of my eſteem *for* him, and confidence *in* him. And, as I have been brought to *ſome verbal conceſſions*, if he ſhould prove unworthy, I am ſure, I ſhall have great reaſon to blame this violent Letter: For I have no reſolution at all. Abandoned thus of all my natural friends, of whoſe returning favour I have now no hopes, and only you to pity me, and *you* reſtrained, as I may ſay, I have been forced to turn my deſolate heart to ſuch protection as I could find.

All my comfort is, that your advice repeatedly given to the ſame purpoſe, in your kind Letter before me, warrants me. I now ſet out the more chearfully to London on that account: For before, a heavy weight hung upon my heart; and, altho' I thought it beſt and ſafeſt to go, yet my ſpirits ſunk, I know not why, at every motion I made towards a preparation for it.

I hope no miſchief will happen on the road.—I hope theſe violent ſpirits will not meet.

Every-one is waiting for me.—Pardon me, my beſt, my kindeſt friend, that I return your Norris. In theſe more promiſing proſpects, I cannot have occaſion for your favour. Beſides, I have ſome hope, that with my cloaths they will ſend me the money I wrote for, altho' it is denied me in the Letter. If they do not, and if I ſhould have occaſion, I can but ſignify my wants to ſo

ready a friend. And I have promiſed to be obliged only to you. But I had rather methinks you ſhould have it *ſtill to ſay*, if challenged, that nothing of this nature has been either requeſted or done. I ſay This, with a view entirely to my future hopes of recovering your Mother's favour, which, next to that of my own Father and Mother, I am moſt ſolicitous to recover.

I muſt acquaint you with one thing more, notwithſtanding my hurry; and that is, that Mr. Lovelace offered either to attend me to Lord M.'s, or to ſend for his Chaplain, yeſterday. He preſſed me to conſent to this propoſal, moſt earneſtly; and even ſeemed deſirous rather to have the Ceremony paſs here, than in London: For when there, I had told him, it was time enough to conſider of ſo weighty and important a matter. Now, upon the receipt of your kind, your conſolatory Letter, methinks I could almoſt wiſh it had been *in my power* to comply with his earneſt ſolicitations. But this dreadful Letter *has unhinged my whole frame.* Then ſome *little punctilio* ſurely is neceſſary. No preparation made. No Articles drawn. No Licence ready. Grief ſo extreme: No pleaſure in proſpect, nor ſo much as in wiſh—O my dear, who could think of entering into ſo ſolemn an engagement! Who, *ſo* unprepared, could ſeem to be *ſo* ready!

If I could flatter myſelf, that my indifference to all the joys of this life proceeded from *proper* motives, and not rather from the diſappointments and mortifications my pride has met with, how much rather, I think, ſhould I chuſe to be wedded to my ſhroud, than to any man on earth!

Indeed I have at preſent no pleaſure, but in *your* friendſhip. Continue That to me, I beſeech you. If my heart riſes hereafter to a capacity of more, it muſt be built on that foundation.

My ſpirits ſink again, on ſetting out. Excuſe this depth of vapouriſh dejection, which forbids me even *Hope*, the cordial that keeps life from ſtagnating, and which

which never was denied me till within theſe eight-and-forty hours.

But 'tis time to relieve you.

Adieu, my beſt beloved and kindeſt friend! Pray for your

CLARISSA.

LETTER LIV.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Thurſday, April 27.

I AM ſorry you ſent back my Norris. But you muſt be allowed to do as you pleaſe. So muſt I, in my turn. We muſt neither of us perhaps expect abſolutely of the other what is the righteſt to be done: And yet few folks, ſo young as we are, *better* know, *what that righteſt is*. I cannot ſeparate myſelf from you; altho' I give a double inſtance of my vanity in joining myſelf with you in this particular aſſertion.

I am moſt heartily rejoiced, that your proſpects are ſo much mended; and that, as I hoped, good has been produced out of evil. What muſt the man have been, what muſt have been his views, had he not taken ſuch a turn, upon a Letter ſo vile, and upon a treatment ſo unnatural, himſelf principally the occaſion of it?

You *know beſt* your *motives* for ſuſpending: But I wiſh you *could* have taken him at offers ſo earneſt (*a*). Why ſhould you not have permitted him to ſend for Lord M.'s Chaplain? If Punctilio only was in the way, and want of a Licence, and of proper Preparations, and ſuch-like, my Service to you, my dear: And there is ceremony tantamount to your ceremony.

Do not, do not, my dear friend, *again* be ſo very melancholy a decliner, as to prefer a ſhroud, when the

(*a*) Mr. Lovelacee in his next Letter tells his friend how extremely ill the Lady was; recovering from fits to fall into ſtronger fits, and nobody expecting her life. She had not, he ſays, acquainted Miſs Howe, how *very* ill ſhe was. In p. 273. ſhe tells Miſs Howe, that her motives for ſuſpending were not *merely ceremonious* ones.

matter you wiſh for is in your power; and when, as you have juſtly ſaid heretofore, perſons *cannot die when they will.*

But it is a ſtrange perverſeneſs in human nature, that we ſlight that when near us, which at a diſtance we wiſh for.

You have now but one point to purſue: That is Marriage: Let that be ſolemnized. Leave the reſt to Providence; and, to uſe your own words in a former Letter, follow as that leads. You will have a handſome man; a genteel man; he would be a *wiſe* man, if he were not vain of his endowments, and wild and intriguing: But while the eyes of many of our Sex, taken by ſo ſpecious a form, and ſo brilliant a ſpirit, encourage that vanity, you muſt be contented to ſtay till grey hairs and prudence enter upon the ſtage together. You would not have every-thing in the ſame man.

I believe Mr. Hickman treads no crooked paths; but he hobbles moſt ungracefully in a ſtrait one. Yet Mr. Hickman, tho' he *pleaſes* not my eye, nor *diverts* my ear, will not, as I believe, *diſguſt* the one, nor *ſhock* the other. Your man, as I have lately ſaid, will always keep up attention; you will always be alive with him, tho' perhaps more from fears than hopes: While Mr. Hickman will neither ſay any-thing to keep one awake, nor yet, by ſhocking adventures, make one's ſlumbers uneaſy.

I believe I now know which of the two men ſo prudent a perſon as *you* would, at firſt, have choſen; nor doubt I, that you can gueſs which *I* would have made choice of, if I might. But proud as we are, the proudeſt of us all can *only* refuſe, and many of us accept the but half-worthy, for fear a ſtill worſe ſhould offer.

If the men had choſen their miſtreſſes for ſpirits like their own, altho' Mr. Lovelace, at the long run, might have been *too many for me*, I don't doubt but I ſhould have given heart-ake for heart-ake, for one half-year at leaſt; while

while you, with my dull-ſwift, would have glided on *as* ſerenely, *as* calmly, *as* accountably, as the ſucceeding ſeaſons; and varying no otherwiſe than they, to bring on new beauties and conveniencies to all about you.

I WAS going on in this ſtyle—But my Mother broke in upon me, with a prohibitory aſpect. 'She gave me 'leave for one Letter only.'—She had juſt parted with your odious Uncle; and they have been in cloſe conference again.

She has vexed me. I muſt lay this by till I hear from you again; not knowing whither to ſend it.

Direct me to a *Third Place*, as I deſired in my former.

I told my Mother (on her challenging me) that I was writing indeed, and to you: But it was only to amuſe myſelf; for I proteſted, *that I knew not where to ſend to you.*

I hope that your next may inform me of your Nuptials, altho' the next to that were to acquaint me, that he was the ungratefulleſt monſter on earth; as he muſt be, if not the kindeſt huſband in it.

My Mother has vexed me. But ſo, on reviſing, I wrote before.—But ſhe has *unhinged me*, as you call it: Pretended to catechiſe Hickman; I aſſure you, for contributing to our ſuppoſed correſpondence. Catechiſed him *ſeverely* too, upon my word!—I believe I have a ſneaking kindneſs for the ſneaking fellow; for I cannot endure that any-body ſhould treat him like a fool but myſelf.

I believe, between you and me, the good Lady forgot herſelf. I heard her loud. She poſſibly imagined, that my Father was come to life again.—Yet the meekneſs of the man, might have ſoon convinced her, I ſhould have thought; for my Father, it ſeems, would talk as loud as ſhe, I ſuppoſe (tho' within a few yards of each other) as if both were out of their way, and

were hallooing at half a mile's diſtance, to get in again.

I know you'll blame me for this ſaucineſs.—But I told you I was vexed: And if I had not a ſpirit, my parentage on both ſides might be doubted.

You muſt not chide me too ſeverely, however, becauſe I have learned of you not to defend myſelf in an error: And I own I am wrong: And that's enough: You won't be ſo generous in this caſe, as you are in every other, if you don't think it is.

Adieu, my dear! I muſt, I will love you; and love you for ever! So ſubſcribes your

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LV.

From Miſs HOWE. *Incloſed in the above.*

Thurſday, April 27.

I HAVE been making enquiry, as I told you I would, whether your Relations had really (before you left them) reſolved upon that change of meaſures which your Aunt mentions in her Letter; and by laying together ſeveral pieces of intelligence, ſome drawn from my Mother, tho' your Uncle Antony's communications, ſome from Miſs Lloyd, by your Siſter's; and ſome by a third way, that I ſhall not tell you of; I have reaſon to think the following a true State of the Caſe.

'That there was no intention of a change of meaſures, till within two or three days of your going away. On the contrary, your Brother and Siſter, tho' they had no hope of prevailing with you in Solmes's favour, were reſolved never to give over their perſecutions, till they had puſhed you upon taking ſome ſtep, which, by help of *their good offices*, ſhould be deemed inexcuſeable by the half-witted ſouls they had to play upon.

'But that at laſt your Mother (tired with and perhaps aſhamed of the paſſive part ſhe had acted) thought

'fit

'fit to declare to Miſs Bell, that ſhe was determined 'to try to put an end to the family-feuds; and to get 'your Uncle Harlowe to ſecond her endeavours.

'This alarmed your Brother and Siſter; and then a 'change of meaſures was reſolved upon. Solmes's offers 'were however too advantageous to be given up; and 'your Father's condeſcenſion was now to be their ſole 'dependence, and (as *they* give it out) the trying of 'what That would do with you, their laſt effort.'

And, indeed, my dear, this muſt have ſucceeded, I verily think, with ſuch a Daughter as they had to deal with, could that Father, who never, I dare ſay, kneeled in his life but to his God, have ſo far condeſcended as your Aunt writes he would.

But then, my dear, what would this have done?—Perhaps you would have given Lovelace the *meeting*, in hopes to pacify him, and prevent miſchief; ſuppoſing that they had given you time, and not hurried you directly into the State. But if you had *not* met him, you ſee, that he was reſolved to viſit them, and well attended too: And what muſt have been the conſequence?

So that, upon the whole, we know not but matters may be beſt as they *are*, however diſagreeable that *beſt* is.

I hope your conſiderate and thoughtful mind will make a good uſe of this hint. Who would not with patience ſuſtain even a great evil, if ſhe could perſuade herſelf, that it was kindly diſpenſed, in order to prevent a *ſtill* greater?—Eſpecially, if ſhe could ſit down, as you can, and acquit her own heart?

Permit me one further obſervation—Do we not ſee, from the above State of the matter, what might have been done before, *by the worthy perſon* of your family, had ſhe exerted the *Mother*, in behalf of a child ſo meritorious, yet ſo much oppreſſed?

Adieu, my dear. I will be ever yours.

ANNA HOWE.

Chariſſa, in her Anſwer to the firſt of the two laſt Letters, chides her friend for giving ſo little weight to her advice, in relation to her behaviour to her Mother. It may be proper to inſert here the following extracts from that Anſwer; tho' a little before the time.

You aſſume, my dear, *ſays ſhe*, your uſual, and ever-agreeable Style, in what you write of the two Gentlemen *(a)*, and how unaptly you think they have choſen; Mr. Hickman in addreſſing you; Mr. Lovelace me. But I am inclinable to believe, that with a view to happineſs, however two mild tempers might agree, two high ones would make ſad work of it, both at one time violent and unyielding. You two might indeed have raquetted the ball betwixt you, as you ſay *(b)*. But Mr. Hickman, by his gentle manners, ſeemed formed for you, if you go not too far with him. If you do, it would be a tameneſs in him to bear it, which would make a man more contemptible than Mr. Hickman can ever deſerve to be made. Nor is it a diſgrace for even a brave man, who knows what a woman is to vow to him *afterwards*, to be very obſequious *beforehand*.

Do you think it is to the credit of Mr. Lovelace's character, that he can be offenſive and violent?—Does he not, as all ſuch ſpirits muſt, ſubject himſelf to the neceſſity of making ſubmiſſions for his exceſſes, far more mortifying to a proud heart than thoſe condeſcenſions which the high-ſpirited are ſo apt to impute as a weakneſs of mind in ſuch a man as Mr. Hickman?

Let me tell you, my dear, that Mr. Hickman is ſuch a one, as would rather bear an affront *from* a Lady, than offer one *to* her. He had rather, I dare ſay, that ſhe ſhould have occaſion to aſk *his* pardon, than he *hers*. But, my dear, *you have outlived your firſt*

(a) See p. 268, and p. 169——171. *(b)* P. 171.

firſt paſſion; and had the ſecond man been an angel, he would not have been more than indifferent to you.

My motives for ſuſpending, *proceeds ſhe*, were not *merely ceremonious ones*. I was really very ill. I could not hold up my head. The contents of my Siſter's Letters had pierced my heart. Indeed, my dear, I was *very* ill. And was I, moreover, to be as ready to accept his offer, as if I were afraid *he never would repeat it?*

I ſee with great regret, that your Mamma is ſtill immoveably bent againſt our correſpondence. What ſhall I do about it?—It goes againſt me to continue it, or to wiſh you to favour me with returns.—Yet I have ſo managed my matters, that I have no friend but you to adviſe with. It is enough to make one indeed wiſh to be married to this man, tho' a man of errors; as he has worthy Relations of my own Sex; and I ſhould have ſome friends, I hope:—And having *ſome*, I might have *more*—For as money is ſaid to encreaſe money, ſo does the countenance of perſons of character encreaſe friends: While the deſtitute *muſt* be deſtitute. It goes againſt my heart to beg of you to diſcontinue correſponding with me; and yet it is againſt my conſcience to carry it on againſt parental prohibition. But I dare not uſe all the arguments againſt it that I could uſe—And why?—For fear I ſhould convince you; and you ſhould reject me, as the reſt of my friends have done. I leave therefore the determination of this point upon you.—I am not, I find, to be truſted with it. But be *mine* all the fault, and all the puniſhment, if it be puniſhable!—And certainly it muſt, when it can be the cauſe of thoſe over-lively ſentences wherewith you conclude the Letter I have before me, and which I muſt no farther animadvert upon, becauſe you forbid me to do ſo.

To the ſecond Letter, among other things, ſhe ſays,

So, my dear, you ſeem to think, that there was a *fate* in my error. The cordial, the conſiderate friend,

is ſeen in the obſervation you make on this occaſion. Yet ſince things have happened as they have, would to Heaven I could hear, that all the world acquitted my Father, or, at leaſt, my Mother! whoſe character, before theſe family-feuds broke out, was the ſubject of every one's admiration. Don't let any-body ſay from you, ſo that it may come to *her* ear, that ſhe might, by a timely exertion of her fine talents, have ſaved her unhappy child. You will obſerve, my dear, that *in her own good time*, when ſhe ſaw that there was not likely to be an end to my Brother's perſecutions, ſhe reſolved to exert herſelf. But the pragmatical Daughter, *by the fatal meeting*, precipitated all, and fruſtrated her indulgent deſigns. O my love, I am now convinced, by dear experience, that while children are ſo happy as to have parents or guardians, whom they *may* conſult, they ſhould not preſume (no, not with the beſt and pureſt intentions) to follow their own conceits, in material caſes.

A ray of hope of future Reconciliation darts in upon my mind, from the intention you tell me my Mother had to exert herſelf in my favour, had I not gone away: And my hope is the ſtronger, as this communication points out to me, that my *Uncle Harlowe's intereſt* is likely, in my Mother's opinion, to be of weight, if it could be engaged. It will behove me, perhaps, to apply to that dear Uncle, if a proper occaſion offer.

LETTER LVI.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Monday, April 24.

FATE is weaving a whimſical web for thy friend; and I ſee not but I ſhall be inevitably manacled.

Here have I been at work, dig, dig, dig, like a cunning miner, at one time, and ſpreading my ſnares, like an artful fowler, at another, and exulting in my contrivances to get this inimitable creature abſolutely into

into my power. Every-thing made for me. Her Brother and Uncles were but my pioneers: Her Father ſtormed as I directed him to ſtorm. Mrs. Howe was acted by the ſprings I ſet at work: Her Daughter was moving for me, and yet imagined herſelf plumb againſt me: And the dear creature herſelf had already run her ſtubborn neck into my gin, and knew not that ſhe was caught, for I had not drawn my ſprindges cloſe about her—And juſt as all this was completed, wouldſt thou believe, that I ſhould be my own enemy, and her friend?—That I ſhould be ſo totally diverted from all my favourite purpoſes, as to propoſe to marry her before I went to town, in order to put it out of my own power to reſume them?

When thou knoweſt This, wilt thou not think that my black angel plays me booty, and has taken it into his head to urge me on to the indiſſoluble tie, that he might be more ſure of me (from the complex tranſgreſſions to which he will certainly ſtimulate me, when wedded) than perhaps he thought he could be from the ſimple ſins, in which I have ſo long allowed myſelf, that they ſeem to have the plea of habit?

Thou wilt be ſtill the more ſurpriſed, when I tell thee, that there ſeems to be a coalition going forward between the black angels and the white ones; for here has hers induced her in one hour, and by one retrograde accident, to *acknowlege*, what the charming creature never before acknowleged, a preferable favour for me. She even avows an intention to be mine: —Mine, without reformation-conditions—She permits me to talk of Love to her: Of the irrevocable Ceremony: Yet, another extraordinary! poſtpones that Ceremony; chuſes to ſet out for London; and even to go to the Widow's in town.

Well, but how comes all this about, methinks thou aſkeſt?—Thou, Lovelace, dealeſt in wonders; yet aimeſt not at the *Marvellous*—How did all this come about?

I will tell thee—I was *in danger of loſing my Charmer for ever.*—She was ſoaring upward to her native Skies. She was got above earth, by means, too, of the *Earth-born:* And ſomething extraordinary was to be done to keep her with us Sublunaries. And what ſo effectually as the ſoothing voice of Love, and the attracting offer of Matrimony from a man not hated, can fix the attention of the maiden heart aking with uncertainty; and before impatient of the queſtionable queſtion?

This, in ſhort, was the caſe—While ſhe was refuſing all manner of obligation to me, keeping me at haughty diſtance, in hopes that her Couſin Morden's arrival would ſoon fix her in a full and abſolute independence of me; diſguſted likewiſe at her adorer, for holding himſelf the reins of his own paſſions, inſtead of giving them up to her controul—She writes a Letter, urging an Anſwer to a Letter before ſent, for her apparel, her jewels, and ſome gold, which ſhe had left behind her; all which was to ſave her pride from obligation, and to promote the independence her heart was ſet upon. And what followed but a ſhocking Anſwer, made ſtill more ſhocking by the communication of a Father's curſe upon a Daughter deſerving only bleſſings?—A curſe upon the curſer's heart, and a double one upon the tranſmitter's, the ſpiteful, the envious Arabella!

Abſent when it came; on my return, I found her recovering from fits, again to fall into ſtronger fits; and no-body expecting her life; half a dozen meſſengers diſpatched to find me out. Nor wonder at her being ſo affected; ſhe, whoſe filial piety gave her dreadful faith in a Father's curſes; and the curſe of this gloomy tyrant extending (to uſe her own words, when ſhe could ſpeak) *to both worlds*—O that it had turned, in the moment of its utterance, to a mortal quinſey, and ſticking in his gullet, had choaked the old execrator, as a warning to all ſuch unnatural Fathers!

What a miſcreant had I been, not to have endeavoured to bring her back, by all the endearments, by all the vows, by all the offers, that I could make her?

I *did* bring her back. More than a Father to her; for I have given her a life her unnatural Father had well-nigh taken away: Shall I not cheriſh the fruits of my own benefaction? I was earneſt in my vows to marry; and my ardor to urge the preſent time was a *real* ardor. But extreme dejection, with a mingled delicacy, that in her dying moments I doubt not ſhe will preſerve, have cauſed her to refuſe me the *Time*, tho' not the Solemnity; for ſhe has told me, that now ſhe muſt be wholly in my protection [*being deſtitute of every other!*]—More indebted, ſtill, thy friend, as thou ſeeſt, to her cruel relations, than to herſelf, for her favour!

She has written to Miſs Howe an account of their barbarity; but *has not acquainted her, how very ill ſhe was.*

Low, very low, ſhe remains; yet, dreading her ſtupid Brother's enterprize, ſhe wants to be in London: Where, but for *this* accident, and (wouldſt thou have believed it?) for *my perſuaſions*, ſeeing her ſo very ill, ſhe would have been this night; and we ſhall actually ſet out on Wedneſday morning, if ſhe be not worſe.

And now for a few words with thee, on thy heavy preachment of Saturday laſt.

Thou art apprehenſive, that the Lady is now truly in danger; and it is a miracle, thou telleſt me, if ſhe withſtand ſuch an attempter: 'Knowing what we 'know of the Sex, thou ſayeſt, thou ſhouldſt dread, 'wert thou me, to make farther trial, leſt thou ſhouldſt 'ſucceed.' And, in another place, telleſt me, 'That 'thou pleadeſt not for the State for any favour thou 'haſt for it.'

What an advocate art thou for matrimony!—Thou wert ever an unhappy fellow at argument. Does the trite ſtuff with which the reſt of thy Letter abounds, in *favour* of wedlock, ſtrike with the force that this which I have tranſcribed does *againſt* it?

Thou

Thou takeſt great pains to convince me, and that from the diſtreſſes the Lady is reduced to (chiefly by her friends perſecutions and implacableneſs, I hope thou wilt own, and not from me, as yet) that the propoſed trial will not be a fair trial. But let me aſk thee, Is not Calamity the teſt of Virtue? And wouldſt thou not have me value this charming creature upon *proof* of her merits!—Do I not intend to reward her by marriage, if ſhe ſtand that *proof?*

But why repeat I what I have ſaid before?—Turn back, thou egregious arguer, turn back to my long Letter of the 13th (*a*); and thou wilt there find every ſyllable of what thou haſt written either anſwered or invalidated.

But I am not angry with thee, Jack. I love oppoſition. As gold is tried by fire, and virtue by temptation; ſo is ſterling wit by oppoſition. Have I not, before thou ſetteſt out as an advocate for my Fair-one, often brought thee in, as making objections to my proceedings, for no other reaſon than to exalt myſelf by proving thee a man of ſtraw? As Homer raiſes up many of his champions, and gives them terrible names, only to have them knocked on the head by his heroes.

However, take to thee this one piece of advice—Evermore be ſure of being in the right, when thou preſumeſt to ſit down to correct thy maſter.

And another, if thou wilt—Never offer to invalidate the force which a virtuous education ought to have in the Sex, by endeavouring to find excuſes for *their* frailty from the frailty of ours. For, are we not devils to each other? They tempt us; We tempt them. Becauſe we *men* cannot reſiſt temptation, is that a reaſon that *women* ought not, when the whole of their education is caution and warning againſt our attempts? Do not their grandmothers give them one eaſy rule?—Men are to aſk—Women are to deny.

Well,

(*a*) See Letter xiv. p. 79——89.

Well, but to return to my principal ſubject; let me obſerve, that be my future reſolutions what they will as to this Lady, the contents of the violent Letter ſhe has received, have ſet me at leaſt a month forward with her. I can now, as I hinted, talk of Love and Marriage, without controul or reſtriction; her Injunctions no more my terror.

In this ſweetly familiar way ſhall we ſet out together for London. Mrs. Sorlings's eldeſt daughter, at my motion, is to attend her in the chaiſe; while I ride by way of eſcort: For ſhe is extremely apprehenſive of the Singleton plot; and has engaged me to be all patience, if any-thing ſhould happen on the road. But nothing I am ſure *will* happen: For, by a Letter received juſt now from Joſeph, I underſtand, that James Harlowe has already laid aſide his ſtupid project: And This by the earneſt deſire of all thoſe of his friends to whom he had communicated it; who were afraid of the conſequences that might attend it. But it is not over with *me* however; altho' I am not determined at preſent as to the uſes I may make of it.

My Beloved tells me, ſhe ſhall have her cloaths ſent her: She hopes alſo her jewels, and ſome gold, which ſhe left behind her. But Joſeph ſays, cloaths *only* will be ſent. I will not, however, tell her that: On the contrary, I ſay, there is no doubt, but they will ſend *all* ſhe wrote for. The greater her diſappointment *from them*, the greater muſt be her dependence *on me*.

But, after all, I hope I ſhall be enabled to be honeſt to a merit ſo tranſcendent. The devil take thee tho' for thy opinion given ſo mal-à-propo', that ſhe *may be* overcome.

If thou deſigneſt to be honeſt, methinks thou ſay'ſt, why ſhould not Singleton's plot be over with *thee*, as it is with her *Brother?*

Becauſe (if I *muſt* anſwer thee) where people are ſo modeſtly doubtful of what they are able to do, it is good to leave a loop-hole. And let me add, that when a man's

man's heart is ſet upon a point, and any-thing occurs to beat him off, he will find it very difficult, when the ſuſpending reaſon ceaſes, to forbear reſuming it.

LETTER LVII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Tueſday, April 25.

ALL hands at work in preparation for London, What makes my heart beat ſo ſtrong? Why riſes it to my throat, in ſuch half-choaking flutters, when I think of what this removal may do for me? I am hitherto reſolved to be honeſt: And that encreaſes my wonder at theſe involuntary commotions. 'Tis a plotting villain of a heart: It ever was; and ever will be, I doubt. Such a joy when any roguery is going forward!—I ſo little its maſter!—A head likewiſe ſo well turned to anſwer the triangular varlet's impulſes!—No matter. I will have one ſtruggle with thee, old friend; and if I cannot overcome thee now, I never will again attempt to conquer thee.

The dear creature continues extremely low and dejected. Tender Bloſſom! How unfit to contend with the rude and ruffling winds of paſſion, and haughty and inſolent controul!—Never till now from under the wing (it is not enough to ſay of indulging, but) of *admiring* parents; the Mother's boſom only fit to receive this charming Flower!

This was the reflection, that, with mingled Compaſſion, and augmented Love, aroſe to my mind, when I beheld the charmer repoſing her lovely face upon the boſom of the widow Sorlings, from a recovered fit, as I entered, ſoon after ſhe had received her execrable Siſter's Letter. How lovely in her tears!—And as I entered, her lifted-up face ſignificantly beſpeaking my protection, as I thought. And can I be a villain to ſuch an angel!—I hope not.—But why, Belford, why, once more, putteſt thou me in mind, that ſhe *may be* overcome?

come? And why is her own reliance on my honour ſo late and ſo reluctantly ſhewn?

But, after all, ſo low, ſo dejected continues ſhe to be, that I am terribly afraid I ſhall have a vapouriſh wife, if I *do* marry. I ſhould then be doubly undone. Not that I ſhall be *much at home with her, perhaps, after the firſt fortnight, or ſo.* But when a man has been ranging, like the painful Bee, from flower to flower, perhaps for a month together, and the thoughts of Home and a Wife begin to have their charms with him, to be received by a Niobe, who, like a wounded vine, weeps her vitals away, while ſhe but involuntarily curls about him; how ſhall I be able to bear That?

May heaven reſtore my Charmer to health and ſpirits, I hourly pray—that a man may ſee whether ſhe can love any-body but her Father and Mother! In *their* power, I am confident, it will be at any time, to make her huſband joyleſs; and that, as I hate them ſo heartily, is a ſhocking thing to reflect upon.—Something *more* than woman, an *angel*, in ſome things; but a *baby* in others: So father-ſick! ſo family-fond? what a poor chance ſtands a huſband with ſuch a wife, unleſs, forſooth, they vouchſafe to be reconciled to her, and continue reconciled?

It is infinitely better for her and for me, that we ſhould not marry. What a delightful manner of life [O that I could perſuade her to it!] would the life of Honour be with ſuch a woman! The fears, the inquietudes, the uneaſy days, the reſtleſs nights; all ariſing from doubts of having diſobliged me! Every abſence dreaded to be an abſence for ever! And then, how amply rewarded, and rewarding, by the rapture-cauſing return! Such a paſſion as this, keeps Love in a continual fervour; makes it all alive. The happy pair, inſtead of ſitting dozing and nodding at each other in oppoſite chimney corners, in a winter-evening, and over a wintry Love, always new to each other, and having always ſomething to ſay.

Thou

Thou knoweſt, in my verſes to my Stella, my mind on this occaſion. I will lay thoſe verſes in her way, as if undeſignedly, when we are together at the widow's; that is to ſay, if we do not ſoon go to church by conſent. She will thence ſee what my notions are of wedlock. If ſhe receives them with any ſort of temper, That will be a foundation; and let *me* alone to build upon it.

Many a girl has been *carried*, who never would have been *attempted*, had ſhe ſhewed a proper reſentment, when her ears or her eyes were firſt invaded. I have tried a young creature by a bad book, a light quotation, or an indecent picture; and if ſhe has borne that, or only bluſhed, and not been angry; and more eſpecially if ſhe has leered and ſmiled; that girl have I, and old Satan, put down for our own. O how I could warn theſe little rogues if I would! Perhaps Envy, more than Virtue, will put me upon ſetting up beacons for them, when I grow old and joyleſs.

Tueſday Afternoon.

If you are in London when I get thither, you will ſee me ſoon. My Charmer is a little better than ſhe was. Her eyes ſhew it, and her harmonious voice, hardly audible laſt time I ſaw her, now begins to chear my heart once more. But yet ſhe has no Love, no Senſibilty!—There is no addreſſing her with thoſe *meaning*, yet *innocent* freedoms (Innocent, *at firſt ſetting out*, they may be called) which ſoften others of her Sex. The more ſtrange this, as ſhe now acknowleges preferable favour for me; and is highly ſuſceptible of grief. Grief mollifies and enervates. The grieved mind looks round it, ſilently implores conſolation, and loves the Soother. Grief is ever an inmate with joy. Tho' they won't ſhew themſelves at the ſame window at *one* time; yet they have the whole houſe in common between them.

LET-

LETTER LVIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

Wedn. Apr. 26.

AT laſt my lucky Star has directed us into the deſired Port, and we are ſafely landed. Well ſays Rowe:

The wiſe and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them. Sloth and folly
Shiver and ſhrink at ſight of toil and hazard,
And make *th' impoſſibility they* fear.

But in the midſt of my exultation, ſomething, I know not what to call it, checks my joys, and glooms over my brighter proſpects. If it be not Conſcience, it is wondrouſly like what I thought ſo, many, many years ago.

Surely, Lovelace, methinks thou ſayſt, thy good motions are not gone off already! Surely thou wilt not now at laſt be a villain to this Lady!

I can't tell what to ſay to it. Why would not the dear creature accept of me, when I ſo ſincerely offered myſelf to her acceptance? Things already appear with a very different face *now I have got her here.* Already have our Mother and her Daughters been about me: 'Charming Lady! What a complexion! What eyes! 'What majeſty in her perſon!--O Mr. Lovelace, you 'are a happy man!—*You owe us ſuch a Lady!*'—Then they remind me of my Revenge, and of my hatred to her whole family.

Sally was ſo ſtruck with her, at firſt ſight, that ſhe broke out to me in theſe lines of Dryden:

——*Fairer to be ſeen*
Than the fair Lily on the flow'ry green!
More freſh than May herſelf in bloſſoms new!—

I ſent to thy Lodgings within half an hour after our arrival, to receive thy congratulations upon it: But thou wert at Edgware, it ſeems.

My

My Beloved, who is charmingly amended, is retired to her conſtant employment, writing. I muſt content myſelf with the ſame amuſement, till ſhe ſhall be pleaſed to admit me to her preſence; for already have I given to every-one her cue.

And, among the reſt, who doſt thou think is to be her maid-ſervant?—Deb. Butler.

Ah, Lovelace!

And Ah, Belford! It can't be otherwiſe. But what doſt think Deb.'s Name is to be?—Why, Dorcas, Dorcas Wykes. And won't it be admirable, if either thro' fear, fright, or good-liking, we can get my Beloved to accept of Dorcas Wykes for a bedfellow?

In ſo many ways will it be now in my power to have the dear creature, that I ſhall not know which of them to chuſe!—

But here comes the Widow, with Dorcas Wykes in her hand; and I am to introduce them both to my Fair-one.

* * * * *

So!—The honeſt girl is accepted—Of good parentage: But, thro' a neglected education, plaguy illiterate—She can neither write, nor read writing. A kinſwoman of Mrs. Sinclair—Could not therefore well be refuſed, the Widow in perſon recommending her; and the wench only taken till her Hannah can come. What an advantage has an impoſing or forward nature over a courteous one!—So here may ſomething ariſe to lead into correſpondencies, and ſo forth. To be ſure, a perſon need not be *ſo wary, ſo cautious of what ſhe writes, or what ſhe leaves upon her table or toilette, when her attendant cannot read.*

It would be a miracle, as thou ſayſt, if this Lady can ſave herſelf—And having gone ſo far, how can I recede?—Then my Revenge upon the Harlowes!—To have run away with a Daughter of theirs, to make her a Lovelace—To make her one of a family ſo ſuperior

perior to her own, what a Triumph, as I have heretofore obſerved *(a)*, to *them!*—But to run away with her, and to bring her to my lure in the *other* light, what a mortification of their pride! What a gratification of my own!

Then theſe women are continually at me. Theſe women, who, before my whole ſoul and faculties were abſorbed in the Love of this ſingle charmer, uſed always to oblige me with the flower and firſt fruits of their garden! Indeed, indeed, my Goddeſs ſhould not have choſen this London Widow's—But I dare ſay, if I *had*, ſhe would *not*. People who will be dealing in contradiction, ought to pay for it. And to be puniſhed by the conſequences of our own choice, what a moral lies there!—What a deal of Good may I not be the occaſion of from a little Evil!

Dorcas is a neat creature, both in perſon and dreſs; her countenance not vulgar. And I am in hopes, as I hinted above, that her Lady will accept of her for her bedfellow, in a ſtrange houſe, for a week or ſo. But I ſaw ſhe had a diſlike to her at her very firſt appearance: Yet I thought the girl behaved very modeſtly--*Over-did* it a little, perhaps—Her Lady ſhrunk back, and looked ſhy upon her. The doctrine of Sympathies and Antipathies is a ſurpriſing doctrine.—But Dorcas will be exceſſively obliging, and win her Lady's favour ſoon, I doubt not. I am ſecure in one of the wench's qualities however—She is not to be corrupted. A great point that!--Since a Lady and her Maid, when heartily of one party, will be too hard for half a ſcore devils.

The dear Creature was no leſs ſhy when the Widow firſt accoſted her at her alighting. Yet I thought, that honeſt Doleman's Letter had prepared her for her maſculine appearance.

And now I mention that Letter, why doſt thou not wiſh me joy, Jack?

Joy of what?

Why

(a) See p. 78, 79.

Why, joy of my Nuptials.—Know then, that *ſaid*, is *done* with me, when I have a mind to have it ſo; and that we are actually man and wife: Only that Conſummation has not paſſed—Bound down to the contrary of that, by a ſolemn vow, till a Reconciliation with her family take place. The women here are told ſo. They know it, before my Beloved knows it; and that thou wilt ſay, is odd.

But how ſhall I do to make my Fair-one keep her temper on the intimation? *Why, is ſhe not here?*—At Mrs. Sinclair's?—But if ſhe will hear reaſon, I doubt not to convince her, that ſhe ought to acquieſce.

She will inſiſt, I ſuppoſe, upon my leaving her, and that I ſhall not take up my lodgings under the ſame roof. But circumſtances are changed ſince I firſt made her that promiſe. I have taken all the vacant apartments; and muſt carry this point alſo.

I hope in a while to get her with me to the public Entertainments. She knows nothing of the Town, and has ſeen leſs of its diverſions than ever woman of her taſte, her fortune, her endowments, did ſee. She has indeed a natural politeneſs, which tranſcends all acquirement. The moſt capable of any one I ever knew, of judging what an *hundred* things are, by ſeeing *one* of a like nature. Indeed ſhe took ſo much pleaſure in her own choſen amuſements till perſecuted out of them, that ſhe had neither leiſure nor inclination for the Town-diverſions.

Theſe diverſions will amuſe. And the duce is in it, if a little Suſceptibility will not put forth, now ſhe receives my addreſs; eſpecially if I can manage it ſo, as to be allowed to live under *one* roof with her. What though the ſenſibility be at firſt faint and reluctant, like the appearance of an early Spring-flower in froſty weather, which ſeems afraid of being nipt by an eaſterly blaſt? That will be enough for me.

I hinted to thee in a former *(a)*, that I had provided

(a) See p. 186.

vided Books for the Lady's in-door amuſement. Sally and Polly are readers. My Beloved's light cloſet was their library. And ſeveral pieces of devotion have been put in, bought on purpoſe, at *ſecond-hand.*

I was always for forming a judgment of the reading part of the Sex by their books. The obſervations I have made on this occaſion have been of great uſe to me, as well in England as out of it. The ſagacious Lady may poſſibly be as curious in this point, as her Lovelace.

So much for the preſent. Thou ſeeſt, that I have a great deal of buſineſs before me. Yet I will write again ſoon.

Mr. Lovelace ſends another Letter with this; in which he takes notice of young Mrs. Sorlings's ſetting out with them, and leaving them at Barnet: But as its contents are nearly the ſame with thoſe in the Lady's next Letter, it is omitted.

LETTER LIX.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Wedn. Afternoon, Apr. 26.

AT length, my deareſt Miſs Howe, I am in London, and in my new lodgings. They are neatly furniſhed, and the ſituation, for the Town, is pleaſant. But, I think, you muſt not aſk me, how I like the old gentlewoman. Yet ſhe ſeems courteous and obliging. Her kinſwomen juſt appeared to welcome me at my alighting. They ſeem to be genteel young women. But more of their Aunt and of them, as I ſhall ſee more.

Miſs Sorlings has an Uncle at Barnet, whom ſhe found ſo very ill, that her uneaſineſs on that account (having large expectations from him) made me comply with her deſire to ſtay with him. Yet I wiſhed, as her Uncle did not expect her, that ſhe would ſee me ſettled in London; and Mr. Lovelace was ſtill more earneſt that ſhe would, offering to ſend her back again in a day or two, and urging, that her Uncle's malady threat-

ened

ened not a ſudden change. But leaving the matter to *her choice*, after ſhe knew what *would have been mine*, ſhe made me not the expected compliment. Mr. Lovelace, however, made her a handſome preſent at parting.

His genteel ſpirit on all occaſions makes me often wiſh him more conſiſtent.

As ſoon as I arrived, I took poſſeſſion of my apartment. I ſhall make good uſe of the light cloſet in it, if I ſtay here any time.

One of his attendants returns in the morning to The Lawn; and I made writing to you by him, an excuſe for my retiring.

And now give me leave to chide you, my deareſt friend, for your raſh, and I hope revocable reſolution, not to make Mr. Hickman the happieſt man in the world, while my happineſs is in ſuſpenſe. Suppoſe I were to be unhappy, what, my dear, would this reſolution of yours avail me? Marriage is the higheſt State of Friendſhip: If happy, it leſſens our cares by dividing them, at the ſame time that it doubles our pleaſures by a mutual participation. Why, my dear, if you love me, will you not rather give *another* friend to one who has *not two* that ſhe is ſure of?—Had you married on your Mother's laſt Birth-day, as ſhe would have had you, I ſhould not, I dare ſay, have wanted a refuge, that would have ſaved me many mortifications, and much diſgrace.

HERE I was broken in upon by Mr. Lovelace; introducing the widow leading in a kinſwoman of hers to attend me, if I approved of her, till my Hannah ſhould come, or till I had provided myſelf with ſome other ſervant. The Widow gave her many good qualities; but ſaid, that ſhe had one great defect; which was, that ſhe could not write, nor read writing; that part of her education having been neglected when ſhe was young: But for diſcretion, fidelity, obligingneſs, ſhe was not to be outdone by any-body. She commended her likewiſe for her ſkill at the needle. As

As for *her defect*, I can eaſily forgive that. She is very likely and genteel; too genteel indeed, I think, for a Servant. But, what I like leaſt of all in her, ſhe has a ſtrange ſly Eye. I never ſaw ſuch an Eye—Half-confident, I think. But indeed Mrs. Sinclair herſelf (for that is the Widow's name) has an odd winking eye; and her reſpectfulneſs ſeems too much ſtudied, methinks, for the London eaſe and freedom. But people can't help their looks, you know; and after all, ſhe is extremely civil and obliging. And as for the young woman (Dorcas is her name) ſhe will not be long with me.

I accepted her: How could I do otherwiſe (if I had had a mind to make objections, which in my preſent ſituation I had not) her Aunt preſent, and the young woman alſo preſent; and Mr. Lovelace officious in his introducing them, to oblige me? But, upon their leaving me, I told *him*, (who ſeemed inclinable to begin a converſation with me) that I deſired that this apartment might be conſidered as my Retirement: That when I ſaw him, it might be in the Dining-room (which is up a few ſtairs; for this back houſe being once two, the rooms do not all of them very conveniently communicate with each other); and that I might be as little broken in upon as poſſible, when I am here. He withdrew very reſpectfully to the door; but there ſtopt; and aſked for my company *then* in the Dining-room. If he were about ſetting out for other lodgings, I would go with him now, I told him: But if he did not juſt then go, I would firſt finiſh my Letter to Miſs Howe.

I ſee he has no mind to leave me, if he can help it. My Brother's ſcheme may give him a pretence to try to engage me to diſpenſe with his promiſe. But if I *now do*, I muſt acquit him of it entirely.

My approbation of his tender behaviour in the midſt of my grief has given him a right, as he ſeems to think, of addreſſing me with all the freedom of an approved Lover. I ſee by this man, that when once a woman

embarks with this Sex, there is no receding. One conceſſion is but the prelude to another with them. He has been ever ſince Sunday laſt continually complaining of the diſtance I keep him at; and thinks himſelf entitled now, to call in queſtion my value for him; ſtrengthening his doubts by my former declared readineſs to give him up to a Reconciliation with my friends —And yet has himſelf fallen off from that *obſequious tenderneſs*, if I may couple the words, which drew from me the conceſſions he builds upon.

While we were talking at the door, my new ſervant came up, with an invitation to us both to Tea. I ſaid *he* might accept of it, if he pleaſed; but I muſt purſue my writing; and not chuſing either Tea or Supper, I deſired him to make my excuſes below, as to both; and inform them of my choice to be retired as much as poſſible; yet to promiſe for me my attendance on the Widow and her Nieces at breakfaſt in the morning.

He objected particularity in the eye of ſtrangers, as to avoiding Supper.

You know, ſaid I, and you can tell them, that I ſeldom eat Suppers. My ſpirits are low. You muſt never urge me againſt a declared choice. Pray, Mr. Lovelace, inform them of all my particularities. If they are obliging, they will allow for them. I come not hither to make new acquaintance.

I have turned over the books I found in my cloſet; and am not a little pleaſed with them; and think the better of the people of the houſe for their ſakes.

Stanhope's Goſpel; Sharp's, Tillotſon's, and South's Sermons; Nelſon's Feaſts and Faſts; a Sacramental piece of the Biſhop of Man, and another of Dr. Gauden Biſhop of Exeter; and Inett's Devotions; are among the devout books: And among thoſe of a lighter turn, the following not ill choſen ones; A Telemachus in French, another in Engliſh; Steele's, Rowe's, and Shakeſpeare's Plays; that genteel Comedy of Mr. Cibber, The Careleſs Huſband, and others of the ſame Author;

Author; Dryden's Miſcellanies; the Tatlers, Spectators, and Guardians; Pope's, and Swift's, and Addiſon's Works.

In the blank leaves of the Nelſon and Biſhop Gauden, is Mrs. Sinclair's name; and in thoſe of moſt of the others, either Sarah Martin, or Mary Horton, the names of the two Nieces.

I AM exceedingly out of humour with Mr. Lovelace: And have great reaſon to be ſo. As you will allow, when you have read the converſation I am going to give you an account of; for he would not let me reſt till I gave him my company in the Dining-room.

He began with letting me know, that he had been out to enquire after the character of the widow; which was the more neceſſary, he ſaid, as he ſuppoſed that I would *expect his frequent abſence.*

I *did*, I ſaid; and that he would not think of taking up his lodging in the ſame houſe with me. But what, ſaid I, is the reſult of your enquiry?

Why, indeed, the Widow's character was, in the main, what he liked well enough. But as it was Miſs Howe's opinion, as I had told him, that my Brother had not given over his ſcheme; as the Widow lived by letting lodgings; and had others to lett in the ſame part of the houſe, which might be taken by an enemy; he knew no better way, than for him to take them all, as it could not be for a long time—*unleſs I would think of removing to others.*

So far was well enough: But as it was eaſy for me to ſee, that he ſpoke the ſlighter of the Widow, in order to have a pretence to lodge here himſelf, I aſked him his intention in that reſpect. And he frankly owned, that if I choſe to ſtay here, he could not, as matters ſtood, think of leaving me for ſix hours together; and he had prepared the Widow to expect, that we ſhould be here but for a few days;—only till we could fix ourſelves in a houſe ſuitable to our condition; and this, that

I might be under the leſs embarraſs, if I pleaſed to remove.

Fix *our*-ſelves in a houſe, and *we* and *our*, Mr. Lovelace—Pray, in what light—

He interrupted me—Why, my deareſt Life, if you will hear me with patience—Yet I am half-afraid, that I have been too forward, as I have not conſulted you upon it—But as my friends in town, according to what Mr. Doleman has written, in the Letter you have ſeen, conclude us to be married—

Surely, Sir, you have not preſumed—

Hear me out, deareſt Creature—You have received with favour my addreſſes—You have made me hope for the honour of your conſenting hand: Yet, by declining my moſt fervent tender of myſelf to you at Mrs. Sorlings's, have given me apprehenſions of delay: I would not for the world be thought ſo ungenerous a wretch, now you have honoured me with your confidence, *as to wiſh to precipitate you:* Yet your Brother's ſchemes are not given up. Singleton, I am afraid, is actually in town; his veſſel lies at Rotherhith—Your Brother is abſent from Harlowe-Place; indeed not with Singleton yet, as I can hear. If you are *known* to be mine, or if you are but *thought* to be ſo, there will probably be an end of your Brother's contrivances. The Widow's character may be as worthy *as it is ſaid to be.* But the worthier ſhe is, the more danger, if your Brother's agent ſhould find us out; ſince ſhe may be perſuaded, that ſhe ought in conſcience to take a parent's part, againſt a child who ſtands in oppoſition to them. But if ſhe believes us married, her good character will ſtand us in ſtead, and ſhe will be of our party.—Then I have taken care to give her a reaſon why two apartments are requiſite for us, at the hour of retirement.

I perfectly raved at him. I would have flung from him in reſentment; but he would not let me: And what could I do? Whither go, the evening advanced?

I am

I am aſtoniſhed at you! ſaid I.—If you are a man of honour, what need of all this ſtrange obliquity? You delight in crooked ways—Let me know, ſince I *muſt* ſtay in your company (for he held my hand) let me know all you have ſaid to the people below.—Indeed, indeed, Mr. Lovelace, you are a very unaccountable man.

My deareſt Creature, need I to have mentioned any-thing of this? And could I not have taken up my lodgings in this houſe, unknown to you, if I had not intended to make you the judge of all my proceedings? But *This* is what I have told the Widow before her kinſwomen, and before your new ſervant—'That in-'deed we were privately married at Hertford; but that 'you had preliminarily bound me under a ſolemn vow, 'which I am moſt religiouſly reſolved to keep, to be 'contented with ſeparate apartments, and even not to 'lodge under the ſame roof, till a certain Reconciliation 'ſhall take place, which is of high conſequence to both.' And further, that I might convince you of the purity of my intentions, and that my whole view in this was to prevent miſchief, I have acquainted them, 'that I have 'ſolemnly promiſed to behave to you before every-body, 'as if we were only bethrothed, and not married; not 'even offering to take any of thoſe innocent freedoms 'which are not refuſed in the moſt punctilious Loves.'

And then he ſolemnly vowed to me the ſtricteſt obſervance of the ſame reſpectful behaviour to me.

I ſaid, that I was not by any means ſatisfied with the tale he had told, nor with the neceſſity he wanted to lay me under, of appearing what I was not: That every ſtep he took was a wry one: a needleſs wry one: And ſince he thought it neceſſary to tell the people below any-thing about me, I inſiſted, that he ſhould unſay all he had ſaid, and tell them the truth.

What he had told them, he ſaid, was with ſo many circumſtances, that he could ſooner die than contradict it. And ſtill he inſiſted upon the propriety of appear-

ing to be married, for the reaſons he had given before —And, deareſt Creature, ſaid he, why this high diſpleaſure with me upon ſo well-intended an expedient? You know, that I cannot wiſh to ſhun your Brother, or his Singleton, but upon your account. The firſt ſtep I would take, if left to myſelf, would be to find them out. *I have always acted in this manner, when anybody has preſumed to give out threatnings againſt me.*

'Tis true, I ſhould have conſulted you firſt, and had your leave. But ſince you diſlike what I have ſaid, let me implore you, deareſt Madam, to give the only proper ſanction to it, by naming an early day. Would to Heaven that were to be to-morrow!—For God's ſake, let it be to-morrow! But if not [Was it his buſineſs, my dear, before I ſpoke (yet he ſeemed to be afraid of me) to ſay, *If not?*] let me beſeech you, Madam, if my behaviour ſhall not be to your diſlike, that you will not to-morrow at breakfaſt-time, diſcredit what I have told them. The moment I give you cauſe to think, that I take any advantage of your conceſſion, that moment revoke it, and expoſe me, as I ſhall deſerve.—And once more, let me remind you, that I have no view either to ſerve or ſave myſelf by this expedient. It is only to prevent a probable miſchief, for your own mind's ſake; and for the ſake of thoſe who deſerve not the leaſt conſideration from me.

What could I ſay? What could I do?—I verily think, that had he urged me again, in a *proper manner*, I ſhould have conſented (little ſatisfied as I am with him) to give him a meeting to-morrow morning at a more ſolemn place than in the parlour below.

But this I reſolve, that he ſhall not have my conſent to ſtay a night under this roof. He has now given me a ſtronger reaſon for this determination than I had before.

ALAS! my dear, how vain a thing to ſay, what we will or what we will not do, when we have put our

ſelve-

ſelves into the power of this Sex!—He went down to the people below, on my deſiring to be left to myſelf; and ſtaid till their ſupper was juſt ready; and then, deſiring a moment's *audience*, as he called it, he beſought my leave to ſtay that one night, promiſing to ſet out either for Lord M.'s, or for Edgware to his friend Belford's, in the morning, after breakfaſt. But if I were againſt it, he ſaid, he would not ſtay ſupper; and would attend me about eight next day—Yet he added, that my denial would have a very particular appearance to the people below, from what he had told them; and the more, as he had actually agreed for all the vacant apartments (indeed only for a month) for the reaſon he had before hinted at: But I need not ſtay here two days, if, upon converſing with the Widow and her Nieces in the morning, I ſhould have any diſlike to them.

I thought, notwithſtanding my reſolution abovementioned, that it would ſeem too punctilious to deny him, under the circumſtances he had mentioned:—Having, beſides, no reaſon to think he would obey me; for he looked, as if he were determined to debate the matter with me. And now as I ſee no likelihood of a Reconciliation with my friends, and as I have actually received his addreſſes; I thought I would not quarrel with him, if I could help it, eſpecially as he aſked to ſtay but for one night, and could have done ſo without my knowing it; and you being of opinion, that the proud wretch, diſtruſting his own merits with me, or at leaſt my regard for him, will probably bring me to ſome conceſſions in his favour—For all theſe reaſons, I thought proper to yield *this* point: Yet I was ſo vexed with him on the *other*, that it was impoſſible for me to comply with that grace which a conceſſion ſhould be made with, or not made at all.

This was what I ſaid—What you *will* do, you *muſt* do, I think. You are very ready to promiſe; very ready to depart from your promiſe. You ſay, how-

ever, that you will ſet out to-morrow for the country. You know how ill I have been. I am not well enough now to debate with you upon your encroaching ways. I am utterly diſſatisfied with the tale you have told below. Nor will I promiſe to appear to the people of the houſe to-morrow what I am not.

He withdrew in the moſt reſpectful manner, beſeeching me only to favour him with ſuch a meeting in the morning, as might not make the Widow and her Nieces think he had given me reaſon to be offended with him.

I retired to my own apartment, and Dorcas came to me ſoon after to take my commands. I told her, that I required very little attendance, and always dreſſed and undreſſed myſelf.

She ſeemed concerned, as if ſhe thought I had repulſed her; and ſaid, It ſhould be her whole ſtudy to oblige me.

I told her, that I was not difficult to be pleaſed: And ſhould let her know from time to time what aſſiſtances I ſhould expect from her. But for that night I had no occaſion for her further attendance.

She is not only genteel, but is well-bred, and well-ſpoken.—She muſt have had what is generally thought to be the polite part of education: But it is ſtrange, that Fathers and Mothers ſhould make ſo light, as they generally do, of that preferable part, in girls, which would improve their minds, and give a grace to all the reſt.

As ſoon as ſhe was gone, I inſpected the doors, the windows, the wainſcot, the dark cloſet as well as the light one; and finding very good faſtenings to the door, and to all the windows, I again had recourſe to my pen.

Mrs. SINCLAIR is juſt now gone from me. Dorcas, ſhe told me, had acquainted her, that I had diſmiſſed her for the night. She came to ask me how I liked my apartment, and to wiſh me good reſt. She expreſſed her concern, that they could not have my com-

company at ſupper. Mr. Lovelace, ſhe ſaid, had informed them of my love of retirement. She aſſured me, that I ſhould not be broken in upon. She highly extolled *him*, and gave *me* a ſhare in the praiſe, as to perſon. But was ſorry, ſhe ſaid, that ſhe was likely to loſe us ſo ſoon as Mr. Lovelace talked of.

I anſwered her with ſuitable civility; and ſhe withdrew with great tokens of reſpect. With greater, I think, than ſhould be from diſtance of years, as ſhe was the wife of a gentleman; and as the appearance of every thing about her, as well houſe as dreſs, carries the marks of ſuch good circumſtances, as require not abaſement.

If, my dear, you *will* write againſt prohibition, be pleaſed to direct, *To Miſs Lætitia Beaumont; To be left till called for, at Mr. Wilſon's in Pall-Mall.*

Mr. Lovelace propoſed this direction to me, not *knowing* of your deſire that your Letters ſhould paſs by a third hand. As his motive for it was, that my Brother might not trace out where we are, I am glad, as well from this inſtance as from others, that he ſeems to think he has done miſchief enough already.

Do you know how my poor Hannah does?

Mr. Lovelace is ſo full of his contrivances and expedients, that I think it may not be amiſs to deſire you to look carefully to the Seals of my Letters, as I ſhall to thoſe of yours. If I find him baſe in this particular, I ſhall think him capable of any evil; and will fly him as my worſt enemy.

LETTER LX.

Miſs Howe, *To Miſs* Clarissa Harlowe.

With her two laſt Letters, N° liv. lv. *incloſed.*

Thurſday Night, April 27.

I Have yours; juſt brought me. Mr. Hickman has help'd me to a lucky expedient, which, with the aſſiſtance of the Poſt, will enable me to correſpond with

you every day. An honeſt higler [Simon Collins his name] by whom I ſhall ſend this, and the two incloſed (now I have your direction whither) goes to town conſtantly on Mondays, Wedneſdays and Fridays; and can bring back to me from Mr. Wilſon's what you ſhall have cauſed to be left for me.

I congratulate you on your arrival in town, ſo much amended in ſpirits. I muſt be brief. I hope you'll have no cauſe to repent returning my Norris. It is forthcoming on demand.

I am ſorry your Hannah can't be with you. She is very ill ſtill; but not dangerouſly.

I long for your account of the women you are with. If they are not right people, you will find them out in one breakfaſting.

I know not what to write upon his reporting to them that you are actually married. His reaſons for it are plauſible. But he delights in odd expedients and inventions.

Whether you like the people or not, do not, by your noble ſincerity and plain-dealing, make yourſelf enemies. You are in the *world* now, you know.

I am glad you had thoughts of taking him at his offer, if he had re-urged it. I wonder he did not. But if he do not ſoon, and in ſuch a way as you *can* accept of it, don't think of ſtaying with him.

Depend upon it, my dear, he will not leave you, either night or day, if he can help it, now he has got footing.

I ſhould have abhorred him for his report of your marriage, had he not made it with ſuch circumſtances as leave it ſtill in your power to keep him at diſtance. If once he offer at the *leaſt* familiarity—But this is needleſs to ſay to you. He can have, I think, no other deſign, but what he profeſſes; becauſe he muſt needs think, that his report of being married to you muſt encreaſe your vigilance.

You

You may depend upon my looking narrowly into the Sealings of your Letters. If, as you ſay, he be baſe in that point, he will be ſo in every-thing. But to a perſon of your merit, of your fortune, of your virtue, he cannot be baſe. The man is no fool. It is his Intereſt, as well with regard to his expectations from his own friends, as from you, to be honeſt. Would to Heaven, however, that you were *really* married! This is now the predominant wiſh of

Your ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LXI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Thurſday Morning, Eight o'Clock.

I AM more and more diſpleaſed with Mr. Lovelace, on reflection, for his boldneſs in hoping to make me, tho' but *paſſively*, as I may ſay, teſtify to his great untruth. And I ſhall like him ſtill leſs for it, if his view in it does not come out to be *the hope of accelerating my reſolution in his favour*, by the difficulty it will lay me under as to my behaviour to him. He has ſent me his compliments by Dorcas, with a requeſt that I will permit him to attend me in the Dining-room;—perhaps, that he may gueſs from thence whether I will meet him in good humour, or not: But I have anſwered, that as I ſhall ſee him at breakfaſt-time, I deſire to be excuſed.

Ten o'Clock.

I TRIED to adjuſt my countenance before I went down, to an eaſier air than I had a heart, and was received with the higheſt tokens of reſpect by the Widow, and her two Nieces: Agreeable young women enough in their perſons; but they ſeemed to put on an air of reſerve; while Mr. Lovelace was eaſy and free to all, as if he were of long acquaintance with them: Gracefully enough, I cannot but ſay; an advantage which travelled gentlemen have over other people.

The Widow, in the converſation we had after breakfaſt, gave us an account of the military merit of the Colonel her Huſband; and, upon this occaſion, put her handkerchief to her eyes twice or thrice. I hope, for the ſake of her ſincerity, ſhe wetted it, becauſe ſhe would be *thought* to have done ſo; but I ſaw not that ſhe did. She wiſhed that I might never know the loſs of a huſband ſo dear to me, as her beloved Colonel was to her: And again ſhe put her handkerchief to her eyes.

It muſt, no doubt, be a moſt affecting thing to be ſeparated from a good Huſband, and to be left in difficult circumſtances beſides, and that not by *his* fault, and expoſed to the inſults of the baſe and ungrateful, as ſhe repreſented her caſe to be at his death. This moved me a good deal in her favour.

You know, my dear, that I have an open and free heart; and, naturally, have as open and free a countenance; at leaſt my complimenters have told me ſo. At once, where I like, I mingle minds without reſerve, encouraging reciprocal freedoms, and am forward to diſſipate diffidences. But with theſe two Nieces of the Widow I never can be intimate—I don't know why.

Only, that circumſtances, and what paſſed in converſation, encouraged not the notion, or I ſhould have been apt to think, that the young Ladies and Mr. Lovelace were of longer acquaintance than of yeſterday. For he, by ſtealth, as it were, caſt glances ſometimes at them, which they returned; and, on my ocular notice, their eyes fell, as I may ſay, under my eye, as if they could not ſtand its examination.

The Widow directed all her talk to me, as to Mrs. Lovelace; and I, with a very ill grace, bore it. And once ſhe expreſſed, more forwardly than I thanked her for, her wonder that any vow, any conſideration, however weighty, could have force enough with ſo charming a couple, as ſhe called him and me, to make us keep ſeparate beds.

Their

Their eyes, upon this hint, had the advantage of mine. Yet was I not conſcious of guilt. How know I then, upon recollection, that my cenſures upon theirs are not too raſh? There are, no doubt, many truly modeſt perſons (putting myſelf out of the queſtion) who, by bluſhes at an injurious charge, have been ſuſpected, by thoſe who cannot diſtinguiſh between the confuſion which guilt will be attended with, and the noble conſciouſneſs that overſpreads the face of a fine ſpirit, to be thought but capable of an imputed evil.

The great Roman, as we read, who took his ſurname from one part in three (the fourth not then diſcovered) of the world he had triumphed over, being charged with a mean crime to his ſoldiery, choſe rather to ſuffer exile (the puniſhment due to it, had he been found guilty) than to have it ſaid, that Scipio was queſtioned in public, on ſo ſcandalous a charge. And think you, my dear, that Scipio did not bluſh with indignation, when the charge was firſt communicated to him?

Mr. Lovelace, when the widow expreſſed her forward wonder, looked ſly and leering, as if to obſerve how I took it; and ſaid, they might take notice that his regard for my will and pleaſure (calling me his dear creature) had greater force upon him, than the oath by which he had bound himſelf.

Rebuking both him and the widow, I ſaid, It was ſtrange to me to hear an oath or vow ſo lighty treated, as to have it thought but of *ſecond* conſideration, whatever were the firſt.

The obſervation was juſt, Miſs Martin ſaid; for that nothing could excuſe the breaking of a ſolemn vow, be the occaſion of making it what it would.

I aſked after the neareſt church; for I have been too long a ſtranger to the ſacred worſhip. They named St. James's, St. Anne's, and another in Bloomſbury; and the two Nieces ſaid, they oſteneſt went to St. James's church, becauſe of the good company, as well as for the excellent preaching. Mr.

Mr. Lovelace ſaid, the Royal Chapel was the place he ofteneſt went to, when in town. Poor man! little did I expect to hear he went to any place of devotion. I aſked, If the preſence of the viſible king of, comparatively, but a ſmall territory, did not take off, too generally, the requiſite attention to the ſervice of the inviſible King and Maker of a thouſand worlds?

He believed this might be ſo with ſuch as came for curioſity, when the Royal Family were preſent. But otherwiſe, he had ſeen as many contrite faces at the Royal Chapel, as any-where elſe: And why not? Since the people about Courts have as deep ſcores to wipe off, as any people whatſoever.

He ſpoke this with ſo much levity, that I could not help ſaying, that nobody queſtioned but he knew how to chuſe his company.

Your ſervant, my dear, bowing, were his words; and turning to them, You will obſerve, upon numberleſs occaſions, Ladies, as we are further acquainted, that my Beloved never ſpares me upon theſe topics. But I admire her as much in her reproofs, as I am fond of her approbation.

Miſs Horton ſaid, There was a time for every-thing. She could not but ſay, that ſhe thought innocent mirth was mighty becoming in young people.

Very true, joined in Miſs Martin. And Shakeſpeare ſays well, *That youth is the ſpring of life, The bloom of gaudy years* [With a theatrical air ſhe ſpoke it]: And, for her part, ſhe could not but admire in my ſpouſe, that charming vivacity which ſo well ſuited his time of life.

Mr. Lovelace bowed. The man is fond of praiſe. More fond of it, I doubt, than of deſerving it. Yet this ſort of praiſe he *does* deſerve. He has, you know, an eaſy free manner, and no bad voice: And this praiſe ſo expanded his gay heart, that he ſung the following lines from Congreve, as he told us they were:

Youth

Youth does a thouſand pleaſures bring,
- Which from decrepid Age will fly;
Sweets that wanton in the boſom of the ſpring,
In winter's cold embraces die.

And this for a compliment, as he ſaid, to the two Nieces. Nor was it thrown away upon them. They encored it; and his compliance fixed them in my memory.

We had ſome talk about meals; and the Widow very civilly offered to conform to any rules I would ſet her. I told her how eaſily I was pleaſed, and how much I choſe to dine by myſelf, and that from a plate ſent me from any ſingle diſh. But I will not trouble you, my dear, with ſuch particulars.

They thought me very ſingular; and with reaſon: But as I liked them not ſo *very* well as to forego my own choice in compliment to them, I was the leſs concerned for what they thought.—And ſtill the leſs, as Mr. Lovelace had put me very much out of humour with him.

They, however, cautioned me againſt melancholy. I ſaid, I ſhould be a very unhappy creature if I could not bear my own company.

Mr. Lovelace ſaid, That he muſt let the ladies into my Story; and then they would know how to allow for my ways. But, *my dear, as you love me*, ſaid the confident wretch, give as little way to melancholy as poſſible. Nothing but the ſweetneſs of your temper, and your high notions of a duty that never can be deſerved where you place it, can make you ſo uneaſy as you are.—Be not angry, *my dear Love*, for ſaying ſo [ſeeing me frown, I ſuppoſe]: And ſnatched my hand, and kiſſed it.

I left him with them; and retired to my cloſet and my pen.

Juſt as I have written thus far, I am interrupted by a meſſage from him, that he is ſetting out on a journey,

and

and deſires to take my commands.—So here I will leave off, to give him a meeting in the Dining-room.

I WAS not diſpleaſed to ſee him in his riding-dreſs. He ſeemed deſirous to know how I liked the gentlewomen below. I told him, that altho' I did not think them *very* exceptionable; yet as I wanted not, in my preſent ſituation, new acquaintance, I ſhould not be fond of cultivating theirs.

He urged me ſtill further on this head.

I could not ſay, I told him, that I greatly liked either of the young gentlewomen, any more than their Aunt: And that were my ſituation ever ſo happy, they had much too gay a turn for me.

He did not wonder, he ſaid, to hear me ſay ſo. He knew not any of the Sex who had been accuſtomed to ſhew themſelves at the Town Diverſions and Amuſements, that would appear tolerable to me. *Silence* and *Bluſhes*, Madam, are now no graces with our fine Ladies in Town. Hardened by frequent public appearances, they would be as much aſhamed to be found guilty of theſe weakneſſes, as men.

Do you defend theſe two gentlowomen, Sir, by reflexions upon half the Sex? But you muſt ſecond me, Mr. Lovelace (and yet I am not fond of being thought particular) in my deſire of breakfaſting and ſupping (when I *do* ſup) by myſelf.

If I would have it ſo, to be ſure it ſhould be ſo. The people of the houſe were not of conſequence enough to be apologized to, in any point where my pleaſure was concerned. And if I ſhould diſlike them ſtill more on further knowlege of them, he hoped I would think of *ſome other lodgings*.

He expreſſed a good deal of regret at leaving me, declaring, that it was abſolutely in obedience to my commands: But that he could not have conſented to go, while my Brother's ſchemes were on foot, if I had not done him the credit of my countenance in the report he had

had made that we were married; which, he ſaid, had bound all the family to his intereſt, ſo that he could leave me with the greater ſecurity and ſatisfaction.

He hoped, he ſaid, that on his *return* I would name his happy day; and the rather as I might be convinced, by my Brother's projects, that no Reconciliation was to be expected.

I told him, that perhaps I might write one Letter to my Uncle Harlowe. He once loved me. I ſhould be eaſier when I had made one direct application. I might poſſibly propoſe ſuch terms, in relation to my Grandfather's Eſtate, as might procure me their attention; and I hoped he would be long enough abſent to give me time to write to him, and receive an anſwer from him.

That, he muſt beg my pardon, he could not promiſe. He would inform himſelf of Singleton's and my Brother's motions; and if on his return he found no reaſon for apprehenſion, he would go directly for Berks, and endeavour to bring up with him his Couſin Charlotte, who, he hoped, would induce me to give him an earlier Day, than at preſent I *ſeemed to think of*.—I *ſeemed to think of*, my dear!—Very acquieſcent, as I ſhould imagine!—

I told him, that I ſhould take that young Lady's company for a great favour.

I was the more pleaſed with this motion, as it came from himſelf, and with no ill grace.

He earneſtly preſſed me to accept of a Bank Note. But I declined it. And then he offered me his ſervant William for my attendant in his abſence; who, he ſaid, might be diſpatched to him, if any thing extraordinary fell out. I conſented to that.

He took his leave of me in the moſt reſpectful manner, only kiſſing my hand. He left the Bank Note, unobſerved by me, upon the table. You may be ſure, I ſhall give it him back at his return.

I am now in a much better humour with him than I was.

Where

Where doubts of any perſon are removed, a mind not ungenerous is willing, by way of amends for having conceived thoſe doubts, to conſtrue every-thing that happens *capable* of a good conſtruction, in that perſon's favour. Particularly, I cannot but be pleaſed to obſerve, that altho' he ſpeaks of the Ladies of his family with the freedom of Relationſhip, yet it is always with tenderneſs. And from a man's kindneſs to his relations of the Sex, a woman has ſome reaſon to expect his good behaviour to herſelf, when married, if ſhe be willing to deſerve it from him.

And thus, my dear, am I brought to ſit down ſatisfied with this man, where I find room to infer that he is not by nature a ſavage. But how could a creature who (treating herſelf unpolitely) gave a man an opportunity to run away with her, expect to be treated by that man with a very high degree of politeneſs?

But why, now, when fairer proſpects ſeem to open, why theſe melancholy reflections, will my beloved friend aſk of her Clariſſa?

Why? Can you aſk why, my deareſt Miſs Howe, of a creature, who, in the world's eye, has enrolled her name among the giddy and the inconſiderate; who labours under a Parent's curſe, and the cruel uncertainties which muſt ariſe from reflecting, that, equally againſt duty and principle, ſhe has thrown herſelf into the power of a man, and that man an immoral one?—Muſt not the ſenſe ſhe has of her inconſideration darken her moſt hopeful proſpects? Muſt it not even riſe *ſtrongeſt* upon a thoughtful mind, when her hopes are the faireſt? Even her pleaſures, were the man to prove *better* than ſhe expects, coming to her with an abatement, like that which perſons who are in poſſeſſion of ill-gotten wealth muſt then moſt poignantly experience (if they have reflecting and unſeared minds) when, all their wiſhes anſwered, (if the wiſhes of ſuch perſons can ever be wholly anſwered)

ſwered) they ſit down in hopes to *enjoy* what they have unjuſtly obtained, and find their own reflections their greateſt torment.

May you, my dear friend, be always happy in your reflections, prays

Your ever-affectionate

CL. HARLOWE.

Mr. Lovelace, in his next Letter, triumphs on his having carried his two great points of making the Lady yield to paſs for his wife to the people of the houſe, and to his taking up his Lodging in it, tho' but for one night. He is now, *he ſays*, in a fair way, and doubts not but that he ſhall ſoon prevail, if not by perſuaſion, by ſurprize. *Yet he pretends to have ſome little remorſe, and* cenſures himſelf as acting the part of the grand tempter. But having ſucceeded thus far, he cannot, *he ſays*, forbear trying, according to the reſolution he had before made, whether he cannot go farther.

He gives the particulars of their debates on the above-mentioned ſubjects, to the ſame effect as in the Lady's laſt Letters.

It will by this time be ſeen, that his whole merit, with regard to this Lady, lies in doing juſtice to her excellencies both of mind and perſon, tho' to his own condemnation. Thus he begins his ſucceeding Letter:

And now, Belford, will I give thee an account of our firſt breakfaſt converſation.

All ſweetly ſerene and eaſy was the lovely brow and charming aſpect of my goddeſs, on her deſcending among us; commanding reverence from every eye; a courteſy from every knee; and ſilence, awful ſilence, from every quivering lip: While ſhe, armed with conſcious worthineſs and ſuperiority, looked and behaved, as an Empreſs would look and behave among her vaſſals; yet with a freedom from pride and haughtineſs, as if born to dignity, and to a behaviour habitually gracious.

He

He takes notice of the jealouſy, pride and vanity of Sally Martin and Polly Horton, on his reſpectful behaviour to the Lady: *Creatures who, brought up too high for their fortunes, and to a taſte of pleaſure, and the public diverſions, had fallen an eaſy prey to his ſeducing Arts* (as will be ſeen in the *concluſion* of this work): *And who, as he obſerves,* 'had not yet got over that 'diſtinction in their Love, which makes a woman 'prefer one man to another.'

How difficult is it, *ſays he*, to make a woman ſubſcribe to a preference againſt herſelf, though ever ſo viſible; eſpecially where Love is concerned! This violent, this partial little devil, Sally, has the inſolence to compare herſelf with my angel—yet owns her to be an angel. I charge you, Mr. Lovelace, ſays ſhe, ſhew none of your extravagant acts of kindneſs before me, to this ſullen, this gloomy beauty—I cannot bear it. Then I was reminded of her firſt ſacrifice.

What a rout do theſe women make about nothing at all! Were it not for what the *learned Biſhop* in his Letter from Italy calls The Entanglements of Amour, and *I* the Delicacies of Intrigue, what is there, Belford, in all they can do for us?

How do theſe creatures endeavour to ſtimulate me! A fallen woman is a worſe devil than even a profligate man. The former is incapable of remorſe: That am not I—Nor ever ſhall they prevail upon me, though aided by all the powers of darkneſs, to treat this admirable creature with indignity.—So far, I mean, as indignity can be ſeparated from the trials which will prove her to be either woman or angel.

Yet with them, I am a craven. I might have had her before now, if I would. If I would treat her as fleſh and blood, I ſhould find her ſuch. They thought I knew, if any man living did, that if a man made a goddeſs of a woman, ſhe would aſſume the goddeſs; that if power were given her, ſhe would exert that power

power to the giver, if to nobody elſe—And D—r's wife is thrown into my diſh, who, thou knoweſt, kept her ceremonious huſband at haughty diſtance, and whined in private to her inſulting footman. O how I curſed the blaſpheming wretches! They will make me, as I tell them, hate their houſe, and remove from it. And by my ſoul, Jack, I am ready at times to think that I ſhould not have brought her hither, were it but on Sally's account. And yet, without knowing either Sally's heart, or Polly's, the dear creature reſolves againſt having any converſation with them but ſuch as ſhe cannot avoid. I am not ſorry for this, thou mayſt think; ſince jealouſy in woman is not to be concealed from woman. And Sally has no command of herſelf.

What doſt think!—Here this little devil Sally, not being able, as ſhe told me, to ſupport life under my diſpleaſure, was going into a fit: But when I ſaw her *preparing* for it, I went out of the room; and ſo ſhe thought it would not be worth her while to ſhew away.

In this manner he mentions what his meaning was in making the Lady the compliment of his abſence:

As to leaving her; if I go but for *one* night, I have fulfilled my promiſe: And if ſhe think not, I can mutter and grumble, and yield again, and make a merit of it; and then, unable to live out of her preſence, ſoon return. Nor are women ever angry at bottom for being diſobeyed thro' exceſs of Love. They like an uncontroulable paſſion. They like to have every favour raviſhed from them; and to be eaten and drunk quite up by a voracious Lover. Don't I know the Sex?—Not ſo, indeed, as yet, my Clariſſa: But however, with *her* my frequent egreſſes will make me look new to her, and create little buſy ſcenes between us. At the leaſt, I may ſurely, without exception ſalute her at parting, and at return; and will not thoſe occaſional freedoms (which civility will

will warrant) by degrees familiarize my charmer to them?

But here, Jack, what ſhall I do with my Uncle and Aunts, and all my loving Couſins? For I underſtand, that they are more in haſte to have me married than I am myſelf.

LETTER LXII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Friday, April 28.

MR. Lovelace is returned already. My Brother's projects were his pretence. I could not but look upon this ſhort abſence as an evaſion of his promiſe; eſpecially as he had taken ſuch precautions with the people below; and as he knew that I propoſed to keep cloſe within-doors. I cannot bear to be dealt meanly with; and angrily inſiſted, that he ſhould directly ſet out for Berkſhire, in order to engage his Couſin, as he had promiſed.

O my deareſt Life, ſaid he, why will you baniſh me from your preſence? I cannot leave you for ſo long a time, as you ſeem to expect I ſhould. I have been hovering about town ever ſince I left you. Edgware was the fartheſt place I went to; and there I was not able to ſtay two hours, for fear, at this criſis, any thing ſhould happen. Who can account for the workings of an apprehenſive mind, when all that is dear and valuble to it is at ſtake? You may ſpare yourſelf the trouble of writing to any of your friends, till the ſolemnity has paſſed that ſhall entitle me to give weight to your application. When they know we are married, your Brother's plots will be at an end; and your Father, and Mother, and Uncles, muſt be reconciled to you. Why then ſhould you heſitate a moment to confirm my happineſs? Why, once more, would you baniſh me from you? Why will you not give the man, who has brought you into difficulties, and who ſo honourably wiſhes to extricate you from them, the happineſs of doing ſo?

He

He was ſilent. My voice failed to ſecond the inclination I had to ſay ſomething not wholly diſcouraging to a point ſo warmly preſſed.

I'll tell you, my angel, reſumed he, what I propoſe to do, if you approve of it. I will inſtantly go out to view ſome of the handſome new Squares, or fine Streets round them, and make a report to you of any ſuitable houſe I find to be lett. I will take ſuch a one as you ſhall chuſe, and ſet up an equipage befitting our condition. You ſhall direct the whole. And on ſome early day, either before or after we fix [*It muſt be at your own choice*] be pleaſed to make me the happieſt of men. And then will every-thing be in a deſirable train. You ſhall receive in your own houſe (if it can be ſo ſoon furniſhed as I wiſh) the compliments of all my relations. Charlotte ſhall viſit you in the interim: And if it take up time, you ſhall chuſe whom you will honour with your company, firſt, ſecond, or third, in the ſummer-months; and on your return you ſhall find all that was wanting in your new habitation ſupplied; and pleaſures in a conſtant round ſhall attend us. O my angel, take me to you inſtead of baniſhing me from you, and make me yours for ever.

You ſee, my dear, that here was no *Day* preſſed for, I was not uneaſy about that; and the ſooner recovered myſelf, as there was not. But, however, I gave him no reaſon to upbraid me for refuſing his offer of going in ſearch of a houſe.

He is accordingly gone out for this purpoſe. But I find, that he intends to take up his lodging here to-night; and if to-night, no doubt on other nights, while he is in town. As the doors and windows of my apartment have good faſtenings; As he has not, in all this time, given me cauſe for apprehenſion; As he has the pretence of my Brother's ſchemes to plead; As the people below are very courteous and obliging; Miſs Horton eſpecially, who ſeems to have taken a great liking to me, and to be of a gentler temper and manners,

than

than Miſs Martin; and, As we are now in a tolerable way—I imagine, it would look particular to them all, and bring me into a debate with a man, who (let him be ſet upon what he will) has always a great deal to ſay for himſelf, if I were to inſiſt upon his promiſe: On all theſe accounts, I think, I will take no notice of his lodging here, if he don't.

Let me know, my dear, your thoughts of everything.

You may believe I gave him back his Bank Note the moment I ſaw him.

Friday Evening.

Mr. LOVELACE has ſeen two or three houſes; but none to his mind. But he has heard of one which looks promiſing, he ſays, and which he is to enquire about in the morning.

Saturday Morning.

HE has made his enquiries, and actually ſeen the houſe he was told of laſt night. The owner of it is a young widow Lady, who is inconſolable for the death of her huſband; *Fretchville* her name. It is furniſhed quite in taſte, every thing being new within theſe ſix months. He believes, if I like not the furniture, the uſe of it may be agreed for, with the houſe, for a time certain: But if I like it, he will endeavour to take the one, and purchaſe the other, directly.

The Lady ſees nobody; nor are the beſt apartments above-ſtairs to be viewed till ſhe is either abſent, or gone into the country; which ſhe talks of doing in a fortnight or three weeks, at fartheſt; and to live there retired.

What Mr. Lovelace ſaw of the houſe (which were the Solon and two Parlours) was perfectly elegant; and he was aſſured, all is of a piece. The Offices are alſo very convenient; Coach-houſe and Stables at hand.

He ſhall be very impatient, he ſays, till I ſee the whole; nor will he, if he finds he can have it, look farther

farther till I have ſeen it, except any thing elſe offer to my liking. The price he values not.

He now does nothing but talk of the *Ceremony*; *but* not indeed of the *Day*. I don't want him to urge that—But I wonder he does not.

He has juſt now received a Letter from Lady Betty Lawrance, by a particular hand; the contents principally relating to an affair ſhe has in Chancery. But in the poſtſcript ſhe is pleaſed to ſay very reſpectful things of me.

They are all impatient, ſhe ſays, for the Happy Day being over; which they flatter themſelves, will *enſure his Reformation*.

He hoped, he told me, that I would *ſoon* enable him to anſwer *their* wiſhes and *his own*.

But, my dear, altho' the opportunity was ſo inviting, he urged not for the *Day*. Which is the *more extraordinary*, as he was ſo preſſing for marriage before we came to town.

He was very earneſt with me to give him, and four of his friends, my company on Monday evening, at a little collation. Miſs Martin and Miſs Horton cannot, he ſays, be there, being engaged in a party of their own, with two daughters of Colonel Solcombe, and two nieces of Sir Antony Holmes, upon an annual occaſion. But Mrs. Sinclair will be preſent, and ſhe gave him hope of the company of a young Lady of very great fortune and merit (Miſs *Partington*) an Heireſs, to whom Colonel Sinclair it ſeems in his life-time was guardian, and who therefore calls Mrs. Sinclair Mamma.

I deſired to be excuſed. He had laid me, I ſaid, under a moſt diſagreeable neceſſity of appearing as a married perſon; and I would ſee as few people as poſſible who were to think me ſo.

He would not urge it, he ſaid, if I were *much* averſe: But they were his ſelect friends; men of birth and fortune; who longed to ſee me. It was true, he added, that they, as well as his friend Doleman, be-

lieved we were married: But they thought him under the reſtrictions that he had mentioned to the people below. I might be aſſured, he told me, that his politeneſs before them ſhould be carried into the higheſt degree of reverence.

When he is ſet upon any-thing, there is no knowing, as I have ſaid heretofore, what one *can* do *(a)*. But I will not, if I can help it, be made a ſhew of; eſpecially to men of whoſe characters and principles I have no good opinion. I am, my deareſt friend,

Your ever-affectionate

CL. HARLOWE.

Mr. Lovelace in his next Letter gives an account of his quick return: Of his reaſons to the Lady for it: Of her diſpleaſure upon it: And of her urging his abſence from the ſafety ſhe was in from the ſituation of the houſe, except ſhe were to be traced out by his viſits.

I was confoundedly puzzled, *ſays he*, on this occaſion, and on her inſiſting upon the execution of a too-ready offer which I made her to go down to Berks, to bring up my Couſin Charlotte to viſit and attend her. I made miſerable excuſes; and, fearing that they would be mortally reſented, as her paſſion began to riſe upon my ſaying Charlotte was delicate, which ſhe took ſtrangely wrong; I was obliged to ſcreen myſelf behind the moſt ſolemn and explicit declarations.

He then repeats thoſe declarations, to the ſame effect with the account ſhe gives of them.

I began, *ſays he*, with an intention to keep my Life of Honour in view, in the declarations I made her; but, as it has been ſaid of a certain orator in the Houſe of Commons, who more than once, in a long ſpeech, convinced himſelf as he went along, and concluded againſt the ſide he ſet out intending to favour,

(a) See p. 294. See alſo Vol. II. p. 125.

vour, ſo I in earneſt preſſed without reſerve for Matrimony in the progreſs of my harangue, which ſtate I little thought of urging upon her with ſo much ſtrength and explicitneſs.

He then values himſelf upon the delay that his propoſal of taking and furniſhing a houſe muſt occaſion.

He wavers in his reſolutions whether to act honourably or not by a merit ſo exalted.

He values himſelf upon his own delicacy, in expreſſing his indignation againſt her friends, for ſuppoſing what he pretends his heart riſes againſt them for preſuming to ſuppoſe.

But have I not reaſon, *ſays he*, to be angry with her, for not praiſing me for this my delicacy, when ſhe is ſo ready to call me to account for the leaſt failure in punctilio?—However, I believe I can excuſe her too, upon this generous conſideration [For *generous* I am ſure it is, becauſe it is againſt myſelf]; That her mind being the eſſence of delicacy, the leaſt want of it ſhocks her; while the meeting with what is ſo very extraordinary to *me*, is too familiar to *her* to obtain her notice, *as* an extraordinary.

He glories in the ſtory of the houſe, and of the young Widow poſſeſſor of it, Mrs. Fretchville he calls her; and leaves it doubtful to Mr. Belford, whether it be a real or a fictitious ſtory.

He mentions his different propoſals in relation to the Ceremony, which he ſo earneſtly preſſed for; and owns his artful intention in avoiding to name the Day.

And now, *ſays he*, I hope ſoon to have an opportunity to begin my operations; ſince all is *Halcyon* and Security.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the dear Creature's ſweet and ſilent confuſion, when I touched upon the matrimonial topics.

She *may* doubt. She *may* fear. The wiſe in all important caſes will doubt, and will fear, till they are ſure. But her apparent willingneſs to think well of a ſpirit ſo inventive, and ſo machinating, is a happy prognoſtic for me. O theſe reaſoning Ladies! —How I love theſe reaſoning Ladies!—'Tis all over with them, when once Love has crept into their hearts: For then will they employ all their reaſoning Powers to *excuſe* rather than to *blame* the conduct of the *doubted* Lover, let appearances againſt him be ever ſo ſtrong.

Mowbray, Belton, and Tourville, long to ſee my angel, and will be there. She has *refuſed* me; but *muſt be preſent* notwithſtanding. So generous a ſpirit as mine is, cannot enjoy its happineſs without communication. If I raiſe not your envy and admiration both at once, but half-joy will be the joy of having ſuch a charming Fly entangled in my web. She therefore muſt comply. And thou muſt come. And then will I ſhew thee the pride and glory of the Harlowe family, my implacable enemies; and thou ſhalt join with me in my triumph over them all.

I know not what may ſtill be the perverſe Beauty's fate: I want thee therefore to ſee and admire her, while ſhe is ſerene and full of hope: Before her apprehenſions are realized, if realized they are to be; and if evil apprehenſions of me ſhe really has: Before her beamy eyes have loſt their luſtre: While yet her charming face is ſurrounded with all its virgin glories; and before the plough of diſappointment has thrown up furrows of diſtreſs upon every lovely feature.

If I can procure you this honour, you will be ready to laugh out, as I have often much ado to forbear, at the puritanical behaviour of the Mother before this Lady. Not an oath, not a curſe, nor the leaſt free word, eſcapes her lips. She minces in her gaite. She prims up her horſe-mouth. Her voice, which when ſhe pleaſes, is the voice of thunder, is ſunk into an humble whine.

Her

Her ſtiff hams, that have not been bent to a civility for ten years paſt, are now limbered into courteſies three-deep at every word. Her fat arms are croſſed before her; and ſhe can hardly be prevailed upon to ſit in the preſence of my goddeſs.

I am drawing up inſtructions for ye all to obſerve on Monday night.

Saturday night.

Most confoundedly alarmed!—Lord, Sir, what do you think? cried Dorcas—My Lady is reſolved to go to church to-morrow! I was at Quadrille with the women below—To Church! ſaid I; and down I laid my cards. *To church!* repeated they, each looking upon the other. We had done playing for *that* night.

Who could have dreamt of ſuch a whim as this?—Without notice, without queſtions! Her cloaths not come! No leave aſked!—Impoſſible ſhe ſhould think of being *my wife!*—Beſides, ſhe don't conſider, if ſhe go to Church, I muſt go too!—Yet not to aſk for my company!—Her Brother and Singleton ready to ſnap her up, as far as ſhe knows!—Known by her cloaths!—Her perſon, her features, ſo diſtinguiſhed!—Not ſuch another woman in England! To Church of all places!—Is the devil in the girl? ſaid I, as ſoon as I could ſpeak.

Well, but to leave this ſubject till to-morrow morning, I will now give you the Inſtructions I have drawn up for yours and your companions behaviour on Monday night.

Inſtructions to be obſerved by John Belford, Richard Mowbray, Thomas Belton, and James Tourville, Eſquires of the Body to General Robert Lovelace, on their admiſſion to the preſence of his Goddeſs.

Ye muſt be ſure to let it ſink deep into your heavy heads, that there is no ſuch Lady in the world, as Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe; and that ſhe is neither

more nor leſs than Mrs. Lovelace, though at preſent, to my ſhame be it ſpoken, a Virgin.

Be mindful alſo, that your old Mother's name, after that of *her* Mother when a Maid, is Sinclair: That her Huſband was a Lieutenant-colonel, and all that *you*, Belford, know from honeſt Doleman's Letter of her *(a)*, that let your brethren know.

Mowbray and Tourville, the two greateſt blunderers of the four, I allow to be acquainted with the Widow and Nieces, from the knowlege they had of the Colonel. They will not forbear familiarities of ſpeech to the Mother, as of longer acquaintance than a day. So I have ſuited their parts to their capacities.

They may praiſe the Widow and the Colonel for people of great honour—But not too groſly; nor to labour the point ſo as to render themſelves ſuſpected.

The Mother will lead ye into her own and the Colonel's praiſes; and Tourville and Mowbray may be both her vouchers—I, and you, and Belton, muſt be only hearſay confirmers.

As poverty is generally ſuſpectible, the Widow muſt be got handſomely aforehand; and no doubt but ſhe is. The elegance of her houſe and furniture, and her readineſs to diſcharge all demands upon her, which ſhe does with oſtentation enough, and which makes her neighbours, I ſuppoſe, like her the better, demonſtrate this. She will propoſe to do handſome things by her two Nieces. Sally is near Marriage—with an eminent Woolen-draper in the Strand, if ye have a mind to it; for there are five or ſix of them there.

The Nieces may be enquired after, ſince they will be abſent, as perſons reſpected by Mowbray and Tourville, for their late worthy Uncle's ſake.

Watch ye diligently every turn of my countenance; every motion of my eye; for in my eye, and in my countenance, will ye find a ſovereign regulator. I need not bid you reſpect me mightily: Your allegiance obliges

(*a*) See p. 178, & ſeq.

obliges ye to that: And who that ſees me, reſpects me not?

Priſcilla Partington (for her looks ſo innocent, and diſcretion ſo deep, yet ſeeming ſo ſoftly) may be greatly relied upon. She will accompany the Mother, gorgeouſly dreſſed, with all her Jew's Extravagance flaming out upon her; and firſt *induce*, then *countenance*, the Lady. She has her cue, and I hope will make her acquaintance coveted by my Charmer.

Miſs Partington's hiſtory is this: The Daughter of Col. Sinclair's Brother-in-law: That Brother-in-law may have been a Turky merchant, or any merchant, who died confoundedly rich: The Colonel one of her guardians [*Collateral credit in that to the Old one*]: Whence ſhe always calls Mrs. Sinclair *Mamma*; tho' not ſucceeding to the truſt.

She is juſt come to paſs a day or two, and then to return to her ſurviving guardian's at Barnet.

Miſs Partington has ſuitors a little hundred (her Grandmother, an Alderman's Dowager, having left her a great additional fortune); and is not truſted out of her guardian's houſe, without an old gouvernante noted for diſcretion, except to her Mamma Sinclair; with whom now-and-then ſhe is permitted to be for a week together.

Priſ. will Mamma-up Mrs. Sinclair, and will undertake to court her guardian to let her paſs a delightful week with her—Sir Edward Holden, he may as well be, if your ſhallow pates will not be clogged with too many circumſtantials. Lady Holden perhaps will come with her; for ſhe always delighted in her Mamma Sinclair's company; and talks of her, and her good management, twenty times a day.

Be it principally thy part, Jack, who art a parading fellow, and aimeſt at wiſdom, to keep thy brother-varlets from blundering; for, as thou muſt have obſerved from what I have written, we have the moſt watchful and moſt penetrating Lady in the

world to deal with: A Lady worth deceiving! But whoſe eyes will pierce to the bottom of your ſhallow ſouls the moment ſhe hears you open. Do thou therefore place thyſelf between Mowbray and Tourville: Their toes to be played upon and commanded by thine, if they go wrong: Thy elbows to be the miniſters of approbation.

As to your general behaviour; No hypocriſy!—I hate it: So does my Charmer. If I had ſtudied for it, I believe I *could* have been an hypocrite: But my general character is ſo well known, that I ſhould have been ſuſpected at once, had I aimed at making myſelf too white. But what neceſſity can there be for hypocriſy, unleſs the generality of the Sex were to *refuſe* us for our immoralities? The beſt of them love to have the credit of reforming us. Let the ſweet ſouls try for it: If they fail, their intent was good. That will be a conſolation to them. And as to *us*, our work will be the eaſier; our ſins the fewer: Since they will draw themſelves in with a very little of our help; and we ſhall ſave a parcel of curſed Falſhoods, and appear to be what we *are* both to Angels and Men.—Mean time their very Grandmothes will acquit us, and reproach them with their *Self-do*, *Self-have*; and as having *erred againſt knowlege*, and ventured againſt *manifeſt appearances*. What folly therefore for men of our character to be hypocrites!

Be ſure to inſtruct the reſt, and do thou thyſelf remember, not to talk obſcenely. You know I never permitted any of you to talk obſcenely. Time enough for that, when ye grow old, and can ONLY talk. Beſides, ye muſt conſider Priſc's *affected* character, my Goddeſs's *real* one. Far from obſcenity therefore, do not ſo much as touch upon the double Entendre. What! as I have often ſaid, cannot you touch a Lady's heart, without wounding her ear?

It is *neceſſary*, that ye ſhould appear worſe men than myſelf. You cannot help appearing ſo, you'll ſay.

ſay. Well then, there will be the leſs reſtraint upon you—The leſs reſtraint, the leſs affectation.—And if Belton begins his favourite ſubject in behalf of *Keeping*, it may make me take upon myſelf to oppoſe him: But fear not; I ſhall not give the argument all my force.

She muſt have ſome curioſity, I think, to ſee what ſort of men my companions are. She will not expect any of you to be ſaints. Are ye not men born to conſiderable fortunes, altho' ye are not all of ye men of parts? Who is it in this mortal life, that *wealth does not miſlead?* And as it gives people the *power of being miſchievous*, does it not require great virtue to forbear the uſe of that power? Is not the devil ſaid to be the god of this world? Are we not children of this world? Well then! Let me tell thee my opinion—It is this, That were it not for the *Poor* and the *Middling*, the world would probably, long ago, have been deſtroyed by Fire from Heaven. Ingrateful wretches the reſt, thou wilt be apt to ſay, to make ſuch ſorry returns, as they generally do make, to the *poor* and the *middling!*

This dear Lady is prodigiouſly learned in *Theories*. But as to *Practices*, as to *Experimentals*, muſt be, as you know from her tender years, a mere novice. Till ſhe knew me, I dare ſay, ſhe did not believe, whatever ſhe had read, that there were ſuch fellows in the world, as ſhe will ſee in you four. I ſhall have much pleaſure in obſerving how ſhe'll ſtare at her company, when ſhe finds me the politeſt man of the five.

And ſo much for Inſtructions general and particular for your behaviour on Monday night.

And let me add, that you muſt attend to every minute circumſtance, whether you think there be reaſon in it, or not. Deep, like golden ore, frequently lies my meaning, and richly worth digging for. The hint of *leaſt* moment, as *you* may imagine it, is often pregnant with events of the *greateſt*. Be

implicit. Am not I your General? Did I ever lead you on, that I brought ye not off with ſafety and ſucceſs, ſometimes to your own ſtupid aſtoniſhment?

And now, methinks, thou art curious to know, what can be my view in riſquing the diſpleaſure of my Fair one, and alarming her fears, after four or five halcyon days have gone over our heads?—I'll ſatisfy thee.

The viſitors of the two Nieces will croud the houſe. Beds will be ſcarce. Miſs Partington, a ſweet modeſt genteel girl, will be prodigiouſly taken with my Charmer; will want to begin a friendſhip with her. A ſhare in her bed for one night only, will be requeſted. Who knows, but on that very Monday night I may be ſo unhappy as to give *mortal offence* to my Beloved? *The ſhieſt birds may be caught napping.* Should ſhe *attempt to fly me* upon it, cannot I *detain her?* Should ſhe *actually fly*, cannot I *bring her back* by authority civil or uncivil, if I have evidence upon evidence that ſhe acknowleged, though but tacitly, her Marriage?—And *ſhould I*, or *ſhould I not* ſucceed, and ſhe *forgive me*, or if ſhe but deſcend to *expoſtulate*, or if ſhe *bear me in her ſight*; then will ſhe be all my own. All delicacy is my Charmer. I long to ſee how ſuch a delicacy, on *any* of theſe occaſions, will behave. And in my ſituation it behoves me to provide againſt every accident.

I muſt take care, knowing what an Eel I have to do with, that the little wriggling rogue does not ſlip thro' my fingers. How ſilly ſhould I look ſtaring after her, when ſhe had ſhot from me into the muddy river, her family, from which with ſo much difficulty I have taken her!

Well then; here are—Let me ſee—How many perſons are there who, after Monday night, will be able to ſwear, that ſhe has gone by my name, anſwered to my name, had no other view in leaving her friends, but to go by my name? Her own relations neither able nor willing to deny it.—Firſt, here are *my* Servants; her

her Servant Dorcas; Mrs. Sinclair; Mrs. Sinclair's two Nieces; and Miſs Partington.

But for fear theſe evidences ſhould be ſuſpected, here comes the jet of the buſineſs—'No leſs than four worthy gentlemen of fortune and family, who were all 'in company ſuch a night particularly, at a collation 'to which they were invited by Robert Lovelace, of 'Sandoun-hall in the county of Lancaſter, Eſquire, in 'company with Magdalen Sinclair widow, and Priſcilla Partington ſpinſter, and the Lady complainant; 'when the ſaid Robert Lovelace addreſſed himſelf to 'the ſaid Lady, on a multitude of occaſions, as *his* 'wife; as they and others did, as Mrs. Lovelace; 'every one complimenting and congratulating her upon 'her nuptials; and that ſhe received ſuch their compliments and congratulations with no other viſible 'diſpleaſure or repugnance, than ſuch as a young 'Bride, full of bluſhes and pretty confuſion, might be 'ſuppoſed to expreſs upon ſuch contemplative revolvings as thoſe compliments would naturally inſpire.' Nor do thou rave at me, Jack, nor *rebel*.—Doſt think I brought the dear creature hither for nothing?

And here's a faint ſketch of my plot.—Stand by, varlets—Tanta-ra-ra-ra!—Veil your bonnets, and confeſs your maſter!

LETTER LXIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Sunday.

HAVE been at Church, Jack—Behaved admirably well too! My Charmer is pleaſed with me now: For I was exceedingly attentive to the diſcourſe, and very ready in the auditor's part of the Service.—Eyes did not much wander. How could they, when the loveliеſt object, infinitely the loveliеſt, in the whole Church, was in my view?

Dear creature! how fervent, how amiable, in her

devotions! I have got her to own, *that ſhe prayed for me*. I hope a prayer from ſo excellent a mind will not be made in vain.

There is, after all, ſomething beautifully ſolemn in devotion. The Sabbath is a charming inſtitution to *keep* the heart right, when it *is* right. One day in ſeven, how reaſonable!—I think I'll go to Church once a day often. I fanſy it will go a great way towards making me a reformed man. To ſee multitudes of well-appearing people, all joining in one reverent act: An exerciſe how worthy of a rational being!—Yet it adds a ſting or two to my former ſtings, when I think of my projects with regard to this charming creature. In my conſcience, I believe, if I were to go conſtantly to Church, I could not purſue them.

I had a ſcheme come into my head while there: But I will renounce it, becauſe it obtruded itſelf upon me in ſo good a place. Excellent creature! How many *ruins* has ſhe prevented by attaching me to herſelf; by engroſſing my whole attention!

But let me tell thee what paſſed between us in my firſt viſit of this morning; and then I will acquaint thee more largely with my good behaviour at Church.

I could not be admitted till after eight. I found her ready prepared to go out. I pretended to be ignorant of her intention, having charged Dorcas not to own that ſhe had told me of it.

Going abroad, Madam?—with an air of indifference.

Yes, Sir; I intend to go to Church.

I hope, Madam, I ſhall have the honour to attend you.

No: She deſigned to take a chair, and go to the next Church.

This ſtartled me: A chair to carry her to the next Church from Mrs. Sinclair's, her right name not Sinclair, and to bring her back hither, in the face of people who might not think well of the houſe!—There

was

was no permitting That. Yet I was to appear indifferent. But ſaid, I ſhould take it for a favour, if ſhe would permit me to attend her in a coach, as there was time for it, to St. Paul's.

She made objections to the gaity of my dreſs; and told me, that, if ſhe went to St. Paul's, ſhe could go in a coach without *me*.

I objected Singleton and her Brother, and offered to dreſs in the plaineſt ſuit I had.

I beg the favour of attending you, dear Madam, ſaid I. I have not been at church a great while: We ſhall ſit in different Stalls: And the next time I go, I hope it will be to give myſelf a title to the greateſt bleſſing I can receive.

She made ſome further objections: But at laſt permitted me the honour of attending her.

I got myſelf placed in her eye, that the time might not ſeem tedious to me; for we were there early. And I gained her good opinion, as I mentioned above, by my behaviour.

The ſubject of the diſcourſe was particular enough: It was about a prophet's ſtory or parable of an Ewe-lamb taken by a rich man from a poor one, who dearly loved it, and whoſe only comfort it was: Deſigned to ſtrike remorſe into David, on his adultery with Uriah's wife Bethſheba, and his murder of the huſband. Theſe women, Jack, have been the occaſion of all manner of miſchief from the beginning! Now, when David, full of indignation, ſwore [King David would ſwear, Jack: But how ſhouldſt thou know who King David was? The ſtory is in the Bible] that the rich man ſhould ſurely die; Nathan, which was the prophet's name, and a good ingenious fellow, cried out (which were the words of the text) *Thou art the man!*—By my ſoul I thought the parſon looked directly at me: And at that moment I caſt my eye full on my Ewe-lamb. But I muſt tell thee too, that I thought a good deal of my Roſebud.—A

better

better man than King David, in *that* point, however, thought I!

When we came home, we talked upon the ſubject; and I ſhewed my Charmer my attention to the diſcourſe, by letting her know where the doctor made the moſt of his ſubject, and where it might have been touched to greater advantage: For it is really a very affecting ſtory, and has as pretty a contrivance in it as ever I read. And this I did in ſuch a grave way, that ſhe ſeemed more and more pleaſed with me; and I have no doubt, that I ſhall get her to favour me to-morrow night with her company at my collation.

Sunday Evening.

WE all dined together in Mrs. Sinclair's parlour. All *exceſſively* right! The two Nieces have topp'd their parts; Mrs. Sinclair hers. Never ſo eaſy as now!—'She really thought a little oddly of theſe people at firſt, 'ſhe ſaid: Mrs. Sinclair ſeemed very forbidding! Her 'Nieces were perſons with whom ſhe could not wiſh 'to be acquainted. But really we ſhould not be too 'haſty in our cenſures. Some people improve upon us. 'The widow ſeems *tolerable*.' She went no farther than *tolerable*. 'Miſs Martin and Miſs Horton are 'young people of good ſenſe, and have read a great 'deal. What Miſs Martin particularly ſaid of marriage, 'and of her humble ſervant, was very ſolid. She be-'lieves with ſuch notions, ſhe cannot make a bad 'wife.'—I have ſaid, Sally's humble ſervant is a woolen-draper of great reputation; and ſhe is ſoon to be married.

I have been letting her into thy character, and into the characters of my other three Eſquires, in hopes to excite her curioſity to ſee you to-morrow night. I have told her ſome of the *worſt*, as well as *beſt* parts of your characters, in order to exalt myſelf, and to obviate any ſudden ſurprizes, as well as to teach her, what ſort of men ſhe may expect to ſee, if ſhe will oblige me with her company.

By her after-obſervations upon each of you, I ſhall judge

judge what I may or may not do to *obtain* or *keep* her good opinion; what ſhe will *like*, what *not*; and ſo purſue the one, or avoid the other, as I ſee proper.—So, while ſhe is penetrating into your ſhallow heads, I ſhall enter *her* heart, and know what to bid *my own* to hope for.

The houſe is to be taken in three weeks: All will be over in three weeks, or bad will be my luck!—Who knows but in three days?—Have I not carried that great point of making her paſs for my Wife to the people below? And that other great one, of fixing myſelf here night and day?—What woman ever eſcaped me, who lodged under one roof with me? The houſe too, THE houſe; the people, people after my own heart: Her ſervants, Will. and Dorcas, both *my* ſervants.—*Three days* did I ſay! Pho! pho! pho!—*Three hours!*

* * * * *

I HAVE carried my third point; but ſo extremely to the diſlike of my Charmer, that I have been threatened, for ſuffering Miſs Partington to be introduced to her without her leave. Which laid her under a neceſſity to deny or comply with the urgent requeſt of ſo fine a young Lady; who had engaged to honour me at my Collation, on condition that my Beloved would be preſent at it.

To be obliged to appear before my friends as what ſhe was not! She was inſiſting, that I ſhould acquaint the women here with the truth of the matter; and not go on propagating ſtories for her to countenance; making her a ſharer in my guilt.

But what points will not perſeverance carry? eſpecially when it is covered over with the face of yielding *now*, and Parthian-like returning to the charge *anon*. Do not the Sex carry all their points with their men by the ſame methods? Have I converſed with them ſo freely as I have done, and learnt nothing of them? Didſt thou ever know that a woman's denial of any favour, whether the leaſt or the greateſt, that my heart

heart was ſet upon, ſtood her in any ſtead? The more perverſe ſhe, the more ſteady I; that is my rule.

But the point thus ſo much againſt her will carried, I doubt thou wilt ſee in her more of a ſullen than of an obliging Charmer. For when Miſs Partington was withdrawn. "What was Miſs Parting-"ton to her? In her ſituation ſhe wanted no new ac-"quaintance. And what were my four friends to her "in her preſent circumſtances? She would aſſure me, "if ever again"—And there ſhe ſtopt, with a twirl of her hand.

When we meet, I will, in her preſence, tipping thee a wink, ſhew thee the motion; for it was a very pretty one. Quite new. Yet have I ſeen an hundred pretty paſſionate twirls too, in my time, from other fair-ones. How univerſally engaging it is to put a woman of ſenſe, to whom a man is not married, in a paſſion, let the reception given to every ranting ſcene in our plays teſtify. Take care, my Charmer, now thou art come to delight me with thy angry twirls, that thou tempteſt me not to provoke a *variety of them* from one, whoſe every motion, whoſe every air, carries in it ſo much ſenſe and ſoul.

But, angry or pleaſed, this charming Creature muſt be all lovelineſs. Her features are all harmony, and made for one another. No other feature could be ſubſtituted in the place of any one of hers, but muſt abate of her perfection: And think you that I do not long to have your opinion of my fair Prize?

If you love to ſee features that glow, tho' the heart is frozen, and never yet was thawed; if you love fine ſenſe, and adages flowing through teeth of ivory, and lips of coral; an eye that penetrates all things; a voice that is harmony itſelf: an air of grandeur, mingled with a ſweetneſs that cannot be deſcribed; a politeneſs that, if ever equalled, was never excelled—You'll ſee all theſe excellencies, and ten times more, in this my GLORIANA.

Mark

Mark her majeſtic fabric!—She's a temple
Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine;
Her ſoul the deity that lodges there:
Nor is the pile unworthy of the god.

Or, to deſcribe her in a ſofter ſtyle with Rowe,

The bloom of op'ning flow'rs, unſullied beauty,
Softneſs, and ſweeteſt innocence ſhe wears,
And looks like nature in the world's firſt ſpring.

Adieu, varlets four!—At Six on Monday evening, I expect ye all.

LETTER LXIV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Sunday, April 30.

MR. Lovelace in his laſt Letters having taken notice of the moſt material paſſages contained in this Letter, the following Extracts from it are only inſerted.

She gives pretty near the ſame account that he does of what paſſed between them, on her reſolution to go to church; and of his propoſal of St. Paul's, and deſire of attending her. She praiſes his good behaviour there; as alſo the diſcourſe, and the preacher: Is pleaſed with its ſeaſonableneſs: Gives particulars of the converſation between them afterwards, and commends the good obſervations he makes upon the ſermon.

I am willing, *ſays ſhe*, to have hopes of him: But am ſo unable to know how to depend upon his ſerioufneſs for an hour together, that all my favourable accounts of him in this reſpect muſt be taken with allowance.

Being very much preſſed, I could not tell how to refuſe dining with the Widow and her Nieces this day. I am better pleaſed with them, than I ever thought I ſhould be. I cannot help blaming myſelf for

for my readineſs to give ſevere cenſures, where reputation is concerned. People's ways, humours, conſtitutions, education, and opportunities allowed for, my dear, many perſons, as far as I know, may apear blameleſs, whom others of different humours and educations are too apt to blame; and who, from the ſame fault, may be as ready to blame *them*. I will therefore make it a rule to myſelf for the future, Never to judge peremptorily on firſt appearances: But yet I muſt obſerve, that theſe are not people I ſhould chuſe to be intimate with, or whoſe ways I can like: Altho', for the ſtations they are in, they may go through the world with tolerable credit.

Mr. Lovelace's behaviour has been ſuch, as makes me call this, ſo far as it is paſſed, an agreeable day. Yet, when eaſieſt as to him, my ſituation with my friends takes place in my thoughts, and cauſe me many a tear.

I am the more pleaſed with the people of the houſe, becauſe of the perſons of rank they are acquainted with, and who viſit them.

Sunday Evening.

I AM ſtill well pleaſed with Mr. Lovelace's behaviour. We have had a good deal of ſerious diſcourſe together. The man has really juſt and good notions. He confeſſes how much he is pleaſed with this day, and hopes for many ſuch. Nevertheleſs, he ingenuouſly warned me, that his unlucky vivacity might return: But he doubted not, that he ſhould be fixed at laſt by my example and converſation.

He has given me an entertaining account of the four gentlemen he is to meet to-morrow night. *Entertaining*, I mean, for his humourous deſcription of their perſons, manners, *&c.* but ſuch a deſcription as is far from being to their praiſe: Yet he ſeemed rather to deſign to divert my melancholy by it, than to degrade them. I think at bottom, my dear, that he muſt be a good-natured man: but that he was ſpoiled young for want of check or controul.

I

I cannot but call this, my circumſtances conſidered, an happy day to the end of it. Indeed, my dear, I think I could prefer him to all the men I ever knew, were he but to be always what he has been this day. You ſee how ready I am to own all you have charged me with, when I find myſelf out. It is a difficult thing, I believe, ſometimes, for a young creature that is able to deliberate with herſelf, to know when ſhe loves, or when ſhe hates. But I am reſolved, as much as poſſible, to be determined both in my hatred and love by *actions*, as *they* make the man worthy or unworthy.

She dates again on Monday, and declares herſelf highly diſpleaſed at Miſs Partington's being introduced to her: And ſtill more for being obliged to promiſe to be preſent at Mr. Lovelace's Collation. She foreſees, ſhe ſays, a murther'd Evening.

LETTER LXV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Monday Night, May 1.

I HAVE juſt eſcaped from the very diſagreeable company I was obliged, ſo much againſt my will to be in. As a very particular relation of this evening's converſation would be painful to me, you muſt content yourſelf with what you ſhall be able to collect from the outlines, as I may call them, of the characters of the perſons; aſſiſted by the little hiſtories Mr. Lovelace gave me of each yeſterday.

The names of the gentlemen are Belton, Mowbray, Tourville, and Belford. Theſe four, with Mrs. Sinclair, Miſs Partington, the great heireſs mentioned in my laſt, Mr. Lovelace, and myſelf, made up the company.

I gave you before the favourable ſide of Miſs Partington's character, ſuch as it was given me by Mrs. Sinclair and her Nieces. I will now add a few words

from

from my own obſervation upon her behaviour in *this* company.

In *better* company perhaps ſhe would have appeared to leſs diſadvantage: But, notwithſtanding her *innocent looks*, which Mr. Lovelace alſo highly praiſed, he is the laſt perſon whoſe judgment I would take upon real modeſty. For I obſerved, that, upon ſome talk from the gentlemen, not free enough to be openly cenſured, yet too indecent in its application to come from well-bred perſons, in the company of virtuous people, this young Lady was very ready to apprehend; and yet, by ſmiles and ſimperings, to incourage, rather than diſcourage, the culpable freedoms of perſons, who, in what they went out of their way to ſay, muſt either be guilty of abſurdity, meaning *nothing*; or, meaning *ſomething*, of rudeneſs (*a*).

But indeed I have ſeen women, of whom I had a better opinion, than I can ſay I have of Mrs. Sinclair, who have allowed *gentlemen*, and *themſelves* too, in greater liberties of this ſort, than I have thought conſiſtent with that purity of manners which ought to be the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of our Sex: For what are *words*, but the *body* and *dreſs* of *thought*? And is not the mind of a perſon ſtrongly indicated by outward dreſs?

But to the *gentlemen*; as they muſt be called in right of their anceſtors, it ſeems; for no other do they appear to have:

Mr. BELTON has had Univerſity-education, and was deſigned for the gown; but that not ſuiting with the gaity of his temper, and an Uncle dying, who deviſed to him a good Eſtate, he quitted the College, came up to town, and commenced fine gentleman. He is ſaid to be a man of ſenſe.—Mr. Belton dreſſes gaily, but not quite foppiſhly; drinks hard; keeps all hours,

(*a*) Mr. Belford in Letter lvi. of Vol. IV. reminds Mr. Lovelace of ſome particular topics which paſſed in their converſation, extremely to the Lady's honour.

and

and glories in doing ſo; games, and has been hurt by that pernicious diverſion: He is about thirty years of age: His face is of a fiery red, ſomewhat bloated and pimply; and his irregularities threaten a brief duration to the ſenſual dream he is in: For he has a ſhort conſumptive cough, which ſeems to denote bad lungs; yet makes himſelf and his friends merry by his ſtupid and inconſiderate jeſts upon very threatening ſymptoms, which ought to make him more ſerious.

Mr. MOWBRAY has been a great traveller; ſpeaks as many languages as Mr. Lovelace himſelf, but not ſo fluently: Is of a good family; Seems to be about thirty-three or thirty-four: Tall and comely in his perſon: Bold and daring in his look: Is a large-boned ſtrong man: Has a great ſcar in his forehead, with a dent, as if his ſcull had been beaten in there; and a ſeamed ſcar in his right cheek.—He dreſſes likewiſe very gaily: Has his ſervants always about him, whom he is continually calling upon, and ſending on the moſt trifling meſſages; half a dozen inſtances of which we had in the little time I was among them; while they ſeem to watch the turn of his fierce eye, to be ready to run, before they have half his meſſage, and ſerve him with fear and trembling. Yet to his equals the man ſeems tolerable: He talks not amiſs upon public entertainments and diverſions; eſpecially upon thoſe abroad: Yet has a romancing air; and averrs things ſtrongly, which ſeem quite improbable. Indeed he *doubts* nothing, but what he ought to *believe*: For he jeſts upon ſacred things; and profeſſes to hate the Clergy of all Religions. He has high notions of *Honour*, a word hardly ever out of his mouth; but ſeems to have no great regard to *Morals*.

Mr. TOURVILLE occaſionally told his age; juſt turned of thirty-one. He alſo is of an ancient family; but in his perſon and manners, more of what I call the coxcomb, than any of his companions. He dreſſes richly; would be thought elegant in the choice and

faſhion

faſhion of what he wears; yet after all, appears rather tawdry than fine. One ſees, by the care he takes of his Outſide, and the notice he beſpeaks from *every one* by his *own* notice of himſelf, that the inſide takes up the leaſt of his attention. He dances finely, Mr. Lovelace ſays: Is a maſter of muſic; and ſinging is one of his principal excellencies. They prevailed upon him to ſing; and he obliged them both in Italian and French; and, to do him juſtice, his ſongs in both were decent. They were all highly delighted with his performance; but his greateſt admirers were Mrs. Sinclair, Miſs Partington, and *himſelf*. To me he appeared to have a great deal of affectation.

Mr. Tourville's converſation and addreſs are inſufferably full of thoſe really groſs affronts upon the underſtandings of our Sex, which the moderns call *Compliments*, and are intended to paſs for ſo many inſtances of good-breeding, tho' the moſt hyperbolical, unnatural ſtuff that can be conceived, and which can only ſerve to ſhew the inſincerity of the *complimenter*; and the ridiculous light in which the *complimented* appears in his eyes, if he ſuppoſes a woman capable of reliſhing the romantic abſurdities of his ſpeeches.

He affects to introduce into his common talk Italian and French words; and often anſwers an Engliſh queſtion in French, which language he greatly prefers to the barbarouſly hiſſing Engliſh. But then he never fails to tranſlate into this his *odious* native tongue the words and the ſentences he ſpeaks in the other two—Leſt, perhaps, it ſhould be queſtioned whether he underſtands what he ſays.

He loves to tell ſtories: Always calls them *merry*, *facetious*, *good*, or *excellent*, before he begins, in order to beſpeak the attention of the hearers; but never gives himſelf concern in the *progreſs* or *concluſion* of them, to make good what he promiſes in his *preface*. Indeed he ſeldom brings any of them to a concluſion; for if his company have patience to hear him out, he breaks in upon

upon himſelf by ſo many parenthetical intruſions, as one may call them, and has ſo many incidents ſpringing in upon him, that he frequently drops his own thread, and ſometimes ſits down ſatisfied half-way; or, if at other times he would reſume it, he applies to his company to help him in again, with a *Devil fetch him* if he remembers what he was driving at—But enough, and too much of Mr. Tourville.

Mr. BELFORD is the fourth gentleman, and one of whom Mr. Lovelace ſeems more fond than any of the reſt; for he is a man of tried bravery, it ſeems; and this pair of friends came acquainted upon occaſion of a quarrel (poſſibly about a woman) which brought on a challenge, and a meeting at Kenſington Gravel-pits; which ended without unhappy conſequences, by the mediation of three gentlemen ſtrangers, juſt as each had made a paſs at the other.

Mr. Belford it ſeems is about ſeven or eight-and-twenty. He is the youngeſt of the five, except Mr. Lovelace: And they are perhaps the wickedeſt; for they ſeem to lead the other three as they pleaſe. Mr. Belford, as the others, dreſſes gaily. But has not thoſe advantages of perſon, nor from his dreſs, which Mr. Lovelace is too proud of. He has, however, the appearance and air of a gentleman. He is well read in claſſical authors, and in the beſt Engliſh poets and writers: And, by his means, the converſation took now-and-then a more agreeable turn: And I, who endeavoured to put the beſt face I could upon my ſituation, as I paſſed for Mrs. Lovelace with them, made ſhift to join in it, at ſuch times, and received abundance of compliments from all the company, on the obſervations I made (*a*).

Mr. Belford ſeems good-natured and obliging; and, altho' very complaiſant, not ſo fulſomely ſo, as Mr. Tourville; and has a polite and eaſy manner of expreſſing his ſentiments on all occaſions. He ſeems to delight in a logical way of argumentation, as alſo does Mr. Belton.

(*a*) See Letter lvi. of Vol. IV. above referred to.

Belton. Theſe two attacked each other in this way; and both looked at us women, as if to obſerve whether we did not admire their Learning, or, when they had ſaid a ſmart thing, their Wit. But Mr. Belford had viſibly the advantage of the other, having quicker parts, and by taking the worſt ſide of the argument, ſeemed to *think* he had. Upon the whole of his behaviour and converſation, he put me in mind of that character in Milton:

———*His tongue*
Dropt manna, and could make the worſe appear
The better reaſon, to perplex and daſh
Matureſt counſels; for his thoughts were low;
To vice induſtrious: But to nobler deeds
Tim'rous and ſlothful:—Yet he pleaſed the ear.

How little ſoever matters in general may be to our liking, we are apt, when hope is ſtrong enough to permit it, to endeavour to make the beſt we can of the lot we have drawn; and I could not but obſerve often, how much Mr. Lovelace excelled all his four friends in every-thing they ſeemed deſirous to excel in. But, as to wit and vivacity, he had no equal there. All the others gave up to him, when his lips began to open. The haughty Mowbray would call upon the prating Tourville for ſilence, and would elbow the ſupercilious Belton into attention, when Lovelace was going to ſpeak. And when he had ſpoken, the words, Charming fellow! with a free word of admiration or envy, fell from every mouth.

He has indeed ſo many advantages in his perſon and manner, that what would be inexcuſeable in another, would, if one watched not over one's ſelf, and did not endeavour to diſtinguiſh what is the eſſence of right and wrong, look becoming in him.

Mr. Belford, to my no ſmall vexation and confuſion, with the forwardneſs of a favoured and intruſted friend, ſingled me out, on Mr. Lovelace's being ſent for down,

to

to make me congratulatory compliments on my ſuppoſed nuptials; which he did with a caution, not to inſiſt too long on the rigorous vow I had impoſed upon a man ſo univerſally admired—

'See him among twenty men,' ſaid he, 'all of di-'ſtinction, and no-body is regarded but Mr. Lovelace.'

It muſt, indeed, be confeſſed, that there is in his whole deportment a natural dignity, which renders all inſolent or imperative demeanour as unneceſſary as inexcuſeable. Then that deceiving ſweetneſs which appears in his ſmiles, in his accent, in his whole aſpect and addreſs, when he thinks it worth his while to oblige, or endeavour to attract, how does this ſhew, that he was *born* innocent, as I may ſay; that he was not *naturally* the cruel, the boiſterous, the impetuous creature, which the wicked company he may have fallen into have made him! For he has, beſides, an open, and, I think, an honeſt countenance. Don't *you* think ſo, my dear?—On all theſe ſpecious appearances, have I founded my hopes of ſeeing him a reformed man.

But it is amazing to me, I own, that with ſo much of the gentleman, ſuch a general knowlege of books and men, ſuch a ſkill in the learned as well as modern languages, he can take ſo much delight as he does in the company of ſuch perſons as I have deſcribed, and in ſubjects of frothy impertinence, unworthy of his talents, and of his natural and acquired advantages. I can think but of one reaſon for it, and that muſt argue a very low mind, his VANITY; which makes him deſirous of being conſidered as the head of the people he conſorts with. A man to love praiſe, yet to be content to draw it from ſuch contaminated ſprings!—

One compliment paſſed from Mr. Belford to Mr. Lovelace, which haſtened my quitting the ſhocking company—'You are a happy man, Mr. Lovelace,' ſaid he, upon ſome fine ſpeeches made him by Mrs. Sinclair, and aſſented to by Miſs Partington: 'You 'have ſo much courage, and ſo much wit, that neither 'man nor woman can ſtand before you.'

Mr. Belford looked at me, when he ſpoke: yes,

my dear, he ſmilingly looked at me: And he looked upon his complimented friend: And all their *aſſenting*, and therefore *affronting* eyes, both mens and womens, were turned upon your Clariſſa: At leaſt, my ſelf-reproaching heart made me think ſo; for that would hardly permit my eye to look up.

Oh, my dear, were but a woman, who gives reaſon to the world to think her to be in love with a man [And this muſt be believed to be my caſe; or to what can my *ſuppoſed* voluntary going off with Mr. Lovelace be imputed?] to reflect one moment on the exaltation ſhe gives *him*, and the diſgrace ſhe brings upon *herſelf*; the low pity, the ſilent contempt, the inſolent ſneers and whiſpers, to which ſhe makes herſelf obnoxious from a cenſuring world of both ſexes; how would ſhe deſpiſe herſelf! And how much more eligible would ſhe think death itſelf than ſuch a diſcovered debaſement!

What I have thus in general touched upon, will account to you, why I could not more particularly relate what paſſed in this evening's converſation: Which, as may be gathered from what I have written, abounded with *approbatory* accuſations, and *ſuppoſed* witty retorts.

LETTER LXVI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Monday Midnight.

I Am very much vex'd and diſturbed at an odd incident. Mrs. Sinclair has juſt now left me; I believe in diſpleaſure, on my declining to comply with a requeſt ſhe made me: Which was, To admit Miſs Partington to a ſhare in my bed; her houſe being crouded by her Nieces gueſts and by their attendants, as well as by thoſe of Miſs Partington.

There might be nothing in it; and my denial carried a ſtiff and ill-natured appearance. But inſtantly, upon her making the requeſt, it came into my thought, 'that I was in a manner a ſtranger to every-body in 'the houſe: Not ſo much as a ſervant I could call my 'own, or of whom I had any great opinion: That 'there were four men of free manners in the houſe,

'*avowed*

'*avowed* ſupporters of Mr. Lovelace in matters of 'offence; himſelf a man of enterprize; all, as far as I 'knew (and as I had reaſon to think by their noiſy 'mirth after I left them) drinking deeply: That Miſs 'Partington herſelf is not ſo baſhful a perſon as ſhe was 'repreſented to me to be: That *officious pains* were 'taken to give me a good opinion of her: And that 'Mrs. Sinclair made a greater parade in prefacing the 'requeſt, than ſuch a requeſt needed. To deny, thought 'I, can carry only an appearance of ſingularity to peo-'ple who *already* think me ſingular. To conſent, may 'poſſibly, if not probably, be attended with inconve-'niencies. The conſequences of the alternative ſo very 'diſproportionate, I thought it more prudent to incur 'the cenſure, than to riſque the inconvenience.'

I told her, that I was writing a long Letter: That I ſhould chuſe to write till I were ſleepy: And that a companion would be a reſtraint upon me, and I upon her.

She was loth, ſhe ſaid, that ſo delicate a young creature, and ſo great a fortune as Miſs Partington, ſhould be put to lie with Dorcas in a preſs-bed. She ſhould be very ſorry, if ſhe had aſked an improper thing. She had never been ſo put to it before. And Miſs would ſtay up with *her*, till I had done writing.

Alarmed at this urgency, and it being eaſier to perſiſt in a denial *given*, than to give it at *firſt*, I ſaid, Miſs Partington ſhould be welcome to my whole bed, and I would retire into the dining-room, and there, locking myſelf in, write all the night.

The poor thing, ſhe ſaid, was afraid to lie alone. To be ſure Miſs Partington would not put me to ſuch an inconvenience.

She then withdrew: But returned; begged my pardon for returning: But the poor child, ſhe ſaid, was in tears. Miſs Partington had never ſeen a young Lady ſhe ſo much admired, and ſo much wiſhed to imitate, as me. The dear girl hoped that nothing had paſſed in her behaviour, to give me diſlike to her. Should ſhe bring her to me?

I was very buſy, I ſaid. The Letter I was writing

was upon a very important ſubject. I hoped to ſee the young Lady in the morning; when I would apologize to her for my particularity. And then Mrs. Sinclair heſitating, and moving towards the door (though ſhe turned round to me again) I deſired her *(lighting her)* to take care how ſhe went down.

Pray, Madam, ſaid ſhe, on the ſtairs head, don't give yourſelf all this trouble. God knows my heart, I meant no affront: But, ſince you ſeem to take my freedom amiſs, I beg you will not acquaint Mr. Lovelace with it; for he perhaps will think me bold and impertinent.

Now, my dear, is not this a particular incident; either as I have made it, or as it was deſigned? I don't love to do an uncivil thing. And if nothing were meant by the requeſt, my refuſal deſerves to be called uncivil. Then I have ſhewn a ſuſpicion of foul uſage by it, which ſurely dare not be meant. If *juſt*, I ought to apprehend every-thing, and fly the houſe and the man as I would an infection. If *not juſt*, and if I cannot contrive to clear myſelf of having entertained ſuſpicions, by aſſigning *ſome other* plauſible reaſon for my denial, the very *ſtaying here* will have an appearance not at all reputable to myſelf.

I am now out of humour with him, with myſelf, with all the world, but you. His companions are ſhocking creatures. Why, again I repeat, ſhould he have been deſirous to bring me into ſuch company? Once more, I like him not. Indeed I do not like him!

LETTER LXVII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Tueſday, May 2.

WITH infinite regret I am obliged to tell you, that I can no longer write to you, or receive Letters from you. Your Mother has ſent me a Letter incloſed in a cover to Mr. Lovelace, directed for him at Lord M.'s (and which was brought him juſt now) reproaching me on this ſubject in very angry terms, and forbidding me, 'as I would not be thought to intend to 'make her and you unhappy, to write to you without 'her leave.' This,

This, therefore, is the laſt you muſt receive from me, till happier days: And as my proſpects are not very bad, I preſume we ſhall ſoon have leave to write again; and even to ſee each other: Since an alliance with a family ſo honourable as Mr. Lovelace's is, will not be a diſgrace.

She is pleaſed to write, 'that if I would wiſh to *in-* 'flame you, I ſhould let you know her written prohi- 'bition: But if otherwiſe, find ſome way of my own 'accord (without bringing *her* into the queſtion) to 'decline a correſpondence, which I muſt know ſhe 'has for ſome time paſt forbidden.' But all I can ſay is, to beg of you *not* to be inflamed;—to beg of you, not to let her *know*, or even by your behaviour to her on this occaſion, *gueſs*, that I have acquainted you with my reaſon for declining to write to you. For how elſe, after the ſcruples I have heretofore made on this very ſubject, yet proceeding to correſpond, can I honeſtly ſatisfy you about my motives for this ſudden ſtop? So, my dear, I chuſe, you ſee, rather to rely upon your diſcretion, than to feign reaſons with which you would not be ſatisfied, but, with your uſual active penetration, ſift to the bottom, and at laſt find me to be a mean and low qualifier; and that, with an implication injurious to you, that I ſuppoſed you had not prudence enough to be truſted with the naked truth.

I repeat, that my proſpects are not bad. 'The 'houſe, I preſume, will ſoon be taken. The people 'here are very reſpectful, notwithſtanding my nicety 'about Miſs Partington. Miſs Martin, who is near 'marriage with an eminent tradeſman in the Strand, 'juſt now, in a very reſpectful manner, aſked my opi- 'nion of ſome patterns of rich ſilks for the occaſion. 'The Widow has a leſs forbidding appearance than at 'firſt. Mr. Lovelace, on my declared diſlike of his four 'friends, has aſſured me, that neither they nor any-body 'elſe ſhall be introduced to me, without my leave.'

Theſe circumſtances I mention (as you will ſuppoſe) that your kind heart may be at eaſe about me; that you may be induced by them to acquieſce with your

Mother's commands (*chearfully* acquieſce) and that for *my ſake*, leſt I ſhould be thought an *inflamer*; who am, with very contrary intentions, my deareſt and beſt-beloved friend, *Your ever-obliged and affectionate*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LXVIII.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Wedn. May 3.

I Am aſtoniſhed that my Mother ſhould take ſuch a ſtep—purely to exerciſe an unreaſonable act of authority; and to oblige the moſt remorſleſs hearts in the world. If I find, that I can be of uſe to you either by advice or information, do you think I will not give it? —Were it to any other perſon, much *leſs* dear to me than you are, do you think, in ſuch a caſe, I would forbear giving it?

Mr. Hickman, who pretends to a little caſuiſtry in ſuch nice matters, is of opinion, that I ought not to decline a correſpondence thus circumſtanced. And 'tis well he is; for my Mother having ſet me up, I muſt have ſomebody to quarrel with.

This I will come into, if it will make you eaſy—I will forbear to write to *you* for a few days, if nothing extraordinary happen, and till the rigour of her prohibition is abated. But be aſſured, that I will not diſpenſe with your writing to *me*. My Heart, my Conſcience, my Honour, will not permit it.

But how will I help myſelf?—How!—Eaſily enough. For I do aſſure you, that I want but very little further provocation to fly privately to London. And if I do, I will not leave you till I ſee you either honourably married, or abſolutely quit of the wretch: And in this laſt caſe, I will take you down with me, in defiance of the whole world: Or, if you refuſe to go with me, ſtay with you, and accompany you as your ſhadow whitherſoever you go.

Don't be frighted at this declaration. There is but one conſideration, and but one hope, that with-hold me,

watched

watched as I am in all my retirements; obliged to read to her without a voice; to work in her preſence without fingers; and to lie with her every night againſt my will. The *conſideration* is, Leſt you ſhould apprehend that a ſtep of this nature would look like a doubling of your fault in the eyes of ſuch as think your going away a fault. The *hope* is, That things will ſtill end happily, and that ſome people will have reaſon to take ſhame to themſelves for the ſorry parts they have acted. Nevertheleſs I am often balancing—But your reſolving to give up the correſpondence at this criſis, will turn the ſcale. *Write* therefore, or *take the conſequence.*

A few words upon the ſubject of your laſt Letters—I know not whether your Brother's wiſe project be given up or not. A dead ſilence reigns in your family. Your Brother was abſent three days; then at home one; and is now abſent: But whether with Singleton or not, I cannot find out.

By your account of your wretch's companions, I ſee not but they are a ſet of *Infernals*, and he the *Beelzebub*. What could he mean, as you ſay, by his earneſtneſs to bring you into ſuch company, and to give you ſuch an opportunity to make him and them reflecting-glaſſes to one another? The man's a *fool*, to be ſure, my dear—A *ſilly fellow*, at leaſt—The wretches muſt put on their *beſt* before you, no doubt—Lords of the creation!—Noble fellows theſe!—Yet who knows how many poor deſpicable ſouls of our Sex the worſt of them has had to whine after him!

You have brought an inconvenience upon yourſelf, as you obſerve, by your refuſal of Miſs Partington for your bedfellow. Pity you had not admitted her! Watchful as *you* are, what *could* have happened? If violence were intended, he would not ſtay for the *night*. You might have ſat up after her, or not gone to bed. Mrs. Sinclair preſſed it too far. You was over-ſcrupulous.

If any-thing happen to delay your nuptials, I would adviſe you to remove: But if you marry, perhaps you may think it no great matter to ſtay where you are, till you take poſſeſſion of your own Eſtate. The knot

once tied, and with ſo reſolute a man, it is my opinion, your relations will ſoon reſign what they cannot legally hold: And, were even a litigation to follow, you will not be *able*, nor ought you to be *willing*, to help it: For your Eſtate will then be his right; and it will be unjuſt to wiſh it to be with-held from him.

One thing I would adviſe you to think of; and that is, of proper Settlements: It will be to the credit of your prudence, and of his juſtice (and the more as matters ſtand) that ſomething of this ſhould be done before you marry. Bad as he is, nobody accounts him a ſordid man. And I wonder he has been hitherto ſilent on that ſubject.

I am not diſpleaſed with his propoſal about the widow Lady's houſe. I think it will do very well. But if it muſt be three weeks before your can be certain about it, ſurely you need not put off his day for that ſpace: And he may beſpeak his Equipages. Surpriſing to me, as well as to you, that he could be ſo acquieſcent!

I repeat—Continue to write to me. I inſiſt upon it; and that as minutely as poſſible: Or take the conſequence. I ſend this by a particular hand. I am, and ever will be, *Your moſt affectionate*,

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LXIX.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Thurſday, May 4.

I Forego every other engagement, I ſuſpend every wiſh, I baniſh every other fear, to take up my pen, to beg of you, that you will not think of being *guilty* of ſuch an act of Love as I can never thank you for; but muſt for ever regret. If I *muſt* continue to write to you, I muſt. I know full well your impatience of controul, when you have the leaſt imagination that your generoſity or friendſhip is likely to be wounded by it.

My deareſt, deareſt creature, would you incur a maternal, as I have a paternal, malediction? Would not the world think there was an infection in my fault, if it were to be followed by Miſs Howe? There are ſome points ſo flagrantly wrong, that they will not bear to be

be argued upon. This is one of them. I need *not* give reaſons againſt ſuch a raſhneſs. Heaven forbid that it ſhould be known that you had it but once in your *thought*, be your motives ever ſo noble and generous, to follow ſo bad an example; the rather, as that you would, in ſuch a caſe, want the extenuations that might be pleaded in my favour; and particularly that one of being *ſurpriſed* into the unhappy ſtep!

The reſtraint your Mother lays you under, would not have appeared heavy to you, but on my account. Would you have once thought it a hardſhip to be admitted to a part of her bed?—How did I uſe to be delighted with ſuch a favour from *my* Mother!—How did I love to work in her preſence!—So did you in the preſence of yours once. And to read to her in winter evenings I know was one of your joys.—Do not give me cauſe to reproach *myſelf* on the reaſon that may be aſſigned for the change in *you*.

Learn, my dear, I beſeech you learn, to ſubdue your own paſſions. Be the motives what they will, Exceſs is Exceſs. Thoſe paſſions in our Sex, which we take no pains to ſubdue, may have one and the ſame ſource with thoſe infinitely blacker paſſions, which we uſed ſo often to condemn in the violent and headſtrong of the other Sex; and which may be only heightened in *them* by *Cuſtom*, and their *freer Education*. Let us both, my dear, ponder well this thought; look into ourſelves, and fear.

If I write, as I find I muſt, I inſiſt upon *your* forbearing to write. Your ſilence to *this* ſhall be the ſign to me, that you will not think of the raſhneſs you threaten me with; and that you will obey your Mother as to *your own* part of the correſpondence, however: Eſpecially, as you can inform or adviſe me in every weighty caſe by Mr. Hickman's pen.

My trembling writing will ſhew you, my dear impetuous creature, what a trembling heart you have given to *Your ever-obliged*,

Or, if you take ſo raſh a ſtep,

Your for-ever diſobliged,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

My

My cloaths were brought to me juſt now. But you have ſo much diſcompoſed me, that I have no heart to look into the trunks. Why, why, my dear, will you fright me with your flaming Love? Diſcompoſure gives Diſtreſs to a weak heart, whether it ariſe from Friendſhip or Enmity.

A ſervant of Mr. Lovelace carries this to Mr. Hickman for diſpatch-ſake. Let that worthy man's pen relieve my heart from this new uneaſineſs.

LETTER LXX.

Mr. HICKMAN, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

[*Sent to Wilſon's by a particular hand.*]

Madam, *Friday, May* 5.

I Have the honour of dear Miſs Howe's commands, to acquaint you, without knowing the occaſion, 'That ſhe is exceſſively concerned for the concern ſhe 'has given you in her laſt Letter: And that, if you 'will but write to her, under cover as before, ſhe will 'have no thoughts of what you are ſo very apprehenſive 'about.'—Yet ſhe bid me write, 'That if ſhe has 'but the *leaſt* imagination that ſhe can *ſerve* you, and '*ſave* you,' thoſe are her words, 'all the cenſures of 'the world will be but of ſecond conſideration with 'her.' I have great temptations on this occaſion, to expreſs my own reſentments upon your preſent ſtate; but not being fully appriſed of what that is—only conjecturing from the diſturbance upon the mind of the deareſt Lady in the world to me, and the moſt ſincere of friends to you, that *that* is not altogether ſo happy as were to be wiſhed; and being, moreover, forbid to enter into the cruel ſubject; I can only offer, *as I do*, my beſt and faithfulleſt ſervices; and wiſh you a happy deliverance from all your troubles. For I am,

Moſt excellent young Lady,
Your faithful and moſt obedient Servant,
CH. HICKMAN.

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CON-

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I. *Lovelace, To Belford.* In ecſtacy on the ſucceſs of his contrivances. Well as he loves Clariſſa, he would ſhew her no mercy, if he thought ſhe preferred any man living to him. Will religiouſly obſerve the INJUNCTIONS ſhe laid upon him previous to their meeting.

II. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* A recriminating converſation between her and Lovelace. He *reminds her of her Injunctions*; and, inſtead of beſeeching her to diſpenſe with them, promiſes a ſacred regard to them. It is not therefore *in her power*, ſhe tells Miſs Howe, to take her advice as to ſpeedy Marriage. [A note on the place, juſtifying her conduct, p. 14.] Chuſes *not to go to any of his Relations: And why.* Is attended by Mrs. Greme, Lord M.'s houſekeeper at The Lawn, who waits on her to her Siſter Sorlings, with whom ſhe conſents to lodge. *His looks offend her.* Has written to her Siſter for her cloaths.

III. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Gives briefly the particulars of his ſucceſs. Deſcribes her perſon and dreſs on her firſt meeting him. Extravagant exultation. Makes Belford queſtion him on the honour of his deſigns by her: And anſwers doubtfully.

IV. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* Her ſentiments on her narrative. Her Mother, at the inſtigation of Antony Harlowe, forbids their correſpondence. Mr. Hickman's zeal to ſerve them in it. What her family now pretend, if ſhe had not left them. How they took her ſuppoſed projected flight. Offers her money and cloaths. Would have her ſeem to place ſome little confidence in Lovelace. *Her Brother and Siſter will not permit her Father and Uncles to cool.*

V. VI. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Adviſes her to obey her Mother, who prohibits their correſpondence. Declines to accept of her offers of money; And why. *Mr. Lovelace not a polite man.* She will be *as ready to place a confidence in him, as he will be to deſerve it.* Yet, tricked away by him as ſhe was, cannot *immediately treat him with great complaiſance.* Blames her for her livelineſs to her Mother.—— Incloſes the copy of her Letter to her Siſter.

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IX. *From the ſame.* Intends to ſet old Antony at Mrs Howe, to prevent the correſpondence between the two young Ladies. *Girl*, not *Gold*, his *predominant paſſion.* Raillies Belford on his perſon and appearance. Takes humorous notice of the two Daughters of the Widow Sorlings.

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X. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Further triumph over the Harlowes. Similitude of the Spider and Fly. Is for having ſeparate Churches as well as ſeparate Boarding-ſchools for the Sexes. The women ought to love him, he ſays: And why. *Prides himſelf that they do.*

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XV. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* Will not obey her Mother in her prohibition of their correſpondence: And why. Is charmed with her ſpirit.

XVI. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Knows not what ſhe can do with Lovelace. He may thank himſelf for the trouble he has had on her account. *Did ſhe ever,* ſhe aſks, *make him any promiſes? Did ſhe ever receive him as a Lover?*

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XXVI. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Mr. Lovelace a perfect Proteus. He now applauds her for that treatment of him, which before he had reſented; and communicates to her two Letters, one from Lady Betty Lawrance, the other from Miſs Montague. She wonders that he did not produce thoſe Letters before, as he muſt know they would be highly acceptable to her.

XXVII. XXVIII XXIX. XXX. *From the ſame.* The contents of the Letters from Lady Betty and Miſs Montague put Clariſſa in good humour with Mr. Lovelace. He hints at Marriage, but pretends *to be afraid of purſuing the hint.* She is earneſt with him to leave her: And why. *He applauds her reaſonings.* Her ſerious queſtions, and his ludicrous anſwers.——He makes different propoſals.—He offers to bring Mrs. Norton to her. She is ready to blame herſelf for her doubts of him: *But gives reaſons for her caution.*——He writes by her conſent to his friend Doleman, to procure lodgings for her in town.

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XLIII. *Joſeph Leman, To Mr. Lovelace.* With intelligence of a deſign formed againſt him by the Harlowes. Joſeph's vile hypocriſy, and ſelfiſhneſs.

XLIV. *Lovelace, In anſwer.* Story of Miſs Betterton. Boaſts of his treatment of his miſtreſſes. The artful uſe he makes of Joſeph's intelligence.

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LII. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* A Leter full of generous conſolation and advice. Her friendly vow. Sends her fifty guineas in the leaves of a Norris's Miſcellanies.

LIII. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* A faithful friend *the medicine of life.* She is juſt ſetting out for London. Lovelace has offered Marriage to her in ſo unreſerved a manner, that ſhe *wiſhes ſhe had never written with diffidence of him.* Is ſorry it was not *in her power* to comply with his earneſt ſolicitations. Returns her Norris: And why.

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LVI. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Thinks he ſhall be inevitably manacled at laſt. The Lady's extreme illneſs. Her *filial piety* gives her *dreadful faith* in a *Father's curſes.* She *lets not Miſs Howe know how very ill ſhe was.* His vows of Marriage bring her back to life. *Abſolutely in earneſt in thoſe vows.* [*The only time he was ſo.*] He can now talk of Love and Marriage without check. Deſcants upon Belford's Letter, No. xlvii.

LVII. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Is ſetting out for London. A ſtruggle with his heart. Owns it to be a villain of a heart. A fit of ſtrong but tranſitory remorſe. If he *do* marry, he doubts he ſhall have a vapouriſh Wife. Thinks it would be better for both not to marry. His libertine reaſons. *Leſſons to the Sex.*

LVIII. *From the ſame.* They arrive at Mrs. Sinclair's. Sally Martin and Polly Horton ſet upon him. He wavers in his good purpoſes. Dorcas Wykes propoſed, and reluctantly accepted for a ſervant, till Hannah can come. Dorcas's character. He has two great points to carry. What they are.

LIX. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Likes her lodgings; but not greatly the Widow. Chides Miſs Howe for her raſh though friendly vow. Catalogue of good books ſhe finds in her cloſet. Utterly diſſatisfied with him for giving out to the women below, that they were privately married. Has a ſtrong debate with him on this ſubject. *He offers Matrimony* to her, but in ſuch a manner, that ſhe could not cloſe with his offer. Her caution as to doors, windows, and ſeals of Letters.

LX. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* Her expedient to correſpond with each other every day. Is glad ſhe had thoughts of marrying him *had he repeated his offer.* Wonders he did not.

LXI. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Breakfaſts with him and the Widow, and her two Nieces. Obſervations upon their behaviour and looks. He makes a merit of leaving her, and hopes ON HIS RETURN, that ſhe will name his happy day. She is willing to make the beſt conſtructions in his favour.

In his next Letter (*Extracts from which are only given*) he triumphs on the points he has carried. Stimulated by the women, he reſumes his reſolutions to try her to the utmoſt.

LXII. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Lovelace returns the next day. She thinks herſelf meanly treated, and is angry. *He again urges Marriage*; but before ſhe can return an anſwer, makes another propoſal: *Yet ſhe ſuſpects not that he means a ſtudied delay.* He is in treaty for Mrs. Fretchville's houſe. Deſcription of it. An inviting opportunity offers for him to propoſe Matrimony to her. *She wonders he let it ſlip.* He is very urgent for her company at a collation he is to give to four of his ſelect friends, and Miſs Partington. He gives an account who Miſs Partington is. In

In Mr. Lovelace's next Letter he invites Belford, Mowbray, Belton, and Tourville, to his collation. His humorous inſtructions for their behaviour before the Lady. Has two views in getting her into their company.

LXIII. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Has been at church with Clariſſa. The Sabbath a charming inſtitution. The Text ſtartles him. Nathan the prophet he calls a good ingenious fellow. She likes the women better than ſhe did at firſt. She reluctantly conſents to honour his collation with her preſence. Longs to have their opinions of his fair prize. Deſcribes her to great advantage.

LXIV. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* She praiſes his good behaviour at St. Paul's. Is prevailed on to dine with Mrs. Sinclair and her Nieces. Is better pleaſed with them than ſhe thought ſhe ſhould be. Blames herſelf for the readineſs to cenſure, where reputation is concerned. Her charitable allowances on this head. This day an agreeable day. *Interprets every-thing ſhe can fairly interpret in Mr. Lovelace's favour.* She *could prefer him to all the men ſhe ever knew, if he would always be what he had been that day.* Is determined, however, to be governed in her affections, as much as poſſible, by true merit, and by deeds. Dates again, and is offended at Miſs Partington's being introduced to her, and at his making her yield to be preſent at his intended collation.

LXV. *From the ſame.* Diſguſted with her Evening. Characterizes his four companions. Likes not Miſs Partington's behaviour.

LXVI. *From the ſame.* An attempt to induce her to admit Miſs Partington to a ſhare in her bed for that night. She refuſes. Her reaſons. Is highly diſſatisfied.

LXVII. *From the ſame.* Has received an angry Letter from Mrs. Howe, forbidding her to correſpond with her Daughter. She adviſes compliance, tho' againſt herſelf; and, to induce her to it, makes the beſt of her preſent proſpects.

LXVIII. *Miſs Howe, In Anſwer.* Flames out upon this ſtep of her Mother. Inſiſts upon continuing the correſpondence. Her menaces if Clariſſa write not. Raves againſt Lovelace. But blames her for not obliging Miſs Partington: And why. Adviſes her to think of Settlements. Likes Lovelace's propoſal of Mrs. Fretchville's houſe.

LXIX. *Clariſſa, In Reply.* Terrified at her menaces, ſhe promiſes to continue writing. Beſeeches her to learn to ſubdue her paſſions. Has juſt received her cloaths.

LXX. *Mr. Hickman, To Clariſſa.* Miſs Howe, he tells her, is uneaſy for the vexation ſhe has given her. If ſhe will write on as before, Miſs Howe will not think of doing what ſhe is ſo apprehenſive of. He offers her his moſt faithful Services.

END *of* VOL. III.

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